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PAN AND THE CRUSADER

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I

THE gray old man sat so silent day after day in the gray cloister that, to the young knight who went each morning with tablets in his hand, his armor laid aside, to the scriptorium of the monastery, he had grown to seem part of the delicately cut stone. Under pale sunshine or drizzling rain, oftenest under a mist-dimmed sky, with folded hands he waited, and always with his feet crossed in odd fashion. Young Geoffrey of the White Towers had grown to love the bowed head, and the face with its look of half defeat, but had never thought to see the drooping eyelids lifted; yet one day as he lingered near, where the shadow of fine-carven leaf-tendrils fell on his eager face, alive with the immortal hunger of the young, he saw the eyes of the old man fixed upon him, and, answering their invitation, drew near.

'Ay, I have the right to cross them,' said the aged voice, in answer to the unspoken question; 'in death as in life they shall be crossed.'

'But why?'

There was high triumph in the answer.

'Because I am one of those who fought for the tomb of our Lord.'

'You failed,' said the young man softly, his mind busy with splendid visions wherein triumph always crowned the prowess of the knight. 'Defenders of the Tomb, you failed to hold it.'

'Yea,' answered the aged Templar, 'but defeat was holy in the holy spot.'

Geoffrey stood long lost in thought as to what this might mean, and he drew a great, troubled sigh. Trained by those alert for spirit-values to look beyond the shows of sense for inner meanings, almost he understood. The old man eyed him kindly, noting the wistfulness of the deep-set eyes, and the curved lips and chin, for the youth was one who jousting well and feasted well in hall; but for him, beyond the jousting and the feasting, there was ever a yearning, and because there were for him no words to voice this, it was written in his eyes. There was long silence, wherein swallows darted low above the Gothic traceries, and skimmed the clouded sky.

'What dost lack, lad?'

'I know not what nor why,' burst out the young seigneur, 'but something I have found not at the spear-point, so I have turned again to my Latin books, if haply I might find it written there. My knight's vows promised me high adventure, which has not come.'

'Nay, but I can tell it thee!' cried the aged crusader in a deep voice. 'T is for such as thou to win where we have failed. Go fight!'

So, in the saddened autumn air, under the northern sky, with the chilly green of the cloister grass at his feet, the thought of the quest crept shining into the heart of Geoffrey of the White Towers, and all his face grew flame. Born a seeker, gifted beyond his fellows with sensitiveness of eye and ear, he listened always for some dominant melody among the discords, and sighed, not finding it. In passion for holiness he gave himself now and again to the rigor of extreme fast, of vigil, of long prayer, aware of his own need among the overmastering temptations in the many-colored life of the court; and, in the austerity of physical strain and stress, he outdid his peers, always with an unconfessed sense of escape from lurking danger to the spirit. That part of existence which meant music and song but floated lightly on the surface of his mind, as a feather floats on the surface of a deep moat; for, already, though he had not lived, life had made him sad, creating, on the hither side of him, one who longed to fulfill each formal duty, fit into his place in the great order of things, yet, on the further side, one who yearned unceasingly for he knew not what. Ever he obeyed more scrupulously the laws of church and court, in this little world shut in by gray walls of stone, as his entanglement of mind increased and he grew more uncertain of the way.

Now, both lute and spear were set aside and forgotten, and in the scriptorium of the monastery, the red and gold tracery of the Latin pages lay open where he had left them, for he knew that vellum held no longer for him a hope of the secret. Instead, he read the healed scars on the Templar's face, and listened eagerly to tales of fierce and

losing battles with the infidel about the sacred tomb of the Highest. He saw the crusaders at their first glimpse of the Holy City fall on their knees, and, weeping, kiss the ground; he followed their weary march over blistering Syrian sands; he watched them fighting, sword to sword, while the smoke and flame of burning grass scorched hands and feet; and, in the white and purple clouds, for him, as for those earlier seekers, white-robed armies of foot and horse sped to the relief of a city high-pinnaced against the blue.

While Christendom lay quiet, silently he made ready for the moment that should come. Close-meshed new armor was wrought for him, and his sword ground very sharp by Mark the Smith in Our Lady's Lane. From boyhood he had lived as one whose hand must ever be upon his sword, and, from the vigil of fast and prayer that had made him knight, had held himself prepared for every foe.

So, when the great call came, he was with those who, shriven by holy hands, pure in desire, passed along the pale white ribbon of Roman road, king and peasant, serf and noble, side by side, stepping to unheard music, their faces toward the Holy Sepulchre, the cross upon their shoulders. That morning they had knelt at solemn mass in the lasting dusk of the great cathedral, broken only by rich rays of crimson, gold, and purple from the tall windows, and Geoffrey had followed with reverent heart the long drama of suffering moving on to death. Strange, through the show of rich broiery and elaborate symbol, the naked and utter simplicity of this worship of sorrow and failure!

Then came to him again the thrill of spirit by his father's open grave, and the memory of human grief blended with the thought of that great world-sorrow which had turned into the consolation of the world. The yearning

sadness of the music was answered by the greater comfort yearning through the hurt; notes of triumph, echoing through the Gothic arches, thrilled all his mortal dust with prescient sense of immortality, and he knew the gates of death as the very gates of life that should endure when all visible things had shriveled like dried leaves and blown away before the wind of the spirit. In this great faith, he vowed himself to hunger and thirst, to smarting wounds, to death, if God would, and sweet was the glory of the thought.

II

The clashing of steel armor, the fretting of the steeds, the swift blows given when a robber baron with outlaw troops set on them at a ford, and tried to bar their way with force of arms, he relished as part of his wonted life, for courage was high and muscles were strong in the early days of the march, and surely the army of God was invincible. Much provision they carried with them at the first, and silver coins rang merrily from well-filled pouches; no monastery gates or stores were closed; here, and at homely inns, they feasted, for capons roasted for them on long spits, great haunches steamed on trenchers; and they shared my lord's wine or peasant's ale, the part of Christendom through which they were passing giving them God speed. At night, as they drew about the fire, in baron's hall or cot of serf, they listened to strange tales of marvels and portents of the East; of enchanters who would come against them, invisible; of towers that could not be seen by mortal eye, where Christian knights had lain, bound by chains stronger than iron. Geoffrey laughed to himself, and touched with his finger his fine sword-blade, while his young blood exulted at the thought of the wounds he would give to pagan

foes. And if he fell? At least there was no woman's face to grow pale for him, save the high-browed one of his mother, who had brought stern courage with her from her southern home, and faith that was like a sword.

They marched by reed-grown marshes, over vast level plains, and down long rivers with brown castles clinging to scarred hillsides, and ever, far ahead in the sunlight, or gleaming against dull cloud, led the cross. For these travelers the air was full of signs and portents; they found divine guidance in drifting leaf or tuft of thistle-down, and in the falling of a star. The ragged lad who found them lost in the darkness, and refused a penny for showing them the way, was surely sent by Saint Michael; the ferryman who took them across a dark stream at midnight, Saint Christopher's very self. Once, at dawn, upon a hilltop touched by the rising sun, they met a gray palmer who had traveled many dusty leagues, the palm of Palestine upon his staff; and greatly he whetted their courage, telling them, with tears upon his cheeks, that he had won to a sight of the Holy City, but had not entered there, because of the drawn sword of the turbaned Saracen who had won it again. Now and then a monk, in black habit or in white, would pace with them for a little way along the road, and stop with them as they offered vows at the stone chapel of some great bridge over a swift river, or knelt at the roadside to pray at a hermit-guarded shrine. If Geoffrey sometimes saw cruelty shown by these companions in arms to those that barred their way, or heard boastful tales of wanton slaughter done the infidel, it still escaped his higher mood, for he journeyed with eyes withdrawn, his spirit already at the goal.

Singing the crusaders went, more often when the touch of hunger came to them, the long sweet, sacred notes

sounding through silent woodlands, or crowded city streets. Once, in a turbulent town, they were set upon by the people with hiss and shout and ribald songs, yet steadily they marched onward, a mighty mass with but a single will, and dominant above the clamor rose the clear, triumphing hymn, for there was no concert among their opposers, nor could single outcries still the sound of many voices rising as one.

*Patria splendida, terraque florida, libera spinis,
Danda fidelibus est ibi civibus, hic peregrinis.*

When the early days with their first flush of strength and plenty were over, and the later days of weariness came upon them, they but sang the more.

Geoffrey learned to know the joy of hunger and thirst, and of limbs spent with walking, after his steed dropped by the way. Earth proved greater, and roads longer than he had dreamed, yet it was sweet to march, uplifted in spirit, forgetful of his body, while his shoes wore through and fell apart, and his tender feet bled upon the stones of the road. With strips from his clothing he bound them; the money left within his pouch he gave to a sick beggar who called on him in the name of Christ; his drinking-cup he left as a votive offering in a white stone chapel beside an ilex tree, and thereafter drank from his hand, subdued in body and in soul to a single passion.

Then, after weeks of marching, a long land traversed, came spread sails and blue water, for him who had never known the sea. Soberly he went about the business of making ready, gathering store of wine and bread for the voyage, as his fellows did, purchasing quilt and pillow with gold pieces lent him by an earl who had been his father's friend, and who had not given all away; and all was done with a detachment of mind that kept him calm in the hurry and confusion of setting sail.

It was a splendid fleet of broad-sailed galleys, of great three-masted vessels that rode the water proudly, and many smaller craft, into one of which he stepped unnoticed. Then came the weary tossing of endless waves, the sickness and the hunger of the heart that salt paths bring. Lying, weak and spent, it seemed to him he saw afar, where clouds lay low at the sea-horizon, Saint George or Saint Theodore mounted upon a white steed carrying a white banner, and leading on the host. All was calm wide water at the first; after, they drifted past southern shores, faint and far, whose mountains, in delicate outlines of purple or rose at evening, wore beauty that might guard the very Holy Land.

Then shrill winds rose; the sky grew dark with purple clouds; and everywhere was wrack of storm. Driven this way and that, with broken masts or rent sails, the vessels of the fleet separated, were tossed to northward or to south, as the capricious wind-gods willed. The frail skiff to which Geoffrey had trusted life and hope, least, lightest of them all, drifted farthest, was caught in the teeth of a north-west wind, in stormy night, and carried toward a rocky shore. Armor and weapons cast aside, the young knights waited, on their knees, and, when the great crash came, went down into the waves with prayers on their lips.

III

From long unconsciousness the young seigneur wakened, with the first beams of the rising sun upon his eyelids; wakened, bruised, suffering, but with senses slowly answering to warmth and light. He lay on a narrow strip of sandy beach, the curling waves that had tossed him there in their fury beating near at hand in slow retreat. Above, though he was too weak to see, rose a

cliff where pine trees, clinging to the rock, were outlined against the golden dawn.

Slowly the shipwrecked man's fingers loosened their hold upon the piece of mainmast which had saved him in a night of storm, while, full of a bruised sense of his body, long forgotten and ignored, through half-closed eyes he saw, as in a dream, against the growing blue, the hardships of the past weeks; his wounded feet halting along the rough way, the roadside death of his friend and companion, felled by a chance-flung stone; and all his strength went out in pity for those gallant comrades with whom he had stepped shoulder to shoulder,—and in pity for himself.

As the glad warmth thrilled him, he heard sweet notes of music falling from the air above, and to his drowsing ears it seemed to come nearer and more near, a magic sound, such as, he had heard old wives tell, before now had lured knights away to fairyland. Soon he felt upon his outstretched arm the swift impact of small, hard hoofs, and saw about him the startled faces and soft fleecy breasts of many sheep.

Half sitting, he leaned upon his elbow, groaning with pain, while the frightened animals scudded this way and that. There, motionless among the running flock, stood a tall shepherd lad, bare of head, with face browner than the sun-bleached hair upon his forehead. A crook was in his hand; across the shoulder of his blue jacket was slung a white shaggy cloak of wool; his leggings were of white sheepskin. He spoke no word, but, drawing near, held out a rough cake that he had begun to eat for his morning meal, and smiled a wide and sudden smile, betraying whitest teeth, for he understood the stranger's word of thanks. Geoffrey, struggling to his feet, still girded with his sword, and wearing yet

a cloak whereon the cross was broidered, grew faint, and would have fallen, save for the swiftly outstretched hands of the lad.

Leaning upon his strong shoulder, the sick man struggled up the hill-path, the nimble sheep and goats climbing ahead over stone and heather, shepherded by the anxious dog; and, when the top was reached, he threw himself upon the shepherd's bed of pine, under a rude protecting roof of reed and flag. Closing his eyes, the better to bear his pain, he felt the air upon his eyelids, cool and sweet. When he opened them, the brown lad was milking a black goat into a shallow, rounded vessel, which he carried to a wide-branched oak, bending in all reverence to pour the milk out at the hoary roots, and saying in a clear voice:—

'To great Pan, Pan the Deliverer.'

In marvel as to what this might mean, knowing only that all was most lovely and most strange, the knight fell asleep. Opening his eyes as the sun was going down, he saw spreading before him a country that seemed all color and light, a dream of many-tinted mountains floating on a beautiful dream of a sea. Almost he wondered if he had suffered death, and had wakened a spirit in a land of blessed spirits.

For many days and nights he lay soft on pine branches, full of a sense of healing in this pure air, to body and to tired soul. Water was poured out for him from earthen amphoræ, whose curves go back to the dawn of time for their beauty; sheep's milk he drank, when the fever left him, from a rude cup of wood, and all service he repaid with that rare smile that had won other hearts before this of Delphis, the shepherd lad of the southern island. Many an hour the lad stole from his sheep, leaving them to the care of the brown dog that barked joyously at the greatness of his trust, to sit by the sick man, and

to test, with shouts of laughter, that speech, so like yet so unlike his rude *patois*, which Geoffrey had learned from the lips of his southern mother.

Other shepherd-folk, in coats of sun-faded blue or skirts of red, with faces full of color, but not of the light that he had seen on those in yon far gray cloister, or those at his side in the long march, peered at him as he lay, sleeping or awake, under his green shelter. One maiden, with a smiling, sun-browned face, brought healing herbs, 'the gift of Pan,' she whispered, as one who worships in joy and fear; and, kindling upon the stones, with cunning stealth of flint, a little fire, made a lotion that brought health again to his bruised limbs.

Watching the kerchiefed head bending anxiously over the cauldron, and the brightly brodered gown that became her so well, he often found the eyes of Delphis upon him, and learned that this was Ino, his betrothed, who was making ready her store of linen and spun wool for her dowry in the autumn. The homely comfort of her presence pleased him; once, in gratitude, he kissed the strong hand that had gently dressed his wounds, and now was piling soft fern beneath his aching head; but not again, for the flash of anger in the lad's brown eyes met a more vivid flash in her own of deeper brown.

As he watched from his high resting-place, there was ever with him a sense of great blue spaces; and the world of out-of-doors, island upon island, ringed by quiet sea, seemed exquisite and wide as he remembered the walled-in life of the north. Here was soft silence, after all the sound and strife of early days, and the great peace of utter weariness. Time there would be to dream again of conquest in the name of the spirit when this lingering pain was gone; in these magic hours of this

magic land, earth and its ethereal beauty seemed enough.

Through the wonderful brief twilight, and the evenings, under the great stars shining from a sky of dusky blue, the shepherd, lying on his sheepskin coat, told him old tales from out the storied past, of lovely indwelling spirits of tree and flower; of dryads and of nymphs, still living in tree and stream, with power to take what human forms they will; of the mortal who, not many days gone by, broke a lily-stalk, and, hearing a plaintive cry, knew that he had brought death to one dwelling therein. With lowered breath he told him too of Pan, great Pan, the guardian of flocks and herds, and of green living things, to whom all folk prayed; and the young seigneur learned in unspoken wonder of old beliefs still fresh as the new leaves of spring in these forgotten lands.

IV

One day the shepherd host, on his strong shoulders that had known the weight of many a sheep and goat, carried him forth from the shelter and placed him on soft brown fallen needles beneath a fragrant pine. As he lay there, he heard, far in the valley, the music of a flute, and, as it came nearer, a joyous sound of singing floated to his ears. Lifting his eyes, he saw, in slow procession against the blue and green, one by one, barefooted youths and maidens, and old, weather-beaten men, winding up the hill, each carrying upon the neck a young lamb garlanded with flowers, and flowers they bore in their hands. To Pan's sacred tree they came with their offerings, where hung upon the branches the gifts of many worshipers, rude figures in wood and clay, a shepherd's crook, the image of a child, thank-offerings to Pan for help in the matter of the flock,

or a child's illness, Pan the Comforter; 'Pan the Deliverer,' whispered the shepherd, 'who saved you from the sea.'

Upon the soft grass they strewed their garlands, and the lambs, let free, played for a little space as the sacred rites went on, but none were slain; it was the consecration of the first-fruits of the flock, with prayers for great fertility. Leaving the ground strewn with many-colored flowers, they carried the young lambs again down the hill, and Geoffrey listened until the last glad notes of their voices died, remembering in half-dismay the solemn cathedral procession of sorrowful faces shown by dim taper-light, and the sad voices chanting a great grief.

Lapped in sweet content, he lay thinking of the coolness of the shadow, the warmth of the sun, all different from his northern home where shade and sunshine were near akin. He caught a glimpse of a white-kerchiefed head below the treetops, and wondered if it were Ino, coming to bring something for their evening meal from her father's farmstead in the valley. Ino it was not. It was a shepherd maiden who climbed the hill, holding in her hands curious shining things; and Geoffrey saw that she carried his steel armor and helmet; and, as he gazed, he half wondered at his old joy in wearing them, half yearned to put them on.

Asking where she had found them, he got no answer, for the maiden shook her head, as one who fails to understand; but, in a silence that seemed full of subtle meanings, with white, uplifted arms that wore the very grace of swaying branches, she hung them on Pan's tree.

Delphis, who watched, wide-eyed, would not come near to speak with her, but drew away, as one abashed; yet was she but a barefooted maiden, whose skirt of blue bore its broad em-

broidered band, as did the skirts of other shepherd lasses. Only, from under the white kerchief that she wore over her dark hair, he caught the light from wonderful gray-green eyes; surely she was the same as the others, yet why was the shepherd awed? Or was there a radiance about her? was it not merely the way of the southern sun with all it touched, — with yonder pine-needles, for instance, — transmuting them to beams of light?

When she had gone, he questioned the shepherd who she might be, but got no answer; he but shrugged his shoulders, shaking his head, then added, with lowered breath, 'Perhaps a friend of Pan.'

A little later Geoffrey, who had marveled at the scant courtesy shown the stranger, marveled still more as he saw the lad pour out, from a shallow earthen vessel, a libation of wine upon the spot where she had stood a few moments before with bare white feet.

Then he forgot his wonder, and laughed out, seeing the fingers of Delphis touch curiously the fine-meshed steel, and awkwardly lift the sword which lay forgotten on the grass. Cutting his finger as he drew it on the blade, he cast the sword from him, laughing to see it crush the hyacinth sprays and violets the worshipers had left.

'What do you with these?' he asked.

'I fight,' said Geoffrey of the White Towers, 'for our Lord's sake.'

The shepherd looked long at him. 'Now what thy god may be I know not,' he said slowly, 'but mine is better than thine, for he is god of peace, and of flocks that feed in safety. I have heard of them that worshiped long ago a god of fighting and of battles, for my father's father crossed the sea, and saw his face of stone; but here we know him no longer. Thou shalt forget thy cruel god of war, and worship Pan with

us. As for this thing of blood,' and he took up the sword, 'we will give it to Pan with the others'; so he made good his word.

The high mood of the young crusader was broken by weakness and the sweet strength of sunshine, and awe fell on him.

'Where dwells he?' he whispered.

'Hist, dost not hear him?' asked the lad, his finger on his lip. 'In yon forest, here in the nearer grass, and in the shaken reeds'; and, across the silence, the music of the wind in the pine trees told them the god was near.

Geoffrey noted, that day and the next, that the eyes of the shepherd when he was near the shelter kept wandering to the path up which the strange maiden had come, and there was fear in them, fear touched with longing. Near noonday, hearing the soft rustle of a woman's dress, he started, and Delphis listened too with paling cheek. Soon the comely face of Ino appeared above the rock that guarded the path; she walked erect, bearing a copper vessel on her head, while behind her trudged her barefooted brother, with face as merry as a faun's. The shepherd drew a great sigh, whether of relief or of disappointment would be hard to say, and together they sat down on the grass to eat their simple meal. They had brought in the comb-honey whose taste was fragrance, freshly baked bread, and olives cured in oil; and the young crusader, watching, rejoiced in the spare simplicity that lent a grace to homely things. Content with little, these shepherd-folk received the values of much. Ino's eyes were ever on her lover, noting the whiteness of his cheek beneath the tan, and the fingers that crumbled bread instead of carrying it to his mouth. When she drew from her bosom a bit of rude lace, finished toward her dowry, and would have shown it to him, she knew that

his eyes wandered far, though he made a feint of looking. With honey still clinging to her lip, she cried out in fear:

'Your eyes have looked on something strange, and you do not tell me.'

The little ragged lad was frightened, and nestled closer to his sister, until her brodered bodice left its mark of leaf and flower on his cheek. Delphis shook his head, but was silent, and Ino, grasping his blue coat-sleeve, questioned in fierce whisper:—

'Have those unseen ones who can steal woman's shape come to you?'

But he said nothing, save, with downcast head, 'I know not'; and she went sorrowing away, while sorrowing he looked after her.

'Now what was her meaning?' questioned Geoffrey, breaking the wondering silence between them.

But the lad answered with a shrug, 'Who knows?'

'Why called you the stranger maid a friend of Pan?' persisted Geoffrey; and he noted that into Delphis's face came a look of fear, of which he had no understanding, and a look of longing which was even as his own.

That night, as they lay in the soft darkness upon the bed of pine, the shepherd trembled as he talked of the spirits of woodland and of stream, the ministers and messengers of Pan, who shared his reveling, and whose fearful beauty stole away men's wit.

'May one see them,' asked the young crusader, 'or know their touch?'

The shepherd, shivering, clung to him in panic terror. 'It is not well,' he whispered, 'to draw too near the gods.'

V

The first step that the young seigneur could take told him of joy in the firm earth, after the dreariness of the unstable sea; and the grass was sweet and cool to his bared feet. Then, with

returning strength, the glory of sunshine and of spring burst upon him as something never known before under gray northern skies. Flowers, undreamed by him whose life had been shut far from flowers within grim city walls, bloomed at his feet, red tulips, anemones, purple and white; nor dared he tread on one, or break a stem, because of those who dwelt therein. It was no longer strange to him that tree and leaf and blossom were sentient; he marveled only that he had not known it before.

The music of silence and the music of sweet sound came to him as he lay for idle days under the fragrant pines, for the wind was in their branches; and, far below, on either side, the murmuring of the waves upon the sand mingled with the bleating of the sheep, and to each melody he listened with new reverence as one who harkens to the voice of a god. Thrushes were nesting in his helmet upon the branch of oak, and the crusader's cloak, the cross rolled inward, made him a soft pillow. All his soul was at rest in the thought of these green hills and valleys, where old faiths still blossomed with the flowers and rooted with the vine; where, to mortal questioning and fear, had been vouchsafed a sense of the human graciousness of sunlight and rainfall, and of protecting mother-power in the fields of earth.

Knight and shepherd over the curds made vows of friendship, nor did it seem to the young seigneur strange: for he had marched shoulder to shoulder with a wood-cutter's son in that great army where all were of one rank under the cross; nor could he win back to his old sense of distance between silk-clad arm and that clad in sheepskin: he but wondered that this could seem so homelike which was so unlike home. Together they drank precious water from the distant spring, or milk from

the ewes; they broke bread together, and half his flock Delphis gave into the stranger's keeping, showing him where to lead forth his sheep to the juiciest grass. Great was Geoffrey's joy in the long-haired goats, and greatest in the clever one that stood erect on his hind legs to reach the willow branches, or climbed the crooked olive tree to the very top to nibble the leaves.

Oftentimes, at dusk, to the sound of the pipe, the two lads danced on the hillside or in the valley, with homely folk who pastured their flocks upon the neighboring slopes, while the sheep lay about them, quietly chewing the cud. The shepherds, who cared not for the wistful eyes of the stranger, that ever searched beyond them, yet loved him for the sweetness of his voice, and the swiftness of his foot in dance. Him it did not surprise to see that hairy folk crept often in among them from the neighboring wood, with rough and shaggy faces, and odd, goat-like shanks, now stepping swiftly on hooved feet with the dancers, now lying prone among the flocks as they that are at home among their kin. When they stole near him, with eyes staring in wonder, and touched him with rough, questioning fingers, he but laughed aloud, remembering the dainty silken figures moving in that last dance where he had stepped to different music; and they laughed also, finding herein their kinship with him. If he marveled at them and their laughter, he marveled at himself the more, who had heard many a grandam tale of this whimsical people, without realizing that they were still alive and fain to dance. Now naught seemed strange in the magic of strange blue water on an alien shore, save the bonds and hardships of his past life.

Ay, there was witchery abroad, and his sense of wonder was constant laughter on his lips. One day, returning to the flock, which he had left in care of

his white dog, he found him low-crouching, with hair bristled along his back, giving short, sharp barks of fear. The young knight, gazing, could see before him nothing save gray bare rock, and yet, as he looked, he was conscious that that which had been but empty stone was winning to sweet shape.

In fashion of a shepherdess, demure of face, she was guarding the sheep in his stead, with brodered gown, and kerchiefed head, a distaff in her hand; and, sitting on the rock, her feet demurely crossed, she cherished in her lap a weakling lamb, while her hands were busy drawing out the thread, as the most industrious maiden of them all.

Slowly he went toward her, now pausing to look the other way as one who knew not she was there, yet glancing hurriedly again that his eyes might make sure of her. Spinning, spinning, she drew the white woolen thread, and now he saw the wonderful, unfathomed eyes, that wore the color of sky and sea; now, when his hand might almost touch her, she looked upon him with a sudden, radiant smile, then vanished, not on mortal feet, while the weak lamb she had cherished stood upon trembling legs, bleating feebly.

Close on his breast he fondled it, in the warmth of his blue mantle, and, with caressing hands, questioned it of its last resting-place; but the foolish one, as happy under mortal as under immortal care, gave back no answer.

Suddenly on the rock he saw her distaff, and, bewildered, watched it unwinding; clearly, she still held it fast, wherever she was running in air or on earth, on slender, swift, white feet. Shifting the lamb to his shoulder, he bent and grasped the spindle; still it turned upon his outstretched palm.

Holding fast the clue, he followed swiftly, gathering the thread in his hands, wondering if she might not lead

him into the very haunts of Pan. Firm held, it guided him beyond the meadow, athwart the pine grove, catching upon the resin-dripping trunks, and still he felt his way along the thread, which still was hers, until, as he sped over the brow of the hill, her grasp slackened, and he found himself standing with the end of the white thread in his hand. Long he stood, pondering on the tangled skein he held; then, going sadly home, he hung it on Pan's tree as an offering, and the nesting birds plucked strands from it for the home they were building in the helmet.

Ever the new amazement of beauty lingered with him, from radiant sunrise of transfigured hills to sunset that left long beams of light pulsing across the clear blue of the sky. The shepherd lad, on distant hill or near, sitting under oak tree or cedar, sang of the fresh grass of the pasture, and of cool water from the spring, sang of his sheep upon the hillsides, the laughter of his brown maiden, of lily and of hyacinth, and of all fragrant things of spring. And he who had sung in a king's court, stung by memory of that which grew often dim in his mind, made answer from the deep shadow of the pine.

'Nor hillside nor fed ewes have I, nor brown cheek of maiden against my own.

'Only a path, lying long like a ribbon against the green, or lost in the thick shade of forest trees, where last year's leaves lie thick over the leaves of many earlier years.

'If I smell the violet, I pass it; the lily stands for me unbroken; shadow of beech and of oak tree have I forsaken, treading my way onward in the burning of the sun.

'The music that I hear is heard but hardly; with strained ears I listen; it is always beyond.

'The music that I hear hath no fullness of sound. Faint and very far it

comes, beyond the utmost hill, calling me, I know not whither, winning me, I know not why.

'The face that draws me hath no brownness nor laughter; but dimly I see it, yet it compels me. I may not forget.'

Delphis leaned on his crook to listen, in the warmth of the sun, disdaining what he heard; yet he loved this comrade for the sadness of his song, and the high beauty of his face.

'It seemeth thou hast nothing, and less than nothing,' he cried, wondering. 'What seek ye at the end of your long road?'

'A tomb,' the young knight answered; 'the tomb of our Lord.'

'A dead god!' cried the shepherd, with intaken breath of great wonder. 'You pour libations to a god who is dead?'

Geoffrey was silent. In very truth, at that moment the solemn music of the mass, leading from sadness to sadness, seemed one with the memory of clods of earth falling upon the coffinlid of stone.

'How died he?' asked the shepherd, pitying.

'Upon a cross of wood,' answered Geoffrey, and of the two shepherd's crooks he made a cross.

'Now how can a god who is dead help you?' cried Delphis. 'Libations pour I to Pan, great Pan, who dieth not, nor will die, so long as grass is green, and trees put forth their leaves.'

'Mine liveth,' said the young crusader, 'and will live when grass and trees are dust, a life beyond the life of those who have not known death.' As he spoke, he felt that for which one might give in glad exchange the whole of delight in visible beauty, a thrill throughout the mortal flesh of life too poignant fine for eye or ear to know.

'You speak folly,' said the shepherd. 'The dead are dead.'

VI

Pan, Pan, everywhere Pan! Slowly the young crusader learned to know his ceaseless presence, and to share the joy and fear of his worshipers, who felt him near in coolness, in shadows, in delicate sights and sounds, the veil of green things seeming to them but the screen that held him. The wind stirred the long flags; a sense of freshness came; the shepherd, his finger on his lip, nodded, as who would say, 'The god is near!' If any rough reed pipe gave out a more absolute note of joy than the rest, they cried, 'The gift of Pan!'

Wonderful to him, who had dreamed of pain as the fine flower of life, seemed this worship of gladness. The spirit sense of one earlier aware of soul than of body brought a keener sense to new delight, a finer edge to cut from the bough the apples of Hesperides. The shepherd knew no such exquisite thrill from the sunshine touching his cheek or outstretched hand, nor felt perhaps so poignantly the coming of Pan, fragrance by fragrance, breeze by breeze. For the first time since, as a little lad, Geoffrey had become aware of it, the inner yearning ceased, and the fine, searching look died out of his eyes; consolation for the long hurt of boyhood was his. Sometimes, sitting in the shade beside his sheep, he was fretted by visions of the Holy Land, the hot hillsides, the drooping palms, the lurking Saracens with their thrice-sharpened swords; but, still lame and weary, with a hurt sense of body, an almost resentful consciousness of soul, he thrust these thoughts away. Within his heart there reigned a truce of God.

Ever more and more, as he drove his sheep afield along the pleasant hillsides, or rested with them at the edge of the deep and shady wood, he felt subtle presences about him, here, every-

where, in tree and fern and flower. The wind upon his face was more than wind; he lifted his cheek to it, reverently, as something divine. How close they were, the friendly gods, in this sweet land! In the silences, reaching forth his hand to touch leaf or flower, he was aware of intimacies delicate, beyond sight or words, and he stepped lightly across the grass, as one walking always on the verge of great discovery. Now and then, as the shepherd-folk danced to sweet music, a sound of sweeter music came far through the forest, and awe fell on them.

'It is Pan,' they whispered in the twilight, 'Pan, who dances with the dryads among the trees.'

One night he lay beneath a great beech tree at the forest's edge, whither of late he had been often drawn, his head gently pillowed by moss-grown roots. Sleeping a sleep full of sweet visions of pleasant things, he dreamed, though he knew not if the dream were real, of cool fingers resting delicately on his eyelids. When he wakened, in the clear twilight of dawn, and sitting upright, gazed upon the fresh leaves above him, through which one great planet in the morning sky looked down upon his rest, he was sure of a presence other than that of the sheep and goats that lay quietly about him, as of the very bodily nearness of joy. His bared arm still felt the imprint of a cool, slender hand upon it, and, in the rustling leaves, he fancied he heard the sound of retreating steps.

Starting to his feet, as one who would pursue, he heard a sound of laughter, merry as young wind in leaves of May, and, trying to go all ways at once to reach it, knew that it led him back to the starting-point, and came from behind the gray, lichen-haunted beech. About the trunk he caught a glimpse of a shimmering green robe, of dark hair floating free; but, though he circled the

trunk, he could find no trace of the maiden, whose half-seen face had driven all thoughts of other beauty from his mind.

Long he sat beside his sheep, while the gray of the water below the pine trees grew bluer and more blue, and range upon range of barren mountaintops, bewitched by light, turned to opal and amethyst. Dreaming, he watched the path of light leading to the sun as it rose from the sea; sweet imaginings stirred within him, and desire was awake, for he knew that the blue-green eyes that had looked at him from behind the beech were the eyes of her who had brought the armor to him, and had lured him with her unraveled skein.

That day a shadow lay between him and his shepherd friend. High and higher on the hillside they climbed with their sheep and goats, and ever he was aware — or was it waking dream — of a presence among the trees, and of many musical footsteps sweeping about her in unison. Swaying branches dimly took the form of fluttering garments, and never were his ears without music, were it far or near, sometimes the very music of her laugh. In awe he asked Delphis, whispering, if the gods were near; but the lad shrugged his shoulders and turned away, saying he did not know. Geoffrey saw in his eyes the ever-watching look that he had learned to know, and noted brief absences from his flock, from which he came back with the shamefaced air of one who, searching, has not found.

Strolling at nightfall down the valley, an old song on his lips, he read the story of Delphis in the brown eyes of the maiden Ino, whom he found beneath an ancient gnarled olive tree at the edge of the field left fallow by her father in honor of the wind-god, who once, unasked, had helped him in winnowing the grain. At the door of the little farmhouse stood her withered grandam

with dark brown face and snow-white hair, spinning upon a distaff; near by, a patient donkey circled, turning the wheel that brought water from the well, and all these homely things stood out with odd unreality before him whose eyes were full of beauty that ever escaped. In the desolate silence the dog watched the worn path, but his mistress's eyes looked nowhere, and, although she gave a gay laugh when she saw the knight approaching, the quiver of her lip was pitiful before the laugh had ceased. When he asked if aught troubled her, there were sudden tears on the white covering of her breast, and she confessed that she was waiting, an hour beyond the appointed time, for Delphis, who never before had forgotten tryst.

Comforting her, as best he might, with broken speech that brought a smile through tears, he saw her trudge toward home, murmuring a prayer to the god of friendly breezes, from his consecrated field, that he would follow her lover, wherever he might be, and whisper her love in his ear. Turning back, he met upon the hillside his shepherd friend, wandering this way and that, as one who had lost his path; then suddenly he started, as if seeing something to pursue, and sped away among the trees.

Was the boy mad, the young seigneur wondered, for Delphis sang no more, nor stood, as quiet as a cypress tree, among his sheep, but ever wandered restlessly, until they, too, were full of unrest, lifting their heads from the grass, and straying hither and yon. What peace for the flock if the shepherd knows no peace? One night, as the two sat side by side, while the stars shone out in the sudden dusk, the shepherd lad, in lowered voice, made known his pain.

'But once have I seen her, and I see naught else,' he moaned. 'All my life

have I feared that this might come upon me.'

Geoffrey marveled that that which was keen joy to him was terror to the other, who yet could give no explanation of his fear of so much beauty.

As the days went on, the other shepherd-folk, older and more wise, shook often their heads in foreboding, saying that there was some being among them who would bring trouble, and they one and all brought more frequent gifts to Pan, hanging them upon his oak tree on the hill, or climbing to his cave on the mountain-side, over a path worn deep by his worshipers, the gray heads ever busy with the old task of guarding the young.

Geoffrey, ever more conscious how through and through the shepherd life thrilled the name of Pan, watched swaying green branch and waving grass with deepening sense of their kinship, and the image of the sacred spot grew fainter, veiled by the presence of her whose fluttering garments wore the iridescent beauty of sunrise and sunset on the hills. Straying afield with his flock, he pondered in silence on the words, 'the friend of Pan,' feeling an ever greater longing. Could he, too, but be a friend of Pan! What richness of earth-wisdom, what joy, what sense of rising sap and waving leaf would deepen life within him, for even in these short weeks he had grown to understand the mighty comfort of that name. Passionate with desire for the uttermost revelation of this worship, he questioned further his shepherd host.

'Seen him have I not,' said Delphis in answer, 'but my father's father, who was lost on yonder hills, met one day the god himself, and was brought safely home. And he raised an altar on the hillside — it still is white beyond the pine tree — to Pan of the Safe Journey.'

'Where may one draw more near?' whispered the crusader.

'High on yon mountain to the east is a cave, long sacred to Pan, whither we go to bear him offerings. There is the very image of the god, and his ministers, the dryads.'

And, as he spoke, the fear that now lurked always in the depth of his eyes sprang to the surface. Unwilling to go himself, too busy with the sheep, he would gladly send offerings: a fleece of his first shearing, milk in a wide amphora of narrow mouth; and, as he made them ready, he murmured prayers to Pan the Deliverer for help against the spell of the dryad, who might be messenger of good or of ill.

So Geoffrey, bearing gifts upon his back and in his careful hands, went down the mountain-path to the valley, past the altar to Pan of the Safe Journey, ever full of a sense of dryad guidance. Along the margin of the hill he followed a narrow trail, then climbed a steep and rocky path, where tangling vines and sharp acanthus often stayed his feet, yet ever he was drawn onward by the sweep of a green garment beside the shimmering birch tree, or a soft voice that called from beyond the gray rocks, and in this sweet companionship he knew her longing to lead him to the secret place of Pan. Once, upon a broad ledge of rock, he found some piping satyr-folk who gave back his smile with gladness, then begged impudently for the wine and milk he carried, and one twitched stealthily at the fleece of wool, as if he coveted it for his own bare back.

At length, beyond a grim, forbidding cliff, came a space of level grass, where a spring of water trickled ceaselessly, and lo, overhung with vines, remote, the cave of Pan! Stepping softly, he lifted the ivy and entered, not without awe, pouring out wine and milk, as he had been requested, and hanging the yellow fleece upon a sharply jutting stone. As his eyes grew wonted to the

dim light, he saw votive gifts upon the walls, and among them, carved in relief in rude gray stone, the image of the god. He stood piping among his ministers, the nymphs, who with bare feet and unbound tresses danced before him, and though the hint of rough horns and rude hoofs of this woodland deity brought Geoffrey a sudden shock, the kindly sweetness of the face arrested him. It was indeed the god of the flock and of sweet shaded ways that the rude artist fingers had wrought, and about the lips curled the wise smile of one who understands all of life, down to the tail and hoofs. The very comfort of his lowness brought a sense of safety and of home, as of a child at his mother's knee, after the vast loneliness of the spirit-quest.

Musing on the tenderness of the shepherd-folk for this piper upon reeds, he realized how far their indwelling sense of him had outstripped their power to picture one whose name was melody, and who had become for them the melody of all things living. In the silence of the dusky cave, he won to understanding of the very god of peace, the outer peace of banished sword, the inner peace that knows no questioning.

Homeward, though he saw nothing, he was aware of a light footstep here and there beside him on rock or grass, of an enfolding sense of nearness, and he yearned, with deeper longing, to see her who had come to him in waking hours and in dream, the delicate messenger of the god, leading him yet nearer to that further revelation beyond her touch. Longing to feel her fingers again upon his eyelids, he came, and gladly enough, to the folded flock, and supper.

Delphis but asked if he had found the way, and receiving the brief answer, 'I was guided,' nodded, as one who understands.

Thereafter, day by day, she came and went between him and the world of the unseen; now faintest blue, now green her garment; now with bare locks, now with discreetly kerchiefed head. In whatever form she came, bringing him a black kid that had escaped from the flock, or offering him, in the heat of noonday, from hands held cupwise, a draught of fresh water, though he knew she was but wraith, but lovely, unsubstantial shape, all his warm young passion rose and followed her flying feet. Through the green forest, hither and thither, he sped after the gleam of her white shoulder, the witchery of her back-turned face, more and more enmeshed by tangling threads of the old spirit-quest, and of this elusive, escaping charm of the soul of plant and tree.

So, shape by shape, she teased him, vanishing at his approach, mocking him, the cruellest mocking being no shape at all, yet the feeling of her nearness the most intense. It was no longer strange to him that these transformations could be, for that which once would have seemed beyond the reach of sense was natural and lovely as the curve of shore, or the great stars at night above his rock-pillowed head. If these many forms in which she masqueraded were so full of charm, what of her real self? Ah, for that garlanded head, and the immortal sweetness that was she!

The older folk of hillside and valley drew more apart from the two lads, whose eyes betrayed them. Swift disaster too often followed those who became companions of the immortals; might not Pan be moved to jealousy and smite them? With red eyes the maiden Ino came and went between the valley and the hill-shelter, and the crusts of bread she brought well-nigh choked her lover, yet still he forgot her in the dance, or, remembering, remem-

bered too late; nor had he for many a day brought her any gift of scarf or trinket, for he turned from the maid of flesh and blood to the maiden of spirit and laughter.

As the days passed, the mood of Delphis changed many times, and once he flung himself upon the breast of Geoffrey, confessing a fear that the dryad was angered by his pursuit, which yet he could not stop. Disaster came to those who followed uninvited, and perchance she was unwilling that he should see her when she wished only to reveal herself to another; did not the knight know some spell that would charm away his longing? Yet again he looked upon his friend as an enemy, nor would share his supper of whey and crust. The two, one noon-day, sat down upon the oak leaves, and, breaking a crust together, spoke wonderingly of this strange madness that had come upon them, and, with clasped hands, vowed to protect each other and to forget.

Even as they made this vow, a merry laugh rang all through the forest, with all the ripple of young leaves sounding in it, and to the two who listened it seemed as if a hundred voices echoed the mirth. Surely the dryads and the nymphs were laughing in unison, and that deep note of immortal laughter, mellow, irresistible, — could it be the voice of Pan? With shaken sides the satyr-folk were roaring in deep mirth; a very tempest of merriment swept through the forest, and knight and shepherd knew that their vow was mocked.

VII

More and more often, as the long days drifted past, the young crusader, forgetful of his vow, haunted the beech tree, which was the dryad's home. Often she led him thither, and, as she vanished within the trunk, there came

back the sound as of a half-human voice. He, who tore at the bark with eager fingers, won naught but cuts and bruises on his skin, and sometimes came a little cry, as if she were torn with the tree that sheltered her; so he desisted, but touched his lips to the delicate bark, quick with her life. Her voice was in the murmuring leaves, which shivered as the breeze passed through; the soft branch caressing his forehead thrilled him with her.

Lying prone upon the grass, now gazing upward through green leaves, transfigured by sunshine, now with closed eyelids whereon leaf-shadows fell, he grew to know her as the very soul of this forest tree, and idly wondered if the indwelling spirits of olive and of oak wore such individual charm as she. Hers was the secret grace of motion in twig and branch, and hers the loveliness of green leaves dreaming against the infinite blue. Hers, too, the long sweet length of a tree's life, from the day of putting forth its first tiny shoot, through unnumbered centuries of sunlight and of soft darkness with the great stars shining through, on to the day when strong wind tears the deep roots from the soil, and the dryad life goes out with the fading of the leaves. He knew, beyond all doubting, as he waited, motionless, that they drew nearer together, perchance a touch of spirit in organic life meeting his own, while there came to him a wholly pleasant sense of putting roots down into the soil, spreading leaf-wise on the air.

Something was set singing within him, something which had been dumb before; it sang in the pulses in wrist and forehead; it burst in sweetest music from his throat. Sitting bareheaded on the beechen roots one day, his crook laid aside, his white dog panting at his feet, he poured out to her, invisible, an old troubadour love-song. Sweet echoes came back to him from among the

branches, and he heard her voice in song, so full of yearning that it drew his very heart from him. Well that the shepherd-folk were far away, for they would think him mad, who stood with closed eyes listening at the branches where centred all his life and hope.

He ceased to count the days, as he had counted them since first his feet were set upon the holy road. They were measured by the pale gold of morning beyond the hill to eastward, the deeper gold of evening when the sun went down beyond the sea and western hill; and the few weeks of spring-time, since first his foot had touched this shore, seemed to him an eternity of joy. He told himself that he was a man of great riches, so many golden days fell into his outstretched hands, for the sun had brought him perfect hours, and memory and regret lay slumbering. Surely she struggled toward him, across the barriers made by flesh and blood, yearning to him, even as he to her. The delicate fingers lingered longer on his eyelids with caressing touch, and that strange speech between them, made up of music and unspoken words and laughter, grew clearer day by day. Imprisonment within the bonds of spirit he knew to be as irksome to her as to him was imprisonment within walls of flesh; and to her, too, it was pain that she might not feel his touch, even while touching him.

Once, in the warm sun of noon-day, he felt her encircling arm cling about his neck in wholly human fashion, and the divine dark head rested long against his own. At that moment it seemed to him that he could reach out his hand and touch happiness; through half-closed eyes could see it, green, leafy, against the unfathomed blue; could hear it in the murmur of the pines, the ripple of the little waves upon the beach.

This moment of fullest content merged into a strange fear lest this intense happiness could not be broken. To Geoffrey came a sudden sense of lack of escape, a yearning for the old hunger, for the music of the wind in the branches had changed to militant organ-music, and he heard the vast volume of sound of the crusaders' voices, with the trumpet-call to holy war. Again he heard the heralds crying at set of sun, 'Save the Holy Sepulchre!' while the vast army knelt and prayed. Once more the cross seemed to burn upon his shoulder, with the old fiery call to the fight, and the hunger of love was forgotten in the passionate hunger of the quest. Could it not be, the young crusader asked himself wistfully, that the two poignant yearnings were the same? That which in boyhood had drawn him, had eluded him, had called him far, was it not this appeal for fuller life, this sweet reality in things? Were not the old voices winning to lovely shape? Could he not see his dream in her immortal loveliness?

Troubled again by question, feeling a dim sense of lack in happiness that did not reach to be joy, he went about his tasks, mindful again of Delphis, whose sorrows had been forgotten in his own delight. Upon the shepherd had come stage after stage of wood-madness; wandering through the forest, he let his flock go wild, save that the young knight gathered it and kept it with his own. One day he found Ino sitting on the hillside, her face buried in her hands, sobbing bitterly; nor could the dog that tried to lick her cheeks bring comfort to her. From broken words Geoffrey learned that an hour ago she had seen her lover speeding toward the rocks, yet what he pursued she could not tell; there was none ahead of him, and none behind.

'Go find him,' said the knight, 'and I will wait for you here.'

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Drying her eyes on her bare arm, she smiled in sudden thanks, and went across the brow of the hill in search. The afternoon had worn away, and swift dusk came, when the dreamer was roused by the sound of steps, and looking, saw two satyrs who did the bidding of the maid in carrying the unconscious body of Delphis. Along the grass trailed one limp hand; blood on the forehead showed where he had fallen.

'He is not dead,' said Ino, with the sweetness of grieving hope in her face; and Geoffrey, feeling the lad's bosom, knew he was but stunned. With the satyrs' help he carried the shepherd to Ino's home in the valley, and laid him on a soft bed of fern. Here, with his head upon her lap, he waked at last to consciousness, and here she nursed him, keeping wet cloths on his head with fresh water from the well; and in the cone-shaped oven outside the door she brewed him savory broths that brought his strength again. Her eyes, as they rested on him, were now as the eyes of a mother who nurses her first-born, and now they flamed with sudden fire, fierce as the coals upon the hearth.

The shepherd, growing strong again, rose from his bed of fern, and, looking about, questioned Ino what was amiss, and she told how she had found him lying stunned upon the rocks.

'How came I there?' he asked fearfully; but she, wise in woman-fashion, answered that she knew not.

It was clear to her, as his eyes looked on hers, that all memory of his madness had gone from him; and, stealing out at noon or evening, she bore gifts to every god she knew: to great Pan, to the wind-god who had led her to her wounded lover, to the god of the rising and the setting sun, who had no altars here, — for his rude temple, earliest of all, had crumbled, made of sun-

dried brick, — yet was he worshiped upon the hilltops, where come the first ray and the last ray of light; and to all she prayed that Delphis might still forget.

Going about his work, wondering where the black goat had gone, and what had become of the spotted kid, he marveled at all they told him of his brief madness, and oftentimes laughed, sure that it was gone. Then, seeing his home already made in the eyes of Ino, and holding in secret a new fear of unseen dangers when she was not near, he asked her parents if their marriage might not be made more speedily than they had planned, and Ino's joy was great when they consented. Of linen and of woolen cloths, spun in the winter days, she had great store. Vessels of clay and of copper, ten sheep, twelve hens, a little ass, a pine table, and two wooden stools, — surely her dowry was enough!

So they were wed; lustral water was carried to the maiden in a slender curving jar from the spring before her robbing, and Geoffrey walked in that bridal procession, he and all the shepherd lads he knew, to the shrill music of the flute, while beside him paced, unseen, with footsteps on the grass heard only by him, the dryad. Leading, a boy bore on his head a gift cake and flowers; then came, clad in a saffron robe, the bride, a maiden on either side, then Delphis, abashed in new embroidered jacket, and after, the long train. Two by two they climbed from the valley lands of the girl's home to the snug cot on the hill that should be home for them; and friends and bridesmaids left them there with all their gifts about them, the small, gray, loaded donkey standing patient at the door. Among the gifts was a finely carven beechen bowl, whereon, with dainty footsteps, Pan and his friends the nymphs were dancing, but, though one asked an-

other who had brought it, none could tell.

From the safety and comfort of this low portal, Geoffrey went back alone, and full of sharp loneliness, to the frail shelter of reeds.

And now that human companionship was far, nearer and nearer drew the gods. Across the threshold that knew no doorway, casting no shadow, they came; the air was full of gentle whisperings; and dim green presences peopled for him the hill at twilight, who ever listened for those immortal footsteps treading so close on human life.

That rooted sense of oneness with all growing things was strongest at night as he watched under the southern stars; then the very sap and life-blood of grass and tree seemed flowing through his veins, and all the wide world of nature to be within him. Old dreams and new intermingled in these drowsing hours; the great stars shining softly down blended with those taper lights by which, all night, he had prayed, fasting, before the altar, keeping holy vigil until the dim dawn came, and, with it, his consecration and his vow. As he remembered, spirit called to spirit across the soft darkness; he seemed to see and touch the holy spot that had become for him the very goal of prayer. Going fasting to his sweet-smelling couch, passionately returning in fancy to her who, he had begun to hope, was but his old prayer made visible, he dreamed of a great joy lying on his lips; yet, lo, it was no kiss of maiden, but the Eucharist!

Waking in the chill dawn he pondered long, then took his cup of milk and broke his bit of bread, going soberly about his work; nor did he see that morning rock and pine against the blue, but only those great Templars lying with crossed feet in the peace of death after the holy war.

VIII

There came a day, a day with sense of life astir, for breezes ran along the hillsides, and, in the valley, touched the reeds to swaying motion; grass and reeds were murmurous as with the voice of a god. Great eagles swayed on outstretched wings about the gray mountain-tops; down rocky paths the streams sped merrily, and uncounted flowers opened petals of white or gold or crimson to the sun. The very soul of spring thrilled through the joyous air, and to the shepherd-folk it seemed the gods were near, walking in the golden sunshine, athwart the unclouded blue. Surely the nymphs were holding festival: through the wood came sweeter, quicker melodies from the dryads whose steps are music on the wind, and a sound of wild dancing echoed from the satyr-folk far and near. The very sheep and goats were leaping high in play; the old wether, forgetting, dreamed himself again a lamb. Pan, what was Pan doing in this air alive and quick with happenings?

As Geoffrey walked alone, seeking his sheep, a sudden yearning kiss, the kiss of which he had been dreaming, was pressed upon his lips, and all the air grew sweet with the presence of her he could not see. Stung with quick passion, he flung out his arms, entreating her, yet clasped but empty air; and his ears were full of caressing murmurs, softer far than words. Following a voice that called, he found himself kneeling beneath the beech that was her home, breathless with swift pursuit up the hill, for she had led him the maddest chase over stream and stone. To what was she luring him? He no longer cared. Follow he must, though she led beyond all hope, all prayer.

He cried aloud for her to come to him, his senses full of her leafy fra-

grance, and, reaching out his arms, he gathered branch and leaves into close embrace, kissing them with passionate lips. So lost was he, so drawn toward things unseen, that he stood like one on whom a trance has fallen, and, rooted to the spot, it seemed as if he were winning to the life of the tree, his very fingers becoming one with the outstretched leaves, while nearer and nearer the human grew the indwelling soul that was she.

Because of his forgetfulness, his sheep scattered this way and that; two ewes, wandering on the hillside, joined an alien flock; and the lamb that had been sheltered in the dryad's bosom, stumbling, perhaps, like him, seeking her, fell into the stream that ran across the pasture, and was drowned. The shepherd, coming on this confusion, was seized with sudden anger, in the new prudence of a householder, careful of his goods, and, pursuing, took his friend's crook from his hands, telling him that he should guard the sheep no longer, since he had betrayed his trust.

The knight, who once would have struck down one that dared such insult, laid his hand upon the shoulder of Delphis, saying simply, 'There is one who commands me; I may not choose'; and the shepherd's fearful eyes betrayed his understanding, for the old enchantment whereby he had been driven through inner desire toward what he dreaded, returned. Stumbling he went away, his head bent down upon his breast, and Geoffrey, watching with eyes growing serene as green leaf against the blue, saw him running as from pursuit.

So wistful was the voice that called across the murmuring silences that he knew the dryad longed to hold him, even as mortal woman would; for the hands that laid such sweet caresses on cheek and forehead were tender and real

as human hands, and the whispered words that met his ear were pleading with human love. Could he be wholly hers, she told him, forgetting all before, the hope, the long, hard road, the battles yet to be, she would become all human to him, taking mortal form whenever he willed, nestling in his arms, never to say farewell. Instead of the fevered space of human life, the hot heart-beats, death swift upon the track, the long sweet tree-life should be his, that all but immortality, spread leaf-wise on the air; and then, the centuries past, with her he should bow before the wind, to the peace of falling leaves and crumbling branch. Yes, she would come to him in utmost beauty, would he but promise to leave forever on Pan's tree sword and armor, and the cloak that bore the symbol of his far path.

Bending, he snatched from the ground this crusader's cloak, carried with him always as he watched his sheep, and passionately he began his vow, by Pan's sweet voice among the reeds, to give to his keeping, beyond recall, sword and armor. In the sudden passion of springtime he swore to do her will, renouncing all for her, the beginning and the end of the quest. From out the protecting beech she stepped, divine in the loveliness of her green-veiled form, swept by her long dark hair, the luminous eyes sweet with her struggle to win to mortal love.

Lifting his eyes, shading them with his hand before her as he stepped forward, he caught a glimpse beyond her of white sails riding gallantly over the blue water, widespread to the quick wind, white sails whereon the cross had been woven, and he knew the Crusaders' fleet. Across the greenclad slopes of pine and of olive sounded faintly the notes of the hymn, chanted by many voices; and, listening with

reverent head bent down, he heard in memory the sound of many feet, marching in unison along the far white road. Through encompassing sunshine, through frond and foliage, down to the core of his heart in this moment of fullest sweetness pierced the old call, and the radiance of his shepherd days faded swiftly as a many-tinted rainbow. In a quick flash of revelation he knew the depths within; spite of the pleading face before him, there was no going back for him whose feet had once been set upon the holy way. To him had been given for brief moments the joy of earth, yet naught could wrest from him his deeper heritage of pain, the divine right to suffer. High in the air he waved again, and yet again, the cloak that bore the flaming symbol of the cross, until one upon the foremost vessel saw, and gave back signal for signal.

From the branches of the tree came a sound of hurt sobbing, as, in sharp struggle, he turned away; yet, though he saw woman's anguish in that face, blended with the look of fear that green branches wear, swayed by wind against dark storm-cloud, he did not stop.

As he sped down the stony hill, his cloak fluttering behind him with the swiftness of his flight, there lingered with him still a sense of white arms stretched out longingly to enfold him, yet all his soul grew an-hungered for the rough places of that way leading to the tomb from whence our Lord, arising, had brought the joy of immortal life. Then he stopped, so suddenly that he almost fell; for there, upon the grass beneath the cliff, lay the shepherd, his crook still in his hand, dead where he had fallen in his mad flight, tall anemones nodding above his quiet face.

Upon his knees Geoffrey kissed the sun-browned cheek, grown strangely

white, and placed his head upon the bosom of his friend to listen. Ah, still and cold he lay under the sunshine to which he had never failed to answer! His grief gave way to the wilder grief of Ino, who, coming, flung herself upon the bosom of her lover, and, with loud cries that startled the high-flying eagles, called on him to return, and begged his heart to beat. Wildly she upbraided those unseen ones who had wrought this woe; the howl of the brown dog, who grieved as hopelessly, blended with her cries, and with the wails of the tired mother and aged grandam, still spinning on her distaff. Helpless he listened, face to face with the old question of death among the flowers, full of an overmastering sense of the great need of human life. Comfort there was none for Ino, whose sobbing voice followed down the dim ways of death.

'Go not down,' she cried, 'to darkness where thou shalt not hear, nor see, nor feel my bosom on thine own. Go not into that silence, where thou shalt not eat, nor drink, nor know the sun's time. Thou shalt not go; my arms shall hold thee back.'

She lay across his breast, and the

dark hair, tangled among the grass and flowers, grew dull of hue in her pain. The satyr-folk, frightened, gave back her wail, and from the forest came a sound of scudding feet; nor nymph nor dryad came to help. Pan, where was Pan the Comforter? From murmuring stream, from nestling pine branches, from leaping lambs of the flock no answer came; there was no voice to tell the way he went in this hour of supreme need.

Stung by the grief that knew no solace, the sobs that naught could still, the eyes that saw only lifeless clay, the young knight knelt in prayer for her comfort and her lover's peace, while, across the green valley, he saw the sails of the fleet draw near, draw near. Then toward Pan's tree he sped, over the soft grass, past his flock, grazing still and not looking up, past his dog, who whimpered with sudden sense of farewell, past satyr-folk who gave out bleating, questioning cries; past the altar to Pan of the Safe Journey, sped the young crusader, back to the joy and pain of the quest, his to win again, even with the naked sword, the hope of the world.

CATHOLICISM AND THE FUTURE¹

BY ROBERT HUGH BENSON

THERE are two sharply defined views as to the significance of what is called 'modern religious thought.' The first — that of the thinkers in question — is that it marks the beginning of an epoch, that it has immense promises for the future, that it is about to transform, little by little, all religious opinion, and especially such opinions as are called 'orthodox.' The second view is that it marks the end of an epoch, that it is of the nature of a melancholy process at last discredited, that it is about to be re-absorbed in the organism from which it takes its origin, or lost in the sands of time. Let us examine these two points of view.

The modern thinkers take their rise, practically, from the religious upheaval of the sixteenth century. At that period of Christendom the establishment of the principle of Nationalism in religion struck the first blow against the idea of a final revelation guaranteed by an infallible authority; for the substitution, as a court of appeal, of a written Book for a living voice could only be a transitional step towards the acceptance by each individual, in whose hands the Book is placed, of himself as interpreter of it. Congregationalism followed Nationalism, and Individualism (or pure Protestantism) Congregationalism; and since both the Nation and the Congregation disclaimed absolute authority, little by little there came

into existence the view that 'true religion' was that system of belief which each individual thought out for himself; and, since these individuals were not found to agree together, 'Truth' finally became more and more subjective; until there was established the most characteristically modern form of thought, — namely that Truth was not absolute at all, and that what was true and imperative for one was not true nor imperative for another. Further, the original acceptance of the Bible as containing Divine Revelation became itself modified by internal criticism and the discoveries of external science, until at the present day we find 'modern religion' practically to consist in an attitude of mind, more or less Christian in sentiment, though often indignantly claiming the name; in an ethical system and a belief in progress toward an undefined and only gradually realizable goal, rather than in an acceptance of a series of historical events and of dogmas built upon them.

On the other side stands that body of opinion represented by the Catholic Church, whose tenets are as they have always been — involving, and indeed founded upon, the idea that theology is not, as are the other sciences, merely progressive and inductive, but is rather the working out, under Divine guarantees, of a body of truth revealed by God two thousand years ago.

¹ Father Benson's paper is one of a series of articles dealing with contemporary views of religion. Previous papers have been 'The Religion of the Past,' by Henry D. Sedgwick; 'Our Superiority in Religion,' by Ernest C. Richardson; 'The Religion of the Present,' by George A. Gordon; and 'The Restoration of Religion,' by George Hodges. — THE EDITORS.

We find then at the present day two mutually exclusive views of the future of religion. To the 'modern thinker' it appears certain that the process begun almost instinctively in the sixteenth century, justified as it seems to be by the advance of science and criticism, will continue indefinitely, to the final destruction of the other view. To the Catholic it appears equally certain that the crumbling of all systematic authority down to that of the individual, and the impossibility of discovering any final court in Protestantism to which the individual will bow, is the death sentence of every attempt to find religious Truth outside that infallible authority to whose charge, he believes, truth has been committed. The view of the writer of this paper is emphatically the second of these two.

That the 'modern system' has accomplished great things and made important contributions to thought, is of course obvious. Much of the useful work that has been done recently, especially in the direction of popularizing science, as well as of correlating discoveries and compiling statistics, particularly in the sphere of comparative religion, has been done by these independent thinkers. But they have injured their own usefulness by assuming an authority which, by their own profession, they repudiate; and by displaying an almost amazing ignorance of the significance of certain enormous facts, and even of the existence of the facts themselves. Let us enumerate a few.

It is usually assumed by the members of this school that the Catholic Church is the discredited church of the uneducated. It appears to be their opinion that Catholics consist of a few Irish in America and a small percentage of debased Latins in Europe. They seem to be entirely unaware that a movement is going forward amongst

some of the shrewdest and most independent minds in all civilized countries, which, if precedent means anything, implies as absolutely sound the prediction of Mr. H. G. Wells that we are on the verge of one of the greatest Catholic revivals the world has ever seen.

When men in France like Brunetière, Coppée, Huysmans, Retté, and Paul Bourget, come forward from agnosticism or infidelity; when Pasteur, perhaps the most widely known scientist of his day, declares that his researches have left him with the faith of the Breton peasant, and that further researches, he doubts not, would leave him with the faith of the Breton peasant's wife; when, in Great Britain, an Irish Protestant professor of biology, a professor of Greek at Glasgow, and perhaps the greatest judge on the bench, in the very height of maturity and of their reputation, deliberately make their submission to Rome; when, within the last few months, the Lutheran professor of history at Halle follows their example; when two of those who are called 'the three cleverest men in London,' not only defend Catholicism, but defend it with the ardor of preaching friars; when, in spite of three centuries of Protestantism, enforced until recently by the law of the land, the Catholic party in the English Parliament once more has the balance of power, as also it holds it in Germany; when, as is notorious, the 'man-in-the-street' publicly declares that if he had any religion at all, it would be the Catholic religion; when a papal legate elicits in the streets of Protestant London a devotion and an hostility that are alike the envy of all modern 'leaders of religious thought,' and sails up the Rhine into Cologne to the thunder of guns and the pealing of bells; when this kind of thing is happening everywhere; when the only successful mis-

sions in the East are the Catholic missions, the only teachers who can meet the Oriental ascetics, the Catholic ascetics, — surely it is a very strange moment at which to assume that the religion of the future is to be some kind of ethical Pantheism!

Of course, all these phenomena are not for one moment advanced in support of the truth of the Catholic claim (beyond the fact that they do exhibit a power of recuperation in the Catholic Church which no other religious society has ever displayed in the history of the world), but they are at least a very grave indictment of the extraordinary and fantastic visionariness of the academic mind which professes to deal with facts rather than *a priori* assumptions. Certainly arm-chair thinking is one essential in the pursuit of knowledge, but at least facts must be taken to the arm-chair. Certainly there is in Individualism the truth that each man has a mind of his own, but unless that mind is exercised on objective phenomena as well as on its own inner consciousness, it will end in hopeless limitation, senility, and dreams. As Mr. Chesterton points out, the man who believes in himself most consistently, to the exclusion of cold facts, must be sought in a lunatic asylum.

A second criticism of 'modern religious thought' is that it attempts to restrict to terms of a part of human nature that which is the affair of the whole of human nature; it tends to reject all evidence which is not the direct object of the intellect in its narrowest sense. Mr. Arthur Balfour, in his *Foundations of Belief*, put the truth about the matter in a single sentence, to the effect that any system of religion which was small enough for our intellectual capacity could not be large enough for our spiritual needs. Professor Romanes traces the beginning of his return from materialism to Christianity to the dis-

covery of that same truth. He had always rejected, he tells us, the evidence of the heart in his search for religious truth, until he reflected that without the evidence of the heart no truth worth knowing can be discovered at all. The historian cannot interpret events rightly unless he is keenly and emotionally interested in them; the sociologist cannot interpret events adequately unless he personally knows something of passion; and more than all this, the very finest instincts of the human race, by which the greatest truths are arrived at, — the principle of the sacrifice of the strong in the cause of the weak, for instance, all art, all poetry (and these are as objective as anything else), chivalry, and the rest, — all these things, with their exceedingly solid results in a thousand directions, could never have come into existence, much less have been formulated and classified, unless the heart had been followed, not only as well as the head, but sometimes even in apparent and transient contradiction to the head.

Now, modern religious thinkers are undoubtedly acute, but an acute point is more limited than a blunt one. They are acute, in that they dissect with astonishing subtlety that which they can reach; but they do not touch so many data as can a broader surface; and to seek to test all religion by a purely intellectual test, to refuse to treat as important such evidences as do not come within the range of pure intellect, is as foolishly limited and narrow-minded as to seek to deal with Raphael's *Madonnas* by a process of chemical analysis. I am not now defending mere emotionalism in attacking mere intellectualism; I am but arguing that man has a heart as well as a head; that his heart continually puts him in touch with facts which transcend, though they need not contradict, mere reason; and,

with Romanes, that to neglect the evidence of the heart is to rule an eyewitness out of court because he happens not to be a philosopher or a trained detective. Man is a complex being whose complexity we name Personality; and any system which, like religion, claims to deal with his personality must be judged by his personality, and not by a single department of it. If religion must be brought to the bar and judged, it is the sociologist, rather than the psychologist or the philosopher, who ought to wear the ermine; for the sociologist, at any rate in theory, deals with the whole of man *en masse* and not merely with a selection of him. Our 'modern thinkers' are not usually sociologists.

This, then, is the terrible and almost inevitable drawback of the specialistic or academic mind. It has studied so long one particular department of truth, that it becomes imbued with an *idée fixe* that there is no truth obtainable except in that particular department. Certainly these modern critics of supernatural religion are often learned men, and their names accordingly carry weight; yet, in nine cases out of ten, just because of their special knowledge, — or rather because of the specialization of their knowledge, and their consequent loss of touch with life and thought as a whole, — they are far less competent judges of the claims of religion than are those men with half their knowledge but twice their general experience. 'I have searched the universe with my telescope,' cries the astronomer, 'and I have not found God.' 'I have searched the human body with my microscope,' cries the biologist, 'and I have not found the soul.' But did they really expect it? 'I have smelt Botticelli's Primavera, and I have detected no odor of beauty; I have licked a violin all over, but I can find in it no passion or harmony.'

So far we have glanced at a couple of very serious defects in the modern method; but undoubtedly there are a great many more. For instance, these 'modern thinkers' are perpetually assuming the attitude of standing alone in the world as independent and impartial observers; and there is nothing more disastrous than this for a searcher after truth. For none of us are independent or impartial for one instant, ever, anywhere. Each of us begins with a bias, partly temperamental, partly educative, partly circumstantial. Possibly we may succeed in changing our point of view altogether, certainly we all modify it; but we all do, always, occupy some position from which we view the universe. You cannot observe a mountain unless you stand still; and to stand still in one place implies the impossibility of standing still simultaneously in another place.

To take one example of the unhappy effect of not being aware of this very fundamental fact, it is only necessary to glance at Biblical criticism. It is notorious that Biblical critics who have renounced Christianity claim, above all others, to approach the Scriptures impartially; but that is exactly what they do not do. They have already decided that the Christian interpretation of the Bible is untrue, that the Scriptures are merely the work of more or less acute or imaginative human minds; and they therefore are obliged — of course unconsciously — to find evidence for their position. They discover, let us say, that in certain points there are apparent discrepancies in the accounts of Christ's resurrection. 'You see,' they say, 'we told you so. The stories do not even agree.' A little further on they discover minute and accurate agreement in the various accounts. 'You see,' they repeat, 'it is just as we said. Obviously Matthew has copied from Mark.'

Now, I do not desire to blame these critics for taking a biased and prejudiced view of the Scriptures, for I have no doubt that I do myself; but they do deserve blame for pretending that it is not so; and what is worse, their ignorance of their own prejudice is an absolute bar to their making allowance for that prejudice. To use an unpunctual watch is not necessarily to be an unpunctual man; he only is unpunctual who is unaware that his watch is so. And further, in the particular example that we have considered, the 'impartial' thinker suffers under a yet further disadvantage, in that he is not vitally interested in what he studies — (how can he be?) And not to be vitally interested is to be short-sighted. Only a lover can understand a love-letter; a father who watches his child drowning, or being rescued, sees more of what is happening, *ceteris paribus*, than another man who chances to be passing by. Love is not always blind; it is in nine cases out of ten far more clear-sighted than indifference, or even than philosophical interest.

To pass on, however, from mere criticism to more positive statement, it is necessary first to glance at the contributions of psychology to the controversy.

These 'modern thinkers' rely to a large extent for their conclusions upon this very important and rapidly developing branch of science; and say, quite rightly, that no religious system can stand for the future which does not take into account the new discoveries in this direction. They further add that an enormous number of phenomena hitherto considered as sanctions and evidences of supernatural religion have at last been accounted for by a greater knowledge of man's own inner nature, and that the miracles hitherto advanced by Catholics in support of their claims can no longer bear the weight rested upon them.

There is of course a very solid argument underlying these assertions, but an argument which it would be impossible to discuss within the limits of this paper. There are one or two observations to make, however, which affect the weight of the argument very considerably.

Up to fifty years ago it was commonly asserted by thinkers who were at that particular date 'modern,' that the phenomena alleged by Catholics to have been manifested at certain holy places, or in the lives of holy people, simply did not take place and never had taken place, because miracles were, obviously, impossible. It was a magnificent and beautiful act of faith to make, — an act of faith since it rested upon an unproved negative principle, and a universal principle at that, — but it was not science. For within the last fifty years it has gradually been discovered that the events did take place, and still take place, in every corner of the world. For example, the Church has observed for about two thousand years that every now and then a certain human being manifested every sign of being two persons in one, two characters within one organism; further she observed that the use of very forcible and dramatic language administered by authority, if persevered in long enough, frequently, but not infallibly, had the effect of banishing one of these apparent personalities. She called the first phenomenon 'Possession,' and the second 'Exorcism.' I suppose that there was no detail of the Church's belief more uniformly mocked than was this. Yet at present there is hardly a single modern psychologist of repute who is not familiar with these phenomena, and who does not fully acknowledge the facts. It is true that 'modern thinkers' give other names to the phenomena — 'alternating personalities' to the one, and 'suggestion' to

the other, — but at least the facts are acknowledged.

It would be possible to multiply parallels almost indefinitely. Communications made at a distance by other than physical means; phantasms of the living (called by the Church 'bi-location'), and of the dead; faith-healing; the psychical effect of monotonous repetition; the value of what the Church calls 'sacramentals,' that is, of suggestive articles (such as water) in which there is no intrinsic spiritual value; even the levitation of heavy bodies; even the capacity of inanimate objects to retain a kind of emotional or spiritual aroma of the person who was once in close relations to them (as in the case of relics) — all these things, or most of them, are allowed to-day, by the most materialistic of modern thinkers, if not actually to be established facts, at least to be worthy of very serious and reverent consideration. When men like Sir Oliver Lodge, Professors Richet, Sidgwick, and Lombroso are willing to devote the chief energies of their lives to the investigation of these things, it is hardly possible even for other scientists to dismiss them as nonsense.

Now, I am not concerned here with the discussion of the two main explanations given to these facts by Catholics on the one side, and 'modern thinkers' on the other; for each explanation rests on a theory of the entire cosmos. The Catholic who is quite certain that a supernatural world, peopled by personalities, lies in the closest possible relations with this, is perfectly reasonable in attributing phenomena of this kind to those relations. The 'modern thinker' who either does not believe in that supernatural world, or who thinks it indefinitely distant (whether in time or space), and is simultaneously absolutely certain that all the phenomena of this world arise from the powers of this world, is equally reasonable in his

own superb act of faith. But it is surely very significant and suggestive to find that, whatever the theories may be, at least on the actual facts (professedly the particular province of the 'modern thinker'), the Church has been perfectly right and the 'modern thinkers' perfectly wrong; and that the Church has not only enjoyed through her 'Tradition' (which is another word for continuous consciousness) wider and longer experience, but has actually been more accurate in her observation.

Is it so entirely unreasonable to think that, since she has been right in her facts, she is at least entitled to some consideration with regard to her interpretation of them? For, after all, the Church is not so absolutely idiotic as some of her critics appear to think. She too is really quite aware of the failings of human evidence, of the possibilities of deception, fraud, and error. Her theologians, too, perfectly realize that it is often extremely hard to discriminate between objective and subjective energy, as her rules for the testing of alleged miraculous events show quite plainly. Yet I would venture to assert that not one out of every ten of her psychologist opponents has ever heard of, much less read, the very sensible and shrewd directions on these very points, laid down by Benedict XIV.

And if, finally, it could possibly be shown that the modern psychological theories are correct, and that these abnormal phenomena were, after all, produced by hitherto unknown powers in human nature, there would still remain for discussion the very grave question as to why it was that religion managed to control these powers when every scientific attempt to do so lamentably failed; why it is that even to-day 'religious suggestion' can accomplish what ordinary suggestion, even under hypnotism, cannot; and how it is that cer-

tain undisputed facts brought about at Lourdes can only partly be paralleled, certainly not equaled, by all the psychological experimenters in the world. Allow, even, for the sake of argument, that the childlike and pathetic faith in nature, shown by so many infidel doctors in the face of these problems, will one day be justified, and that all the cures of Lourdes will be capable of classification under the convenient term of 'law'; yet, even so, how is it that these doctors cannot, even now, reproduce the conditions of that 'law' and the consequent cures? It is surely very remarkable that in this instance, as in so many others, things hidden from the 'wise and prudent' are revealed to 'babes'; and that the rulers and representatives of the 'dark ages' managed, and manage, somehow or another, to control and use forces of which the present century of light and learning has only just discovered the existence.

Now, the facts mentioned are surely suggestive, not necessarily of the truth of the Catholic religion, but of the extreme likelihood that that religion, and not a benevolent Pantheism or Immanentism, is to form the faith of the future. Here is a religious society which is not only up to the present the one single religious force that can really control and unite the masses, but also the one single religious body with clear dogmatic principles which can attract at any rate a considerable selection of the most advanced and cultivated thinkers of the age. It is the easiest thing in the world to become an Individualist; it is always easy to believe in the practical infallibility of one's self; one only requires the simple equipment of a sufficiently resolute contempt of one's neighbor; but it is not very easy to believe in the infallibility of some one else. That requires humility, at least intellectual. The craving for an ex-

ternal authority is not, in spite of a popular and shallow opinion to the contrary, nearly so natural to man as a firm reliance upon his own. Yet here the fact remains of this continuous stream of converts into the most practically and theoretically dogmatic society in the world, of converts who through their education and attainments surely should be tempted, if any were tempted, to remain in the pleasant Paradise of Individualism and Personal Popery.

Next, there is the consideration of the undoubted tendency of academic minds to be blind to all data except those which fall under the particular science to which they have devoted themselves; faced by the very sensible and Catholic way of treating man as a feeling as well as a thinking animal, and of taking into account in the study of truth, not only matters of dry intellect, but those departments of knowledge to which access can only be gained by the heart. Thirdly, we glanced at the extraordinary vindication that Catholic experience has received, at least with regard to facts, from the most modern of all modern sciences.

There remain, however, several other signs of the future which must not be disregarded.

Mr. Charles Devas, in his brilliant book, *The Key to the World's Progress*, points out by an argument too long to reproduce here that, so far as the word progress means anything, it denotes that kind of development and civilization which only makes its appearance, and only is sustained, under the influence of Catholicism. He traces with great sociological learning the state of comparative coma in which 'ante-Christian' nations seem always involved; the exuberance of life, for both good and evil, that bursts up so soon as Catholicism reaches them (whether directly, as in the case of Africa and

Spain, or indirectly, by imitation, as in the case of Japan); and the activities of corruption that, together with the dying impetus of the old faith, keep things moving, so soon as Catholicism is once more abandoned, as in the case of France. In regard to both virtues and vices, the ante-Christian, the Christian, and the post-Christian nations are clearly and generically distinguished. The object of his book is to indicate the strong probability of the truth of a religion which exhibits these effects; but it is also of service in indicating the probability that that same religion should accompany and inspire progress in the future as it has in the past.

A large and very significant detail in this process lies in the effect of Catholicism on the family. Not only are Catholics more prolific than other nations (directly in virtue of Catholic teaching on the subjects of divorce and race-suicide), but the Church also is the one body that resolutely regards the family, and not the state or the individual, as the unit of growth. And it is simply notorious that where the family is overshadowed by the state, as in the case of Sparta, or by the individual, as in the case of every really autocratic despotism, no virtues of patriotism or courage can avail to save the country from destruction. It seems astonishing that our modern arm-chair philosophers seem unaware of the significance of all this with regard to the future of religion.

Another sign of the times surely lies in the province of Comparative Religion. Our more recent researches have taught us, what the Church has consistently known and maintained, that there are great elements of truth common to all religions. Once more our modern theorists have leaped forward enthusiastically, and acclaimed the discovery of this very ancient fact as a

proof that Catholicism is but one among many faiths, and no truer than the rest. 'Here,' they say, 'are contemplation and asceticism in Buddhism; a reverence for the departed among the Confucians; the idea of a Divine Redeemer in Mithraic worship; and sacramentalism among the American Indians.' Very prudently they do not lay stress upon the eternal despair of Buddhism, the puerilities of the Confucians, or the religious brutality and materialism of the Indians. They select those elements of sanity and truth that are distributed among the various faiths of the world, those elements which appeal to *all men*, in some degree, and find in their diffusion an argument against the one faith that holds them all!

'Comparative Religion' has done, in fact, an enormous service to the claims of Catholicism. It has revealed to the world exactly that phenomenon which should be looked for, *ex hypothesi*, in a Divine Revelation, namely, that the creed which embodied that Revelation should contain, correlated and organized into a whole, all those points of faith of which each merely human system of belief can catch and reflect but one or two. For it is inconceivable that, if there is to be at any period of history a revelation from God, many points in that revelation should not have been anticipated, at least partly and fragmentarily, by groups of human minds for which, later, that revelation was intended. In rejecting Catholicism, then, our 'modern thinkers' are rejecting not merely one Western creed, but a creed that finds an echo of nearly every clause, under some form or another (from the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity down to the use of holy water), in one or another of all the great world-religions that have ever controlled the eternal hopes of men. And yet our 'modern thinkers'

seriously maintain that the religion of the future is to be one which contains none of these articles of what is, diffusedly, practically universal belief!

One last indication of the future of Catholicism lies in its power of recuperation. Not only is it the sole religion which has arisen in the East and has dominated the West, and now once more is reconquering the East; but it is also the one religion that has been proclaimed as dead, over and over again, and yet somehow has always reappeared. Once 'the world groaned to find itself Arian'; now Arius is enshrined in the text-books, and the Creed of Athanasius is repeated by living men. Once Gnosticism trampled on the ancient faith everywhere; now not one man in a hundred could write five lines on what it was that the Gnostics believed. Once the Turks overran Africa and Spain and threatened Christendom itself; now the nations trained by Christianity are wondering how they can best dispose of Constantinople. Nero thought he had crucified Christianity in Peter; now Peter sits on Nero's seat. Once Elizabeth disemboweled every seminary priest she could lay hands on, and established Protestantism in Ireland. Now Westminster Cathedral draws immeasurably larger congregations than Westminster Abbey, where Elizabeth lies buried; and Catholic Irishmen are dictating in an English Parliament how the children in English schools are to be educated.

At every crisis in the history of Christendom — at the captivity of Avignon, the appearance of Luther, and the capture of Rome in 1870 — it was declared by 'modern thinkers' to be absolutely certain at last that Catholicism was discredited forever. And yet, somehow or other, the Church is as much alive to-day as ever she was; and that, in spite of the fact that she is, in

her faith, committed to the past and to doctrines formulated centuries before modern science was dreamed of.

Is there any other society in the world, secular or sacred, that has passed through such vicissitudes with such a burden on its shoulders, and survived? For it is a burden which she cannot shift. She cannot, at least, 'recast her theology' and drop unpopular or unfashionable dogmas (as can all sects which claim merely human authority), and yet live. Yet who can doubt that she is more of a force to-day than all the most accommodating denominations around her. She has lived, too, in the tumultuous rush of Western life, not in the patient lethargy of the East. She has struggled, not only with enemies in her gate, but with her own children in her own house. She has been betrayed over and over again by the treachery or wickedness or cowardice of her own rulers; she has been exiled from nearly every country which she had nursed into maturity; she has been stripped in nearly every one of her lands of all her treasures; she has finally seen her supreme sovereign on earth driven to take refuge in his own house by the children of the men whom she raised to honor. And yet on her secular side she has seen every kingdom of Europe rise and fall and rise again; she has seen a republic give birth to a monarchy or an empire, and an empire yield to a republic; she has seen every dynasty fall except her own; she has seen, in religious affairs, every 'modern' sect — whose one claim to efficiency lies in its modernity — fail to keep pace with herself who has the centuries on her shoulders; and she remains to-day the one single sacred and secular commonwealth which has faced the revolutions and the whirling religions of the West and has survived, with a continuity so unshaken that not one of her enemies can dispute it, and an

authority which they can only resent; she reigns even in this day of her 'discredit' over more hearts than any other earthly sovereign, and more heads than any philosopher of the schools; she arouses more love and obedience on the one side and more hatred or contempt on the other than the most romantic, the most brutal, or the most constitu-

tional sovereign, sage, or thinker ever seen.

I called this characteristic of hers Recuperation. I call it now Resurrection, for this is the 'sign of the Prophet Jonas' to which her Divine Founder appealed. And yet our 'modern religious thinkers' are dreaming in their arm-chairs of another 'creed'!

IN PRAISE OF POLITICIANS

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

'I HAD as lief be a Brownist as a politician,' said bibulous Sir Andrew Ague-cheek. Sir Andrew expressed the sentiment of his class. Since the time when a little band of Brownists sailed away to Massachusetts Bay, the sect has come into better repute, but 'politician' is still used as a term of disparagement. And curiously enough, it is never so frequently used in this way as among the descendants of those Brownists who in the cabin of the Mayflower organized themselves into a 'body politic.'

European observers continually express surprise at the American attitude toward politics. In England, politics is the national sport. People follow each move with eager interest, and discuss the idiosyncrasies of the players. The debates in Parliament, with the thrust and counterthrust of keen wit, furnish entertainment for the kingdom. It is preëminently a gentleman's game, and success gives real distinction.

In America we do not exhibit such a sportsmanlike spirit. We take our political pleasures sadly. The average American citizen admits that poli-

ticians need watching, but it does not occur to him that it is as interesting to watch them as to watch a football game. There is a sinister suggestion in the phrase 'to play politics.'

There are several reasons for this lack of appreciation. For one thing, the rules which we have adopted make the game itself less interesting to the spectator than it is in some other countries. In the British Parliament a crisis may come at any time. An alert opposition is always waiting for a chance to turn the government out. A mistake has results that are immediate. There is a spectacular appeal to the country. In Washington a majority party may make the most stupid blunder, and nothing happens except that it goes on becoming more stupid. When the people come to the conclusion that it is in a permanently comatose condition, they decently remove it from its sphere of non-action.

The territorial magnitude of the United States makes it difficult to focus attention on any one place. In a compact country where the newspapers of the capital reach every part on the same

day, it is easy to become acquainted with all the principal contestants. The spectators have an unrestricted view of the field. But it is hard to interest the people of Maine and the people of Idaho in the same persons or policies. It takes an appreciable length of time for a wave of public opinion to cross the continent. The 'favorite son' of one state may have all the virtues necessary for a national hero, but it is a task of some magnitude and difficulty to advertise his existence to forty or forty-five oblivious commonwealths, especially if their attention is distracted by favorite sons of their own.

All this is but to say that the way of the politician is hard, but beyond this is the fact that his calling is not highly esteemed. A machine used in mixing cement is advertised as 'The Mixer that makes money.' The ordinary American would accept this as an adequate definition of a politician.

One learns after a while not to quarrel with the Dictionary. If a word falls into bad habits of thought and takes up wicked associations, it is usually impossible to reform it. There, for example, is the word 'villain.' It originally indicated a farm laborer. Poor fellow, he had a hard time and was more sinned against than sinning. But the gentry who sinned against him had more influence than he in making the language. Their grumblings against his shortcomings have been incorporated into English speech, and now we think of a villain as a very bad character — indeed one of the worst. My blood boils — philologically considered — when I think of the bundle of prejudices bound up in this single word. But what can I do about it? If at a meeting for the Uplift of Country Life I were to express my sympathy with all villains, and declare that I would like to return to the soil and do the work of a villain, I am sure my re-

marks would be misconstrued. If my speech were reported, I should lose membership in the Grange.

In this case we let the unfortunate word go, because we have another to describe the agricultural sons of toil. We can talk of 'churls' and 'villains' without any indignity to labor. The history of such words is instructive. First the word is descriptive of a class; then it becomes a term of reproach for that class; then the class emerges from the shadow of reproach and the word is left hanging in mid-air. It is a garment of dispraise left for evil-doers in general.

We might leave the word 'politician' to be used in the bad sense if we had another which we might use in a good sense.

The shifty, self-seeking politician has always been a well-known character. He stands in the same relation to serious politics that the shyster does to the profession of law, or the quack to medicine. Every army has its camp-followers, every living body its parasites. But in this case the lower has not only usurped the name of the higher, but has also obscured its function. The term 'politician' has been handed over to the political quack, and we have no name left by which to designate the regular practitioner. It is as if we had only one name for all who do business on the great waters, and were unable to discriminate between the merchant and the pirate.

We make an attempt to disguise our verbal poverty by speaking highly of the impeccable person whom we call a 'statesman.' But this lip-service is hollow. If you were to ask for a list of contemporary statesmen, you would be told that your inquiry is premature. The statesman is an historical character. His virtues are associated with obituaries. Moreover, the conception of a statesman does not include that

which is fundamental to the politician, namely, the ability to get himself elected.

We have borrowed from the Romans the term 'candidate,' or white-robed one. The Roman citizen announced his willingness to serve the Republic in an official position by appearing in a loose white toga. It was white to symbolize the candor of his nature, and was worn loose so that he might more easily display his scars. Our political prudery makes us shrink from the idea of open candidacy. The demure statesman of the popular imagination is supposed to act strictly on the principle that the office must seek the man. But we should hardly call one a politician who was not willing to meet the office at least halfway. He would say, 'My dear Office, I hear that you are seeking a Man. It is a pleasant coincidence, for here I am.'

Milton ventured to use the word 'politicaster' to indicate the person who stands to the real politician in the same relation that the poetaster does to the poet. He is one of the large and ambitious family of the Would-Be's. He imitates what he is incapable of understanding. Let us adopt the term politicaster, and then enjoy the experience of expressing our heartfelt admiration for the honorable and quick-witted gentlemen who bear without reproach the grand old name of politician; a name 'defamed by every charlatan, and soiled by all ignoble use.'

The politicaster shall be our scapegoat. We shall hurl at him all the familiar disparaging epithets, we shall put upon him all the shame of our cities and the disgraces of our legislatures, and send him into the wilderness. Then we may sit down and converse on the most interesting and important of all human affairs — politics — and on the men who choose politics as a lifework.

But because the poor politicaster is

a sinner, we need not disdain to learn from him something as to the nature of politics. The dullest poetaster who ever put pen to paper can tell us something about verse. He knows, for example, that the lines begin with capital letters, and that they end with a rhyme, unless it be blank verse. All this is, as Carlyle would say, 'significant of much.' It indicates the important fact that poetry is in some way or other different from prose. Many scientific teachers of literature never find this out; the poetaster discovers it because he has been trying to make poetry, though he has hard luck.

So the politicaster is trying to be a politician according to his lights. He discovers that politics is different from some other things, as for instance from a Sunday School. This discovery fills him with such glee that he never tires of proclaiming it. He also discovers that politics is different from a Nervine Institute. He assures you that he is not in politics for his health. He is able to see that politics may be differentiated from Jurisprudence and Moral Science and many other excellent things. He learns that it may have an existence that is independent of the sister arts of Grammar or Elocution. He knows that in order to have 'influence' it is not necessary to thrill listening senates. Indeed, he has observed that, for the most part, senates do not listen. He resolves to practice the industrial virtues. While the Scholar in Politics is delighting the intellectuals who do not frequent the polls, the humble politicaster 'saws wood,' 'grinds axes,' and 'looks after his fences,' and 'rolls logs,' and walks softly in 'gum shoes.'

The Honorable George Washington Plunkett of Tammany Hall declared that he wished but one inscription to be placed upon his tombstone: 'He seen his opportunity and he took it.' Here you have the starting-point of all poli-

tics, good or bad. Opportunism is the protoplasm out of which all varieties are evolved. Politics consists not in making programmes, or in passing judgment on accomplished facts, but in seeing and seizing opportunities. Now, opportunities are kittle cattle. They do not stand around waiting to be taken home and brought up by hand. A man may be very honorable, and conscientious, and even erudite, and may never have seen an opportunity in his life. The politician is looking for small opportunities, for such pickings and stealings as a careless public may leave for those of his kind. The great politician is looking for great opportunities. He knows that he can do nothing till they come, but he must be prepared to recognize them instantly, and to grasp them in the brief moment when they are within his reach.

Said Abraham Lincoln, 'I claim not to have controlled events, but confess that events have controlled me. Now at the end of three years' struggle the nation's condition is not what either party or any man desired or expected.'

There spoke not the dignified statesman of the academic tradition who moulds events as the sculptor moulds his clay. Lincoln spoke as a high-minded, quick-witted politician, dealing, as every politician must, with the unexpected. Events happen. The politician happens along at the same time. Their encounter makes history. The man of science can prepare for his experiments in the laboratory. He can literally *make* experiments. Not so the politician. He cannot make an experiment, he *is* an experiment. And if he fails he is not sure that the public will care to make him again.

'Life,' said Marcus Aurelius, 'is not so much like dancing as like wrestling.' That is to say, the movements are not determined by music, but by the motions of an alert antagonist — it is

catch as catch can. Abraham Lincoln and Marcus Aurelius and George Washington Plunkett would agree that politics consists, not in the acceptance of abstract formulas, but in being quick to catch opportunities. The difference of opinion would come in the answer to the question 'opportunities for what?'

Matthew Arnold, writing of Man and Nature, says, —

Know, man hath all which Nature hath, but more.

And in that more lie all his hopes of good.

One may say that the good politician has all that the politician has and more, and in that more lies all his hope of winning the lasting admiration of mankind; but his high disinterested virtues must be built upon political virtues of the common sort. The politician must not be above his business. He must be 'a good mixer,' he must understand the meaning of loyalty to friends and comrades, he must have a shrewd sense of the difference between an accomplished fact and a work that it is desirable to accomplish, he must know the value and the limitation of organization, he must be sensitive to public opinion and must not confound it with the opinion of his own class. Dealing with human nature, he must know the strength of his materials, he must be quick-witted and patient and tolerant, and if he falls he must be able to pick himself up before other people know that he has fallen.

The work necessary for obtaining influence which the politician does furtively, the man who takes politics seriously does with noble and engaging frankness. Even log-rolling may be redeemed from its vulgar implications. After all, the old-time merry-making of the frontier furnished the best symbol of political action in a democracy. All the settlers gathered in the clearings to do together what no one could do alone. 'You help roll my logs and I will

help roll yours.' In this reciprocity in effort there was nothing unworthy. It is only when the bargain is underhanded and cannot be proclaimed in the light of day, that it becomes dangerous.

The good politician rolls his logs in public, and is not ashamed of his job. He needs the help of others, and he knows that others need his help. When a hundred honorable men come together, each with a purpose of his own, each must expect to yield something if he is to gain anything. It is likely that more than one good measure will be proposed, and if one is skillful, good measures may be made to help one another. Here, without any sacrifice of honor, is a wide field for good fellowship and tolerance. The austere, uncompromising patriot, whose mind is impenetrable when it is once made up, who is incapable of sympathizing with other men's aspirations, and who insists on all or nothing, is an egotist who does great service when he happens to be right. Unfortunately it often happens that he is wrong, and then his private conscience must be overcome by the common sense of the crowd.

The politicaster is a mere time-server. The politician also aspires to serve the time, but in more manly fashion. He must meditate long on the third chapter of Ecclesiastes: 'To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven: . . . a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted; . . . a time to break down, and a time to build up; . . . a time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; . . . a time to keep silence, and a time to speak; a time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace.'

The politician's problem is to know when these times come around. There is no one to help him. He must be his own alarm-clock. It is of the nature of his calling that his duty is unpredict-

able. His conscience can keep no regular office-hours. It must be prepared at any moment for a hurry call. It must be 'to true occasion true.'

But what is the occasion? Does it demand boldness or moderation? Should he go slowly or with decisive swiftness? His political sagacity is tested by his dealings with facts which he cannot fully understand. It is not a written examination to which he is subjected when he has ample leisure to present his matured thought. He must be able to read the signs of the times at sight.

One reason why we are likely to speak slightly of the ethics of the politician is that he can never exhibit his good qualities systematically. Benjamin Franklin tells us how he developed his character by choosing twelve virtues, and, for convenience in book-keeping, practicing only one at a time. By giving a week to each virtue, he was able to get through four courses in a year, and still have some time to spare.

Franklin's method seems more adapted to his earlier life as a tradesman than to his later career as a politician. The politician cannot arrange his moral stock-in-trade in an orderly fashion, and have a special bargain-day for each virtue. When the Occasion demands bold action, it will hardly do to ask it to call again, as this week is devoted to Caution and General Benevolence.

That formal consistency which is so much admired in good society is not for him. A member of Parliament solemnly declared to the House, 'I take my stand on progress.' Whereupon Disraeli remarked, 'It occurs to me that progress is a somewhat slippery thing to take one's stand on.' The fact is that under such circumstances a dignified stand is hardly possible; the best one can do is to keep moving.

The politician must expect to be misunderstood by those who do not deal with his large and complicated

problems. His moral courage is tested by the way in which he meets the criticism of those who should be his friends, but who unfortunately are not. Cardinal Newman wrote, —

Time was I shrank from what was right
From fear of what was wrong.

He tells us how at last he cast aside that 'finer sense' and that 'sorer shame' because he learned that 'such dread of sin was indolence.'

It is a lesson that the high-minded politician learns. There is a moral indolence which manifests itself in dread of sin and of any personal contact with sinners. When any radical measure of reform is proposed, the reformer must be prepared to meet, not only the opposition of those whose selfish interests have been disturbed, but the opposition of good people who have been made uncomfortable by his revelations of unwelcome truth.

When he has overcome this two-fold opposition and has begun constructive work, he will meet the criticism of the pure idealists, who, seeing that he has done so much, now demand of him an impossible perfection.

I have always sympathized with Hercules. After each labor he would come home tired, but feeling that he had done a creditable day's work. Being human, — or at least half-human, — Hercules would wait for a bit of appreciation. At last he would say modestly, —

'I wrestled to-day with the Nemean lion and I rather think I got the best of him.'

'That's nothing,' would be the chilly answer. 'It is a mere temporizing with evil. While you are about it why don't you slay the Lernean hydra? A lion is a mere detail, the hydra is the thing.'

When he had come back from cleansing the Augean stables, he would be reminded that he had n't seized the

girdle of the Queen of the Amazons, or brought the golden apples from the Garden of the Hesperides, or brought up Cerberus from Hades. He probably was afraid of the dog.

Such twitting on facts must be expected by every one who leaves the 'still air' of delightful studies 'to plunge into a sea of noises and hoarse disputes.' The politician deals confessedly with the Expedient. Now, it is the fate of the Expedient to be brought always into comparison with the Best. Indeed, the Expedient is a poor relation of the Best, — it is the Best Possible under the Circumstances. It is a superlative that has gone into business and must work for its living. It has to be a good manager in order to get along at all; and its rich relatives, the Absolute Bests of Utopia Centre, are always blaming it because it does not get on faster.

Because the politician is concerned with questions of expediency, it does not follow that his morality is less high than that of his critics. It only means that his moral problems are more complicated than theirs. He has not merely to satisfy his personal conscience, but to appeal to the consciences of those whose coöperation is necessary for any large undertaking. In every decision he has to consider the actual alternative, and assume responsibility for results. He has in mind, not a single circumstance, but always a train of circumstances.

As there is preventive medicine, so there is preventive politics. It deals with evils before they have time to develop. It treats causes rather than symptoms. The practitioner of preventive politics is looked upon with distrust by those of the old school. They treat the ills of yesterday according to well-known formulas, but it seems to them visionary to attempt to forestall the ills of to-morrow.

Because of its complexity, politics has often been treated as a black art. Indeed, its ways have at many times been devious and dark. But, like all other arts, its general trend is toward simplicity. The modern Boss, who prides himself on his Macchiavellian craft, and who seeks to accomplish results by indirection, is a quaint survival of a former order of things. His old-fashioned methods are those which were highly successful in the days before compulsory education and the daily newspaper and the telegraph and the telephone enabled the people to have that familiarity with their bosses which breeds contempt.

Macchiavelli based his statecraft on the assumption that deceit deceives. He informed his prince that it was necessary to cultivate the good-will of his people, for on this his power ultimately depended. Now, the people demanded of their rulers fidelity, friendship, humanity, and religion. Said the political adviser, 'It is unnecessary for a prince to have all these good qualities which I have enumerated, but it is very necessary to *appear* to have them.' He goes on to say that it would be a decided advantage not to have qualities which one should appear to have, as it would leave much greater freedom of action.

The art of politics as thus expounded is simplicity itself. It is to tell lies in such a manner as not to get found out till the lies have had time to do their work. Of course, a lie has its natural enemies who will eventually get the better of it; but if it has a sufficient start it will accomplish its purpose.

It will be seen that this method of statecraft depends for its success on a time-allowance. There must be a sufficient interval between the utterance of the political lie and its refutation. A lie must get itself believed by its victims for a long enough time to

allow them to act upon it. Otherwise it is 'a vain thing for safety.'

Up to comparatively recent times these conditions existed. It might be months after an event happened before it was known to any but a little circle of the initiated. Under such conditions the arts of concealment flourished.

Among the English gentlemen of the seventeenth century there was none of nobler disposition than Sir Henry Wotton. He wrote with perfect sincerity,—

How happy is he born or taught
Who serveth not another's will,
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.

But Sir Henry Wotton was also an accomplished diplomat, and on his way to Venice as ambassador of James I he gave his famous definition, 'An ambassador is an honest gentleman who lies abroad for the good of his country.'

Modern improvements in the means for the diffusion of knowledge have not brought about the millennium, but they have reduced the old statecraft to a condition of inglorious futility. 'The fine Italian hand' is now seen only in peanut politics. When a falsehood can be contradicted as soon as it is uttered, it has no longer sufficient capital on which to do a large business. The practical politician will ask, 'Why not tell the truth in the first place?'

Purists are always scolding because so many persons misuse the verb 'transpire.' We are reminded that an event does not transpire when it happens, but only when it becomes known to the public. There was a time when this was a very important distinction, but nowadays we are inclined to disregard it, because the two things are generally simultaneous.

An illustration of the change that has taken place within a very few years may be seen in the history of the campaign lie, known in American politics as the 'roorback.' The name first be-

came current in 1844, when a mendacious statement, purporting to be taken from Roorbach's *Tour through the Western and Southern States*, was published with the intent to destroy Mr. Polk's chances for the presidency. Under conditions then existing, it was thought safe to launch this falsehood two months before the election. By 1880, when the Morey letter was sprung upon Garfield, the expectancy of life for the roorbach had been reduced to two weeks. At present the warning, 'Look out for roorbachs' does not appear till forty-eight hours before the voting begins. This alarming decrease in the longevity of the roorbach must convince even the most 'astute' politician that it is a bad risk.

Thanks to modern invention, the accomplished truth-teller is now more than a match for the most accomplished liar. There is an ever-widening field in which the honest man may show his utmost skill. But to win success in the field, he must deal with truth, not as a man of science but as a politician. It is not a thing to be analyzed, classified and put on the shelf. He is on the lookout for a truth that will be effective, a solid chunk that he can use as a missile. The more obvious it is, the better. His business is to give it initial velocity.

Modern democracy depends for its very existence on publicity. This is its armor of light, by which it is protected from its insidious foes. But while we all agree to this in the abstract, yet there lingers with us the feeling that publicity is vulgar. James Russell Lowell, stanch believer as he was in an ideal democracy, yet confessed that he was 'a born disciple of an elder time,' and instinctively shrank from the

This scholarly fastidiousness must be overcome before we can do justice to those who do our greatest and most needed work. It is not to the disparagement of a public man to say that he enjoys the element in which he must work. A retiring disposition has a rare charm of its own, but it is not a political virtue. Everything must here be writ large, so that the wayfaring man, though a fool, may not err in regard to it. The revival hymn says, —

Dare to be a Daniel, dare to stand alone,
Dare to have a purpose true and dare to make it known.

The private citizen may be content to have a purpose true; a politician must meditate in the night-watches over the best way of making it known. This requires a good deal of moral advertising. Self-assertion is here necessary. Pushing is frowned upon in polite society, but in politics one who is not inclined to push is likely to yield to the pull. Especially is this quality of personal aggressiveness needed when any advance movement is contemplated.

Said John Morley, 'Men are so engaged by the homely pressure of each day as it comes, and the natural solitudes of common life are so instant, that a bad institution or a monstrous piece of misgovernment is always endured in patience for years after the remedy has been urged on public attention. No cure is considered with an accurate mind until the evil has become too sharp to be borne, or its whole force and might brought irresistibly before the world by its more ardent, penetrative, and indomitable spirits.'

That is but to say that a reformer with a genius for politics will sometimes deliberately resolve to do for a nation what otherwise could be done only by a sudden calamity too sharp to be borne. He determines to make himself unbearable. He hammers away at one point, and keeps himself before the

Self-maker with the prying eyes,
This creature disenchanted of respect
By the New World's new fiend, Publicity,
Whose testing thumb leaves everywhere its smutch.

public in a way that may well offend the sensibilities of the Anti-noise Society.

Those who do not know what he is driving at naturally think of him as a robustious fellow who seeks 'to split the ears of the groundlings,' while he 'makes the judicious grieve.' But the analogy drawn from the theatre is misleading. He is not an actor seeking applause, he is a social engineer intent on developing power for a particular purpose. If the groundlings have the power, he directs his attention to them. As for the judicious, they will grieve anyway. They will get over it when they have time to see what it is all about.

A leader must not be too modest to lead. He must have some way of surprising his followers of his whereabouts. This is not for the satisfaction of personal vanity, but to accomplish results.

I can imagine Robin Hood saying politely to the Sheriff of Nottingham, 'My Lord Sheriff, you must pardon me for blowing my own horn. I assure you that I did not do it to draw your attention to myself. When I saw you riding through the forest, so well attended, my one desire was to be self-effacing. I would not wittingly have intruded my poor presence upon such a gallant company. But since this was not to be, I should like to present some stout gentlemen of my acquaintance who are more worthy than I of your lordship's attention. Ah! here they come skipping o'er the lea!'

In the higher ranges of politics, self-assertion, instead of implying egotism, indicates self-absorption in a great work. Cobden, when he was making a moral issue of the repeal of the Corn Laws, said, 'The only way in which the soul of a great nation can be stirred is by appealing to its sympathies with a true principle in its unalloyed simplicity. Nay, further, it is necessary for the concentration of a people's mind

that an individual should be the incarnation of a principle.'

Here we come upon ground unknown to the politician. He who aspires to play politics in this heroic fashion must be above all paltry subterfuges. To incarnate a great popular principle, a man must have not only keen intelligence, but also a large heart and a vivid imagination. He must be a man of the people, and idealize the people. 'Here is that which moves in magnificent masses careless of particulars.'

He cannot understand it by putting 'his ear to the ground.' He must himself have a massive simplicity of character, and be moved by the same forces. He must be not only intellectually, but actually, a representative man.

One who would represent a commonwealth must realize what a commonwealth is. Let us take Milton's conception of it as 'a huge Christian personage, as compact of virtue as of body, the growth and stature of an honest man.' It may be objected that this is an ideal, and that the actual commonwealth may be neither Christian nor compactly virtuous. Leaving out, then, that which is qualitative, let us fix our minds on that which is quantitative. A commonwealth may not be more virtuous than an individual, but it is certainly bigger. If we conceive of it as a personage, we must think of it as a *huge* personage. It requires an effort of the imagination to comprehend it. A nation may commit great sins and be greatly punished, but it should not be charged with petty larcenies. The querulous critic who scolds it as he would a spoiled child, has not learned the primer of politics.

A commonwealth is not only big, but, at least in relation to its own citizens, it must be thought of as honest. This follows from its bigness. Dishonesty is the attempt of a part to obtain what belongs to another part or to the whole.

But it is hard to conceive of the whole as engaged in a deliberate robbery, for it has no one to rob but itself, and it must rob itself for its own benefit. The self-interest of a commonwealth is but interest in the common weal, and against this there is no law.

We may think of a commonwealth as a huge and honest personage who means well, but who has never made himself fully articulate. He manifests his more permanent ideas in laws and customs and social usages; but in dealing with the events of the passing hour, he must employ interpreters.

Like Belshazzar, he has his soothsayers, and Chaldeans, and magicians to interpret his dreams. They have long been with him, and are skilled in reading his habitual thoughts. But sometimes it happens that the huge personage has a new dream and has forgotten what it was. Then he calls his soothsayers, but the wise men only shake their heads. If he will kindly describe his dream they will tell him what it means. Which learned indecision makes the huge personage very angry. So he seeks out some one who has dreams of his own, whose soul has been stirred by vague forebodings of impending change.

Happy is the nation which in time of perplexity can find an interpreter who not only can read the handwriting on the wall, but can also see a way out. The old order, he says, changes; but if we act resolutely we may have part in the new order. It is a time when quick intelligence and courage point out the only safe courses.

Think not that Prudence dwells in dark abodes;
She scans the future with the eye of gods.

The hero in politics is one who has convinced the people that he possesses this higher prudence. They recognize him when he separates himself from the crowd of petty politicians, by sacri-

ficing a small advantage that he may seize a large opportunity. He is the man they were looking for, they hail him leader, for he is the one who 'all alone stands hugely politic.' The master-strokes of policy have been made by such men. With popular sentiment behind them, they have been able to overturn the best-laid plans of those who have grown gray in the work of political manipulation.

But is not this hero-worship dangerous? Yes, all heroic exaltation is dangerous, but the danger is not to the hero-worshippers, but to the hero.

Those who are tremulous about the fate of the Republic have a distressing notion that free nations have often perished because some great citizen has been too much admired and trusted. The idea is that an innocent nation may be betrayed by its affections. It loves not wisely but too well. It trusts the fond professions of a friend of the people who betrays the confidence that he has gained, and straightway turns tyrant.

One hates to disturb such a pretty sentimental theory; but I have to confess to a great skepticism when I hear this lover's complaint. Nations 'have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love.' Nations have frequently tired of freedom and yielded themselves to tyrants, but not because of guileless trust in false professions. The tyrants did not gain their power by first inspiring the people with a love of liberty, and then suddenly using that power to enslave them.

Of course, we must expect to hear of Cæsar and Cromwell and Napoleon; they are always with us when we are asked to view with alarm any one whom the people delight to honor. But when we look more closely at these formidable personages, we find a singular consistency in their characters and careers. They deceived nobody,

least of all their contemporaries. Had Cato crossed the Rubicon, or Hampden driven out the Parliament, or Mirabeau proclaimed himself Emperor, we might have a clear case of breach of promise. But Cæsar and Cromwell and Napoleon did what might reasonably have been expected. In each case the hour had struck when the Man of the Hour arrived to do the work which awaited. People at the time were looking for just such a man as he.

But who believes that Washington, had he been capable of yielding to a foolish ambition, could have used the love and reverence of his countrymen to make him king? The proverbial complaint of the ingratitude of republics is an indication that popular enthusiasm is not primarily for a person but for a cause. So long as the person and the cause are associated, they share alike in the loyalty that has been awakened. But when they are dissociated, the person shrinks. The Irish people idolized Daniel O'Connell. But suppose at the height of his power over the affections of the people O'Connell had renounced the cause of Ireland. Instantly the figure of the Liberator would have vanished into thin air. The 'great' man who treats his greatness as if it were a private possession is speedily disillusioned by a change of fortune. His grandiose schemes come to naught, for, in Milton's sonorous phrase, he 'has rambled in the huge topography of his own vain thoughts.'

The fact is that there is no device for a referendum that can express more accurately the exact shadings of the popular will than the admiration for a great man. It is effective only so long as it is spontaneous. It is a popular initiative that is always safeguarded by the possibility of an immediate recall.

Here is a man after the people's own heart. He represents qualities which they share. He has won their confid-

ence by doing in a conspicuous manner work which they believe ought to be done. Their power is behind him. But what if, once in the Seat of the Mighty, he decides to use his power for ends that they do not approve? All that we can say is that he has made a political blunder. He has forgotten that in a democracy the Seat of the Mighty is the Siege Perilous. The man through whose personality is expressed the aspiration of a great people is no longer his own master. He must be what people think he is, or he is undone. The Lost Leader is deemed a traitor, and yet his only treason is to the ideal which he has created in the minds of others.

To achieve a great reputation is to have an increase of power, but it is power moving only in one direction. The great man is swept along in the atmospheric currents of popular expectation. No one has yet invented a dirigible reputation.

When William Pitt accepted a peerage, he did only the usual thing. But he had forgotten the secret of his own power. Pitt was the great Commoner. Amid the welter of sordid interests he stood as the symbol of proud incorruptibility. When he became Lord Chatham, men seemed to hear the mocking cry of aristocratic placemen, 'He hath become one of us.'

Webster, in his speech of the 7th of March, 1850, made a plea for a compromise to save the Union, which was looked upon by his fellow senators as thoroughly statesmanlike. But from thousands of his followers who had most idealized him, and to whom he had been almost a demigod, came the bitter cry, 'Ichabod, the glory hath departed.'

So far from its being an easy thing for a popular politician to use his popularity according to his own wish, it is difficult to direct it in any way

whatever. Political strategy differs from military strategy in that there can be no concealment in regard to the objective. If the leader conceals his intentions, his followers become suspicious and desert him. The strategic retreat or the change of base is, therefore, a hazardous operation. Fabius, had he been in politics instead of war, would have found it well-nigh impossible to keep his forces together.

The skill of a great politician consists not in the ability to outwit his opponents, but in his ability to keep in check his more impetuous partisans without cooling their moral ardor. He must insist on doing one thing at a time, and yet so win their confidence that they shall believe that when that thing has been done he may be depended upon to take with equal courage the next necessary step. When he acts with prudence, he must see to it that his prudence is not mistaken for cowardice or sloth.

It was in his power of sun-clear exposition that Lincoln was preëminent. In his letter to Horace Greeley in 1862 he expounded his principles of political expediency in a way that could be 'understood of the people.' 'My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union; and it is not either to save or destroy Slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it. If I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about Slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save this Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I believe that what I am doing hurts the cause. I shall do more whenever I believe that doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors

when shown to be errors: and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views. I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty, and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free.'

Here two things are made perfectly clear, the personal wish and the official duty. Abraham Lincoln, the man, wished every man everywhere to be free: let friend and foe alike be aware of this. But Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, had a task to which everything else must be subordinated. His sworn duty was to save the Union, and no ulterior desire could be allowed to interfere with that. To save the Union he needed the help of those who believed in the immediate abolition of slavery, and he needed the help of those who did not so believe. And he was able to receive the help of both, because he took both into his full confidence.

The tragic blunders of the era of reconstruction came from the lack of such magnanimous politics. Lincoln would have made no mystery of the duty of the day, and he would have made it clear that it was a new day. He would have called upon the men of the South and the men of the North to lay aside their animosities as things irrelevant, in order together to save their common country from new perils. It took the ordinary politician a quarter of a century to see what the great politician could see in an instant, — that the Civil War was over. What miseries were endured, and what injustices were done, because well-intentioned leaders lacked the quality of moral quick-wittedness!

If war is the game of kings, politics is the game of free peoples. There is no form of human activity which calls into play so many qualities at once, or

which demands the constant exercise of such energetic virtue.

'Like a poet hidden in the light of thought,' the politician's private conscience is hidden in the light of his public duty. He is himself a poet—a maker. He works not through words, but through the impulses and convictions of other men. His materials are the most ordinary—the events of the passing day, and the crude averages of unselected humanity. He takes them as they come, and remoulds them nearer to the heart's desire. Out of the conflicting aims of the multitudes of individuals, he creates the harmonies of concerted action.

To some the praise of politicians may seem but the glorification of worldly success. 'But what,' they ask, 'about the failures? The world acclaims the hero who marches to triumph at the head of a great people. But what of one who is far in advance of his own time, the lonely champion of unpopular truth who dies unrecognized by the world he serves?'

The answer must be that there are good and great men whom we praise for other qualities than those of the politician. Their high function it is to proclaim ideas that are not affected by the changing circumstances of their own day. They belong to the ages, and not to a single generation. Their fame is dateless.

But, on the other hand, we must recognize the fact that one may be in advance of his age and yet closely related to it, as an effective politician. The politician aims at success, but it is not necessary that the success should be personal. It is the final issue of the struggle which must be kept in mind.

The politician is quick to seize an opportunity, but it may be only the opportunity to make a beginning in a work so vast that it cannot be com-

pleted in his own lifetime. He may deliberately ally himself to the party of the future, and labor to-day for results that cannot appear till day after to-morrow. He may see that the surest way to the attainment of his ultimate purpose is through the ruins of his own fortunes, and he may choose to take that way.

In all this he is still within the range of practical politics, and is concerned with the adaptation of means to ends. He is dealing with the issues not of a day, but of a century. It is not safe to say that a politician has failed till the returns are all in.

As the true sequence of events becomes plain, History revises our judgments in regard to political sagacity. We begin to see who were the leaders, and who were the blindly led.

There have been martyrs who in the hour of their agony have been far-seeing politicians. They have been sustained not so much by a beatific vision as by their clear foresight of the public consequences of the blunder of their adversaries. They have calculated the force of the revulsion of feeling that was sure to follow an act of cruel injustice. It was in this mood that heroic Hugh Latimer watched the fagots that were being piled around him. 'Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man: we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never be put out.'

Latimer's words were justified by the events. Those martyr fires, manfully endured, determined the policy of the nation.

Here good politics and good ethics are one. No cause has ever triumphed through clever management alone. There is always need for the leader, who, without regard to what may happen to himself, is resolved to play the man.

EMILIA

BY ELLEN ANGUS FRENCH

HALFWAY up the Hemlock valley turnpike,
In the bend of Silver Water's arm,
Where the deer come trooping down at even,
Drink the cowslip pool, and fear no harm,
Dwells Emilia,
Flower of the fields of Camlet Farm.

Sitting sewing by the western window
As the too brief mountain sunshine flies,
Hast thou seen a slender-shouldered figure
With a chestnut braid, Minerva-wise,
Round her temples,
Shadowing her gray, enchanted eyes?

When the freshets flood the Silver Water,
When the swallow flying northward braves
Sleeting rains that sweep the birchen foothills
Where the windflowers' pale plantation waves —
(Fairy gardens
Springing from the dead leaves in their graves) —

Falls forgotten, then, Emilia's needle;
Ancient ballads, fleeting through her brain,
Sing the cuckoo and the English primrose,
Outdoors calling with a quaint refrain;
And a rainbow
Seems to brighten through the gusty rain.

Forth she goes, in some old dress and faded,
Fearless of the showery shifting wind;
Kilted are her skirts to clear the mosses,
And her bright braids in a kerchief pinned, —
Younger sister
Of the damsel-errant Rosalind.

While she helps to serve the harvest supper
In the lantern-lighted village hall,
Moonlight rises on the burning woodland,
Echoes dwindle from the distant Fall.
Hark, Emilia!
In her ear the airy voices call.

Hidden papers in the dusky garret,
Where her few and secret poems lie, —
Thither flies her heart to join her treasure,
While she serves, with absent-musing eye,
Mighty tankards
Foaming cider in the glasses high.

‘Would she mingle with her young companions!’
Vainly do her aunts and uncles say;
Ever, from the village sports and dances,
Early missed, Emilia slips away.
Whither vanished?
With what unimagined mates to play?

Did they seek her, wandering by the water,
They should find her comrades shy and strange:
Queens and princesses, and saints and fairies,
Dimly moving in a cloud of change: —
Desdemona;
Mariana of the Moated Grange.

Up this valley to the fair and market
When young farmers from the southward ride,
Oft they linger at a sound of chanting
In the meadows by the turnpike side;
Long they listen,
Deep in fancies of a fairy bride.

THE NEW RESERVATION OF TIME

BY WILLIAM JEWETT TUCKER

So far as I have observed, no attempt has been made to forecast the social effect of the various pension systems which are being put into operation for the retirement of the individual worker upon the approach of age. It is of course too early to judge of effects by results, and speculation is always liable to be errant. But it is quite evident that a new principle has been set at work in the social order, which invites careful study at many points. Society is fast becoming reorganized around the principle of a definite allotment of time to the individual for the fulfillment of his part in the ordinary tasks and employments. The termination of his period of *associated* labor has been fixed within the decade which falls between his 'threescore,' and his 'three-score and ten' years.

The intention of society in trying to bring about this uniform, and, as it will prove to be in most cases, reduced allotment of time for the ordinary lifework of the individual, is twofold. I am obliged to use the term 'society' in this connection; for when the state is not largely concerned in any changes in the social order, I know of no other collective term which so well expresses that general consent and approval, if not authority, through which such changes are effected. The first intention then of society in this matter is evidently to secure the greatest efficiency—in some employments the best quality of work, in others the largest amount. Society virtually notifies the individual that the time will come

when it will account itself better off without his service than with it. More efficient workers will be in waiting to take his place. The workshop, whether manual or intellectual, must be run at a pace with which he cannot keep step. The second, and equally plain intention of society is to make some adequate provision in *time* for the individual worker before he becomes a spent force. It therefore creates for him a reservation of time sufficient for his more personal uses. Within this new region of personal freedom he may enter upon any pursuits, or engage in any activities required by his personal necessities or prompted by newly-awakened ambitions.

I am not now concerned with the results which society seeks to gain in carrying out its first intention. I think that the intention lies within the ethics of business, and that the results to be gained may be expected to warrant the proposed allotment of time. But what of the second intention of society? How far is it likely to be realized? What will be the effect of the scheme upon those now entering, and upon those who may hereafter enter, on the reservation of time provided for them? What is to be their habit of mind, their disposition, toward the reserved years which have heretofore been reckoned simply as the years of age? Will this change in the ordering of the individual life intensify the reproach of age, or remove it? Will the exceptional worker in the ranks of manual or intellectual labor, but especially the

latter, who feels that he is by no means a spent force, accept reluctantly the provision made for him, as if closing his lifework prematurely, or will he accept it hopefully, as if opening a new field for his unspent energies? And as for the average worker, to whom the change will doubtless bring a sense of relief, will he enter upon the new 'estate' aimlessly, or 'reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly,' and withal in good temper and cheer?

These questions are vital to society, much more so in fact than they are to the individual himself. For if the changed order is accepted reluctantly or aimlessly, society will soon have on its hands a very considerable number of depressed and restless persons for whom some adequate social and spiritual provision must be made. Even if the earlier release from the compulsion of labor does not extend the period of life, the segregation of a retired class will attract public attention, and in time bring the individuals who compose it more distinctly into evidence. It must also be considered that the habit of early retirement from the regular occupations will be adopted by many to whom the principle of compulsory retirement does not apply. Indirectly this will be a consequence of the wider application of the principle. So that we may fairly assume that the new reservation of time, however it may have been provided, will soon come to represent a social fact of no little significance. The accumulating force of the 'reserves' will ultimately count for or against society.

It is manifest therefore that if this scheme of time, which is going into effect in our generation, is to give us the happiest social results, we must in some way create a habit of mind corresponding to the scheme, and supporting it. We must, that is, secure a revaluation of time at the period of declining values

which shall make the reservation of time within this period a thing to be desired, and to be fitly utilized. Is such a habit possible, and can it be made natural? I believe that the habit is possible, and that it can be made natural. And if my conclusion should be accepted, I cannot see why this reserved decade should not contribute as much to the tone of society, and to many of its higher interests, as any previous decade.

Since I came into this way of reflection through recent personal experience, I make no apology for any personal references which may follow. It so happened that the date of my withdrawal from administrative work fell within two days of the time when I crossed over to the thither side of 'threescore and ten.' It was a coincidence which I had not noted, so that I had given no thought to the 'appropriate' feelings with which one might be expected to enter upon this new territory. Having gone into residence without forethought or premeditation, what I am actually finding to be true is, that the life there is most stimulating and quickening, in spite of the fact that I am cut off from certain public activities, and put upon a reduced regimen for each day's work.

In asking myself the reason for this somewhat unexpected result, I have found what seems to me to be a sufficient answer in the new valuation of time which has come in with the change. It is surprising how easily and naturally one acquires the habit of revaluing time when the imperative occasion arises. It is also a grateful surprise to find how exhilarating is the feeling which the newly-acquired sense of the value of time creates. And yet why should not this be accepted as the natural result? Time has now become, in a very appreciable way, a freed possession. Various mortgages have been

cleared off. And if time may thus mean more to a man as he reaches the years which have been set apart for revaluation, why should it not be worth more to him? and if worth more to him, why should not the increment of value become the compensation of age?

The petition of the ancient Psalm of Life, that we be taught how 'to number our days,' is seldom if ever offered in the days of our youth or of our manhood. Perhaps we are wiser than we mean to be in thus deferring the study of time. What if we thereby make this the peculiar privilege of age, if not its high prerogative? What if the revaluation of time shall be found to yield more than any original values which we may have put upon it? Such questions as these naturally arise when we think of the advantages which may accrue to the individual from the proper use of this new reservation of time. We must allow ourselves, I think, to expect that this reservation of time will carry with it a revaluation of time.

What are some of the possibilities, lying within this period of reserved and revalued time, which are open to those who have been withdrawn from the ranks of organized or associated labor — open more evidently to those who have been withdrawn from the comradeship of intellectual work? I cannot pass over a certain satisfaction, if not enjoyment, which may come from the more conscious use of time. As I have already intimated, the unconscious use of time is for the most part the better use. Herein lies the freedom and the charm of youth — in the very prodigality of its use of time. Herein, too, lies the freedom and the power of the man who is his own master — the thinker, the professional worker, the man of affairs, who is not obliged to shut off work with eight or ten hours, at anybody's command. The right to work 'overtime,' which usually means

the power to work without taking note of time, is a free and joyous right. It makes the difference, as any one knows who enjoys it, between work and the task.

Working 'on time' has the advantage which belongs to the virtues of punctuality and faithfulness, and it may be insisted upon in the interest of justice as well as of business, but it has its irritations. Even when the habit is self-imposed it may develop into an irritating self-consciousness. When the habit goes over into the miserly saving of time, it becomes like any other kind of miserliness, intolerable to a man's friends, if painfully enjoyable to himself. The people who oblige us to break through their petty routines and systems to get some necessary access to them, put a heavy strain upon friendship. But the consciousness of time which comes with the thought that certain years have been reserved and set apart for us is entirely different from any over-conscious use of time which may have gone before. It is rather the appreciation of a gift of which we want to know the full value.

'Numbering our days' means measuring their contents. The realized worth of a day now far exceeds the unrealized values of many days. One learns to anticipate and expect a day in its fullness. Of course in this closer estimate and appreciation of time there is no room for prodigality. The man living on reserved time cannot be a spendthrift; neither can he allow himself to become a miser, for the miserly habit will make him timorous and cowardly. The miser straightway begins to 'number' by subtraction, not by addition — one day less, not one day more to enrich the sum-total. The new economy simply takes due account of those lesser divisions of time which have been overlooked or undervalued. 'To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow'

may seem a 'petty pace' for mankind, but it is quite fast enough for the man who is beginning to learn the secret of living in the day.

Living in the day, I say; for I count it a very great liberty to be allowed, as it is certainly a very great art to be able, to live in right proportion to the present. This liberty, and the art to use it, make up another of the rights and privileges which belong to those who have entered upon the reservation of time. Very few of us get much out of the present. We get the daily paper, the daily task with its environment, the passing word with a friend, and the hours of rest in the home. Our minds are set on the future. Our real world is a world of plans, of expectations, and of anxieties. We become disciplined to forethought and prevision. All this again is far better than that we should not live in the future. We are made to live that way in very large proportion. But we cannot believe that it was meant that our future should empty our present of so many of its rightful satisfactions.

Possibly there may be a tendency on the part of one who has been engaged in administrative work, especially in academic administration, to over-emphasize the amount of time actually spent in thinking for the future; but really the amount is very great. The details of the office take more time, but not more thought. Through all the day's work one is continually asking himself, what next? what better method of administration? what wider range, or more careful limitation, of instruction? what better adjustment of educational force to social and civic needs? what enlargement or what regulation of the freedom of students in the interest of character, or of efficiency? and, withal, what new sources of supply to meet the increasing demands of any given institution? The answer to these questions

is not in abstract conclusions, but in very practical terms; in books and laboratories, in salaries, in dormitories, in standards and rules, in the development in various ways of the whole academic constituency. For this reason I have had occasion to say that the period of academic administration ought as a rule to close earlier, not later, than the period of instruction. When the time comes that an administrator can plan better than he can fulfill, it is not quite fair to his successor to leave plans for two, three, or five years for him to carry out. Each man who takes his place in a succession is entitled to the advantage of his own policy from the very beginning, or as nearly so as may be consistent with his obligations to the inheritance.

But making due allowance for the personal or professional equation, I revert to the satisfaction of recovering, or, it may be, of discovering one's rights in the present. It is something, for example, to feel that it is no longer a robbery of anybody's time to read beyond the headlines into one's daily paper, or to renew acquaintance with one's library, or to reopen the half-closed doors of friendship. This satisfaction however in the present is much more than the enjoyment of leisure, or of unhurried work. It brings us back again, with the advantage of a discriminating experience, into that receptive attitude to the world through which most of us began the intellectual life. Neither the aggressive nor the defensive attitude — the varying attitudes of business — can give us the best things which the world has to give. There are some things which we want, which we cannot earn or conquer; we must simply open our minds and let them in. And as we recover something of this receptive attitude we are surprised and pleased to find that the world has not been in so much of a hurry as

we have been. Men and things most worth knowing have been waiting for us. All that has been wanting is time for hospitality. One of the first things which I did, when I closed the door of the 'office,' was to order the back numbers of *The Hibbert Journal*. I was gratified to find how quickly the course of discussion running through these numbers could make connection with the mind of a belated reader.

The revaluation of time under the conditions which we are considering represents more than the conscious use of it, or the satisfaction of living again in closer relations with the present. The really significant thing about it is that it refreshes life by opening again the springs of choice. When we speak, as we so frequently do, of a man's lifework, we think of it as his chosen work. In so saying and thinking we bound the man in by the limitation of time, and by the compulsion of an early choice. The new reservation of time throws off the limitation, and gives another chance to the man who has done his assumed lifework, while the revaluation of time gives him the spirit and courage to take the second chance.

I think that it was a conceit of Hawthorne, though I have not been able to verify my remembrance, that some men ought to have as many as ten chances at life, through successive rebirths, to try as many careers. A given career, however well chosen, or strenuously pursued, or satisfying in its results, seldom expresses the whole man. And yet no man can afford to make his life a series of bold experiments. Every man must prove himself, and satisfy himself as well as he can, through one consistent lifework of achievement or sacrifice. But who would not welcome the opportunity to give some urgent, but untried, power the chance of a brief trial; or some avoca-

tion, made to serve as running-mate to the vocation, its own chance in the running; or some duty, which has been kept afar in some region of the outer life, the chance to come near and to feel for once the warmth of the heart?

The period of reserved and revalued time may certainly be used to make some amend for the stringency of our lives under the stress of the ordinary lifework. Contrast the utterances of two most gifted English authors whose last books are just now before us — Father Tyrrell and William De Morgan. Father Tyrrell writes to a friend, "I am always hurried to get things in before death overtakes me, and am restless while anything is unfinished that I have once begun. Could I feel secure of a year . . . but I always think that it may be in a week." William De Morgan writes in the statement 'To His Readers Only,' 'When to my great surprise I published four years since a novel called *Joseph Vance*, a statement was reported more than once in some journals that were kind enough to notice it, that its author was seventy years of age. Why this made me feel like a centenarian I do not know, especially as it was five years ahead of the facts. . . . But in the course of my attempts to procure the reduction to which I was entitled, I expressed a hope that the said author would live to be seventy, and further that he would write four or five volumes, as long as his first, in the interim. To my thinking, he has been as good (or as bad) as his word, for this present volume is the fourth story published since then, and the day of its publication will be the author's seventieth birthday.'

I do not know that Father Tyrrell, had he lived on and gained assured health, would ever have entered into the possible freedom of age. The stringency under which he worked may have been in his nature, or in the nature of

his self-appointed task. The prolific authorship of William De Morgan shows the possibilities which await slumbering genius, and possibly latent talent, when at the approach of age it breaks away from the routine of business, and puts its newly acquired freedom to the test.

It may be said in the interest of almost any capable man that the time will come to him when a change in the subject-matter of his thought, or in the immediate object of his pursuit, may be desirable. No one can expect to compete with two generations. If one has been a successful competitor with the men of his own generation, let that suffice. Not only are the general laws of progress to be recognized, but also the changing fashions in ways of thinking and in modes of action. Every generation has the right to make experiments. The period for which any one may regard himself, or allow himself to be regarded, as an authority in any profession, is very brief. The seat of authority in the investigating professions is moving steadily backward from age. And in the more active callings, productive or executive, the advisory relations of age are growing more and more questionable. 'Old men for counsel' is becoming an outworn motto, because young men have, by virtue of their training, become sufficiently conservative. Facts like these are to be accepted. The relinquishment in due season of what may have been a rightful claim to authority, or the detachment of one's self from work which has fitly gone over into other hands, is a pretty sure indication that the mind thus set free is capable of achieving other results which may be in themselves desirable, and of possible advantage to society.

Assuming that the intellectual worker remains, upon retirement, in possession of his mental powers, there are at least three inciting moods which

may lead him to undertake new work — the reminiscent, the reflective, the creative. Of course, intellectual work reaches far beyond books, covering an increasingly large area of business and affairs. Men of affairs, when they have withdrawn from public life, naturally become reminiscent, not under the desultory impulses of memory, but with a well-defined purpose. The reminiscent mood may be as constructive as any which can possess the mind. An actor in events extending over a wide territory, or through a long period, naturally wishes to relate them to one another, or at least to show the consistency of his own actions so far as he may have been concerned in them. He would, if possible, open a clear perspective into events which are about to become the material for history. He would like to have the events, and the men, of his generation known and estimated, as he knew and estimated them. Such a purpose as this must be carried out while all the mental processes are trustworthy — the mind free from prejudice, memory and imagination clear and sure, and the judgment sane. There are 'Reminiscences' and 'Autobiographies' which show as much mental grasp as any of the mental activities which they record. Occasionally they reveal a distinct literary quality when there had been no literary training, as was true in so marked a degree of the *Memoirs of General Grant*.

The mind that craves reflection may be the mind which has been driven at a rapid pace with a view to a fixed amount of production. I should suppose that the opportunity for the reflective mood would be grateful to most teachers, preachers, and editors — to all persons, in fact, who have been obliged to work for occasions, or to meet some regularly recurring demand. There are callings which in themselves train the mind to quick and decisive judgments.

There are other callings which presuppose and emphasize the communicating impulse. In any of these callings the individual has little chance to indulge in the reflective mood. Probably it is better for the public that he should not be able to fall into this indulgence. Certainly a change to the reflective habit of mind, as the controlling habit, would be fatal to success in the callings to which I have referred. But the limitations of one's calling in this regard may make all the more welcome the freedom to exercise unused powers. Subjects unwillingly put by because demanding the reflective treatment, or subjects which for this reason have been only partially considered, may be recalled and considered according to their proper demands. Not infrequently, I think, a rejected subject of this sort will prove to be, when recovered, an open door, through which one may pass into a wide region of new and fascinating thought.

I believe that I am warranted in admitting the creative mood to a place beside the reminiscent and the reflective, among the later privileges of the mind — not like these a distinctive privilege, but still a fit privilege. Creative work is not to be measured, like the ordinary work of production, by physical vitality. The creative process is subtle, quickened at hidden sources, and sensitive to outward suggestion. As no one can tell when it may end, so no one can tell when or how it may begin. It is in no sense impossible that a certain proportion of mind, set free from monotonous toil, may, when it recovers its elasticity, feel the originating impulse; or that the originating impulse which has been allowed free action may be perpetuated. Age does not necessarily mean mental invalidism. Examples to the contrary always have been, and are, in abundant evidence. What we have most to

fear from the new allotment of time is, that some who have wrought all their lives under various kinds of outward compulsion will allow the creative impulse to lapse when the outward necessity for its action is past. But over against this liability lies the persistent craving of the mind for employment. I doubt if many would be willing to accept, for other than financial reasons, any proposed system of retirement if it were understood to carry with it cessation from work.

As I have before intimated, much of what I am saying in this paper applies particularly to intellectual workers. But what I am just now saying applies equally, if not more, to those who labor with their hands. I think that the average working man will sadly miss his 'job,' who is retired, in comparative health, from the ranks of organized labor at seventy; and especially if at sixty, the age proposed for the retirement of railroad employes. The morning whistle will sound a different note when it no longer calls him to the day's work. I anticipate no little difficulty in finding satisfactory employment for retired working men of sound health and of industrious habits. What will the trade-unions say to any relieving employments which may be provided for them, or which they may devise? Where is the 'open shop' to which they can have access?

Putting aside, however, the discussion of any of the 'labor questions' to which the various schemes of retirement may give rise, there is one very practical conclusion to be drawn from any discussion of the subject under consideration. If the reservation of time which is now being planned shall be carried out in any large way, it must inevitably produce a change in the present aim, and to a degree in the present methods, of education. We have been at work for nearly a generation under

the one dominating idea of training men for efficiency, meaning thereby the power to secure the largest possible material results within the shortest time. The chief means to efficiency has been specialization. We have set the individual man earlier and earlier upon the training for his specified task, broadening the immediate way, but closing divergent paths. We have reached the desired result. We have gained efficiency through specialization. The specialized man, presumably also a man of will-power, has become the type of the efficient man. But the argument for efficiency is the argument for more efficiency. The efficient man must constantly give place to the more efficient man, who in theory, and usually in fact, has had the more intense training. What is to happen to the supplanted man? When he has done the one thing which he can do to the best advantage of the business, what is he to do then? What is to be done with this increasing succession of second-best men in the industries and in business? Retirement, whatever may be the pension, and however early it may take effect, does not answer the question. We have been training men for ends chiefly outside themselves. We have not given them resources upon which they can draw when the outside ends have been accomplished. As the outward results are to be credited chiefly to education, the deficiencies in personal results, if any such appear, must be charged to its account. And if these are likely to appear, the remedy must be anticipated in education. It would be an unseemly thing to allow the charitably intentioned retirement of men from their work to result in the exposure of their personal deficiencies.

The failure of education to produce personal results commensurate with outward results is easily detected whenever it occurs. We have a striking ex-

ample of this fact in the present contrast between the successful training of men in the art of making money, and the unsuccessful training of them in the art of spending money — the latter art being more personal than the former. When we pass beyond the use of money as capital, we are confronted by a vast amount of foolish and often shameless expenditure. Much of this expenditure should be attributed to ignorance rather than to viciousness — to a certain emptiness of mind in respect to taste or satisfying enjoyment. Even the capitalist who knows how to utilize money for large enterprises is quite apt to be deficient in the finer art of giving. The example of the late John Stewart Kennedy is most refreshing, in these days of delegated benevolence, in showing how a man of great fortune can be as capable of disposing of it as he was capable of making it.

It is evident that our present ideals and methods must be revised if we are to meet the social conditions which will come in with the new reservation of time. We must call back some of the current terms of modern education — efficiency, success, and even service — and reëndow them with a more personal meaning. We must of course continue to train the efficient, successful, and serviceable worker, but we must also make some sure intellectual and moral provision for the man himself who is expected to outlast the 'practical' requirements of society. I do not attempt to forecast the type of man who can best fulfill what we are pleased to term his 'lifework,' and also be qualified to enter into the duties and privileges of the period of reserved and revalued time. Perhaps the changed order will evolve a larger and more complete type. It may be enough for us to recall and restore the man whom

Business could not make dull, nor Passion wild:
Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole.

THE NERVOUS STRAIN

BY AGNES REPPLIER

'Which fiddle-strings is weakness to expredge my nerves this night.' — MRS. GAMP.

ANNA ROBESON BURR, in her scholarly analysis of the world's great autobiographies, has found occasion to compare the sufferings of the modern woman under the average conditions of life with the endurance of the woman who, three hundred years ago, confronted dire vicissitudes with something closely akin to insensibility. 'To-day,' says Mrs. Burr, 'a child's illness, an over-gay season, the loss of an investment, a family jar, — these are accepted as sufficient cause for overstrained nerves and temporary retirement to a sanitarium. Then, war, rapine, fire, sword, prolonged and mortal peril, were considered as furnishing no excuse to men or women for altering the habits, or slackening the energies, of their daily existence.'

As a matter of fact, Isabella d'Este witnessed the sacking of Rome without so much as thinking of nervous prostration. This was nearly four hundred years ago, but it is the high-water mark of feminine fortitude. To live through such days and nights of horror, and emerge therefrom with unimpaired vitality, and unquenched love for a beautiful and dangerous world, is to rob the words 'shock' and 'strain' of all dignity and meaning. To resume at once the interrupted duties and pleasures of life was, for the Marchioness of Mantua, obligatory; but none the less we marvel that she could play her rôle so well.

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A hundred and thirty years later Sir Ralph Verney, an exiled royalist, sent his young wife back to England to petition Parliament for the restoration of his sequestered estates. Lady Verney's path was beset by dangers and difficulties. She had few friends and many enemies, little money and cruel cares. She was, it is needless to state, pregnant when she left France, and paused in her labors long enough to bear her husband 'a lusty boy'; after which Sir Ralph writes that he fears she is neglecting her guitar, and urges her to practice some new music before she returns to the Continent.

Such pages of history make tonic reading for comfortable ladies who in their comfortable homes are bidden by their comfortable doctors to avoid the strain of anything and everything which makes the game of life worth living. It is our wont to think of our great-great-great-grandmothers as spending their days in undisturbed tranquillity. We take imaginary naps in their quiet rooms, envying the serenity of an existence unvexed by telegrams, telephones, clubs, lectures, committee-meetings, and societies for harrying our neighbors. How sweet and still those spacious rooms must have been! What was the remote tinkling of a harp, compared to pianolas, and phonographs, and all the infernal contrivances of science for producing and perpetuating noise? What was a fear of ghosts compared to a knowledge of germs? What was repeated child-bearing or occasional smallpox, compared

to the 'over-pressure' upon 'delicate organisms' which is making the fortunes of doctors to-day?

So we argue. Yet in good truth our ancestors had their share of pressure, and more than their share of ill-health. The stomach was the same ungrateful and rebellious organ then that it is now. Nature was the same strict accountant then that she is now, and balanced her debit and credit columns with the same relentless accuracy. The 'liver' of the last century has become, we are told, the 'nerves' of to-day, which transmigration should be a bond of sympathy between the new woman and that unchangeable article, man. We have warmer spirits and a higher vitality than our home-keeping great-grandmothers had. We are seldom hysterical, and we never faint. If we are gay, our gayeties involve less exposure and fatigue. If we are serious-minded, our attitude toward our own errors is one of unaffected leniency. That active, lively, all-embracing assurance of eternal damnation, which was part of John Wesley's vigorous creed, might have broken down the nervous system of a mollusk. The modern nurse, jealously guarding her patient from all but the neutralities of life, may be pleased to know that when Wesley made his memorable voyage to Savannah, a young woman on board the ship gave birth to her first child, and Wesley's journal is full of deep concern because the other women about her failed to improve the occasion by exhorting the poor tormented creature 'to fear Him who is able to inflict sharper pains than these.'

As for the industrious idleness which is held to blame for the wrecking of our nervous systems, it was not unknown to an earlier generation. Madame Le Brun assures us that in her youth pleasure-loving people would leave Brussels early in the morning, travel

all day to Paris to hear the opera, and travel all night home. 'That,' she observes, — as well she may, — 'was considered being fond of the opera.' A paragraph in one of Horace Walpole's letters gives us the record of a day and a night in the life of an English lady, — sixteen hours of 'strain' which would put New York to the blush. 'I heard the Duchess of Gordon's journal of last Monday,' he writes to Miss Berry in the spring of 1791. 'She first went to hear Handel's music in the Abbey; she then clambered over the benches, and went to Hastings's trial in the Hall; after dinner, to the play; then to Lady Lucan's assembly; after that to Ranelagh, and returned to Mrs. Hobart's faro-table; gave a ball herself in the evening of that morning, into which she must have got a good way; and set out for Scotland the next day. Hercules could not have accomplished a quarter of her labors in the same space of time.'

Human happiness was not to this gay Gordon a 'painless languor'; and if she failed to have nervous prostration — under another name — she was cheated of her dues. Wear-and-tear plus luxury is said to break down the human system more rapidly than wear-and-tear plus want; but perhaps wear-and-tear plus pensive self-consideration is the most destructive agent of all. 'Après tout, c'est un monde passable,' and the Duchess of Gordon was too busy acquainting herself with this fact to count the costs, or even pay the penalty.

One thing is sure, — we cannot live in the world without vexation and without fatigue. We are bidden to avoid both, just as we are bidden to avoid an injudicious meal, a restless night, an uncomfortable sensation of any kind, — as if these things were not the small coin of existence. An American doctor who was delicately swathing his nervous patient in cotton

wool, explained that, as part of the process, she must be secluded from everything unpleasant. No disturbing news must be told her. No needless contradiction must be offered her. No disagreeable word must be spoken to her. 'But, doctor,' said the lady, who had long before retired with her nerves from all lively contact with realities, 'who is there that would dream of saying anything disagreeable to me?' 'Madam,' retorted the physician, irritated for once into unprofessional candor, 'have you then no family?'

There *is* a bracing quality about family criticism, if we are strong enough to bear its veracities. What makes it so useful is that it recognizes existing conditions. All the well-meant wisdom of the 'Don't Worry' books is based on immunity from common sensations and everyday experience. We must — unless we are insensate — take our share of worry along with our share of mishaps. All the kindly counselors who, in scientific journals, entreat us to keep on tap 'a vivid hope, a cheerful resolve, an absorbing interest,' by way of nerve-tonic, forget that these remedies do not grow under glass. They are hardy plants springing naturally in eager and animated natures. Artificial remedies might be efficacious in an artificial world. In a real world, the best we can do is to meet the plagues of life as Dick Turpin met the hangman's noose, 'with manly resignation, though with considerable disgust.' Moreover, disagreeable things are often very stimulating. A visit to some beautiful little rural almshouses in England convinced me that what kept the old inmates alert and in love with life was, not the charm of their bright-colored gardens, nor the comfort of their cottage hearths, but the vital jealousies and animosities which pricked their sluggish blood to tingling.

There are prophets who predict the

downfall of the human race through undue mental development, who foresee us (flatteringly, I must say) winding up the world's history in a kind of intellectual apotheosis. They write distressing pages about the strain of study in schools, the strain of examinations, the strain of competition, the strain of night-work, when children ought to be in bed, the strain of day-work, when they ought to be at play. An article on 'Nerves and Over-Pressure' in the *Dublin Review*, conveys the impression that little boys and girls are dangerously absorbed in their lessons, and draws a fearful picture of these poor innocents literally 'grinding from babyhood.' It is over-study (an evil from which our remote ancestors were wholly and happily exempt) which lays the foundation of all our nervous disorders. It is this wasting ambition which exhausts the spring of childhood and the vitality of youth.

There must be some foundation for fears so often expressed, though when we look at the blooming boys and girls of our acquaintance, with their placid ignorance and their love of fun, their glory in athletics and their transparent contempt for learning, it is hard to believe that they are breaking down their constitutions by study. Nor is it possible to acquire even the most modest substitute for education without some effort. The carefully fostered theory that school-work can be made enjoyable breaks down as soon as anything, however trivial, has to be learned.

Life is a real thing in the schoolroom and in the nursery, and children — left to their own devices — accept it with wonderful courage and sagacity. If we allow to their souls some noble and free expansion, they may be trusted to divert themselves from that fretful self-consciousness which the nurse calls naughtiness, and the doctor, nerves.

A little wholesome neglect, a little discipline, plenty of play, and a fair chance to be glad and sorry as the hours swing by, — these things are not too much to grant to childhood. That careful coddling which deprives a child of all delicate and strong emotions lest it be saddened, or excited, or alarmed, leaves it dangerously soft of fibre. Coleridge, an unhappy little lad at school, was lifted out of his own troubles by an acquaintance with the heroic sorrows of the world. There is no page of history, however dark, there is no beautiful old tale, however tragic, which does not impart some strength and some distinction to the awakening mind. It is possible to overrate the superlative merits of insipidity as a mental and moral force in the development of youth.

There are people who surrender themselves without reserve to needless activities, who have a real affection for telephones, and district messengers, and the importunities of their daily mail. If they are women, they put special delivery stamps on letters which would lose nothing by a month's delay. If they are men, they exult in the thought that they can be reached by wireless telegraphy in mid-ocean. We are apt to think of these men and wo-

men as painful products of our own time, but they have probably existed since the building of the tower of Babel, — a nerve-racking piece of work which gave peculiar scope to their energies.

A woman whose every action is hurried, whose every hour is open to disturbance, whose every breath is drawn with superfluous emphasis, will talk about the nervous strain under which she is living, as though dining out and paying the cook's wages were the things which are breaking her down. The remedy proposed for such 'strain' is withdrawal from the healthy buffeting of life, — not for three days, as Burke withdrew in order that he might read *Evelina*, and be rested and refreshed thereby; but long enough to permit of the notion that immunity from buffetings is a possible condition of existence, — of all errors, the most irretrievable.

It has been many centuries since Marcus Aurelius observed the fretful disquiet of Rome, which must have been strikingly like our fretful disquiet to-day, and proffered counsel, unheeded then as now: 'Take pleasure in one thing and rest in it, passing from one social act to another, thinking of God.'

THE LADY ABBESS

BY EMILY JAMES PUTNAM

Set a price on thy love. Thou canst not name so much but I will give thee for thy love much more. — ANCREN RIWLE.

I

THE economic paradox that confronts women in general is especially uncompromising for the lady. In defiance of the axiom that he who works, eats, the lady who works has less to eat than the lady who does not. There is no profession open to her that is nearly as lucrative as marriage, and the more lucrative the marriage the less work it involves. The economic prizes are therefore awarded in such a way as directly to discourage productive activity on the part of the lady. If a brother and sister are equally qualified for, let us say, the practice of medicine, the brother has, besides the scientific motive, the economic motive. The ardent pursuit of his profession will, if successful, make him a rich man. His sister, on the other hand, will never earn absolutely as much money as he, and relatively her earnings will be negligible in comparison with her income if she should marry a millionaire. But if she be known to have committed herself to the study of medicine her chance of marrying a millionaire is practically eliminated.

Apart from the crude economic question, the things that most women mean when they speak of 'happiness,' that is, love and children and the little republic of the home, depend upon the favor of men, and the qualities that win this favor are not in general those that are

most useful for other purposes. A girl should not be too intelligent or too good or too highly differentiated in any direction. Like a ready-made garment she should be designed to fit the average man. She should have 'just about as much religion as my William likes.'

The age-long operation of this rule, by which the least strongly individualized women are the most likely to have a chance to transmit their qualities, has given it the air of a natural law. Though the lady has generally yielded it unquestioning obedience, she often dreams of a land like that of the Amazons, where she might be judged on her merits instead of on her charms. Seeing that in the world a woman's social position, her daily food, and her chance of children, depend on her exerting sufficient charm to induce some man to assume the responsibility and expense of maintaining her for life, and that the qualities on which this charm depends are sometimes altogether unattainable by a given woman, it is not surprising that exceptional women are willing to eliminate from their lives the whole question of marriage and of motherhood, for the sake of a free development, irrespective of its bearing on the other sex.

No institution in Europe has ever won for the lady the freedom of development that she enjoyed in the convent in the early days. The modern college for women only feebly reproduces it, since the college for women has arisen at a time when colleges in general are

under a cloud. The lady abbess, on the other hand, was part of the two great social forces of her time, feudalism and the Church. Great spiritual rewards and great worldly prizes were alike within her grasp. She was treated as an equal by the men of her class, as is witnessed by letters we still have from popes and emperors to abbesses. She had the stimulus of competition with men, in executive capacity, in scholarship, and in artistic production, since her work was freely set before the general public; but she was relieved by the circumstances of her environment from the ceaseless competition in common life of woman with woman for the favor of the individual man. In the cloister of the great days, as on a small scale in the college for women to-day, women were judged by one another, as men are everywhere judged by one another, for sterling qualities of head and heart and character.

The strongest argument against the co-educational college is that the presence of the male brings in the factor of sexual selection, and the girl who is elected to the class-office is not necessarily the ablest or the wisest, or the kindest, — but the possessor of the longest eyelashes. The lady does not often rise to the point of deciding against sex. The choice is a cruel one, and in the individual case the rewards of the ascetic course are too small and too uncertain. At no other time than the aristocratic period of the cloister have the rewards so preponderated as to carry her over in numbers.

In studying this interesting phenomenon we must divest our minds of the conventional picture of the nun. The Little Sister of the Poor is the product of a number of social motives that had not begun to operate when the lady abbess came into being. In fact, her day is almost over when the Poor Clares

appear. Her roots lie in a society that is pre-feudal, though feudalism played into her hand; and in a psychology that is pre-Christian, though she ruled in the name of Christ.

The worship of Demeter the mother-goddess, which was one of the central facts of Greek religious life, spread and flourished in the west. Sicily, the granary of the ancient world, became naturally in legend the scene of the rape of Persephone and of the wanderings of her mother, the giver of grain to men. The Romans adopted the worship of this ancient hypostasis of woman's share in primitive culture, ranging it beside the cult of their own *Bona Dea*, and indeed sometimes confusing the two.

Catania was one of the places where the great festivals of the Lesser and the Greater Eleusinia were celebrated in spring and autumn with high devotion and with all the pomp of the rubric. The main features of the festivals were everywhere the same; the carrying, on a cart through the streets, of the symbolic pomegranate and poppy-seed, the great procession walking with torches far into the night to typify the search of the goddess for her child, the mumming, the ringing of bells, the exhibition of the sacred veil, the mystic meal of bread for the initiate, and the mystic pouring out of wine. At Catania, as Ovid tells us, these customary elements of the feast were supplemented by a horse-race.

Miss Eckenstein calls attention to the description, given early in the last century by the English traveler Blunt, of the festival of Saint Agatha as he saw it in Catania, — and, I may add, as it is celebrated there to this day. It begins with a horse-race, and its chief event, next to the mass, is a great procession, lasting into the night, in which the participants carry torches and ring bells as they follow a wagon which bears

the relics of the saint, among them her veil and her breasts, torn off by her persecutors. The saint has two festivals yearly, one in the autumn and one in the spring. It remains to point out that though it is disputed whether the breasts were or were not part of the ancient ritual, they are a likely enough symbol of exuberance. Also, 'Agatha' is the Greek word for 'Bona,' and does not occur as a proper name before the appearance of the saint. But the *Acta Sanctorum* knows all about Saint Agatha, a Christian virgin and martyr of Catania in the third century, and is able to give full details of her parentage and history, adding that her fame spread at an early date into Italy and Greece.

The process here visible went on everywhere as Christianity spread in Europe. The places, the persons, and the ritual of heathen worship were taken in bodily by the new religion, with a more or less successful effort at assimilation. Not only the classic cults of Greece and Rome, but the cruder religions of the barbarians of the north, were to be conciliated. And in all of these, classic and crude alike, the old status of woman was abundantly reflected. A purely patriarchal religion would not serve; the Virgin and the female saints became more and more necessary to bridge the chasm. It is not by accident that the festivals of the Virgin so often coincide with those of heathen deities, for in the seventh century Pope Sergius ordered that this should be so, as a matter of policy.

In the long centuries needed for the Christianizing of Europe, heathendom reacted powerfully on the new faith. Local saints everywhere are its work. In the early days a saint needed not to be canonized by Rome; it was necessary only that he should be entered in a local calendar, and the local calendar was in the hands of local dignitaries of the

Church. Under pressure of popular demand, every sacred place in heathendom bade fair to have its saint, and many of these improvised saints were gradually fitted out with legends and historical relations. It was not until the twelfth century that Rome felt that the process had gone far enough and withdrew the power of canonization into her own hands.

Although the German tribes were already patriarchal in organization when they came in contact with the Romans, they carried abundant evidence in their traditions, their customs, and their cults, of an earlier social system. The queen of saga and of history, the tribal mother with her occult powers and her status of priestess to goddesses who were also tribal, the recognized existence of certain bodies of women outside the family, are all survivals of the mother-age, with its primitive culture and social organization.

With these various phenomena the Church dealt in various ways: roughly we may say that the tribal goddess she used as a saint, the priestess she banned as a witch, the unattached woman she segregated under a somewhat summary classification as either nun or castaway. There seems to be no doubt that we must regard the immense popularity of the convent in Europe in early times as largely due to the uneasiness of women under a patriarchal régime. We think to-day of the cloister as a refuge from the distracting liberty of secular life; it seems paradoxical, and yet it is apparently true, that the women of early Christendom fled from the constraint of home to the expansion of the cloister. Under patriarchalism the problem of the unassigned woman becomes one of considerable perplexity to herself and to society. A stigma is attached to her, which acts as a deterrent to rebels in the ranks. The 'loose,' that is, the

unattached, woman is sharply marked off from the lady, so that the choice lies between the constraints of social and economic dependence on the one hand, and social outlawry on the other. These considerations account for the fact that the nun of early northern Christianity was by no means a type of self-effacement, but was often a spirited and sometimes a lawless person; and that the abbess was more generally than not a woman of good birth, strong character, and independent ways. Sometimes she had tried marriage, sometimes she had condemned it without a trial. It offered little scope for the free development of women, but there were many women insisting on free development. To such the convent was a godsend, and we may almost say that the lady abbess is the successor of the saga heroine.

Monasticism as the Eastern world practiced it was by no means congenial in general to the Frankish habit of mind. The worn-out races embraced it as a refuge from the growing difficulties of life with which they had no longer energy to cope. The fresh races on the other hand had an immense amount of the will-to-live to work off before they in their turn should dwindle toward self-effacement, abnegation, and the meeker virtues. The men among the Franks felt no call to the cloister. There is no record that any Frankish prince entered a convent of his free will. For men the world was too full of opportunity. But maidens, wives, and widows of the royal house joined religious communities, not because they were spiritually unlike their men, but because they were like them. The impulse toward leadership which kept the men in the world sent the women out of it.

Radegund, founder of the convent of Poitiers, was fifth among the seven recognized wives of King Clothair. She was a princess of the untamed Thuringians,

whom Clothair captured with her brother on one of his raids into the eastern wilds. She was a person of great spirit, and perfect personal courage. She was the sort of woman (her biographers say) who keeps her husband's dinner waiting while she visits the sick, and annoys him by her open preference for the society of learned clerks. When finally she made up her mind to leave her husband, she fastened upon an unhappy prelate, Bishop Medardus of Noyon, the dangerous task of sealing her from the world. 'If you refuse to consecrate me,' she said grimly, 'a lamb will be lost to the flock.' The Bishop quailed before the lamb, and Radegund entered the life at Poitiers that gave play to her great powers of organization, diplomacy, and leadership. Her nuns were her true spiritual children.

After her death, two rival claimants for the office of abbess contended even with violence. Leubover was the regularly appointed successor, but Chrodield, daughter and cousin of kings, heading a faction, attacked and put to flight the clerics who excommunicated her party. Gregory of Tours tells how Chrodield, having collected about her a band of murderers and vagrants of all kinds, dwelt in open revolt and ordered her followers to break into the nunnery at night and forcibly to bear off the abbess. But the abbess, who was suffering from a gouty foot, on hearing the noise of their approach, asked to be carried before the shrine of the Holy Ghost. The rebels rushed in with swords and lances, and mistaking in the dark the prioress for the abbess, carried her off, disheveled and stripped of her cloak. The bishops were afraid to enter Poitiers, and the nuns kept the district terrorized until the king sent troops to reduce them. Only after the soldiers had actually charged them, cutting them down with

sword and spear, was the neighborhood at peace. It was not with these ladies in mind that Wordsworth found the sunset-hour as 'quiet as a nun.'

The women-saints of England are all Anglo-Saxon; after the coming of the Normans there are no more of them. And these early saints were generally ladies of high degree. Hilda, the famous Abbess of Whitby, was grand-niece of Edwin, King of Northumbria. The first religious settlement for women in England was founded by Enswith, daughter of Edbald, King of Kent. This Christian princess was sought in marriage by a heathen King of Northumbria, whom she challenged to prove the power of his gods by inducing them miraculously to lengthen a beam. The suitor failed and withdrew. Enswith herself without difficulty caused a stream to flow up hill. Bede's statement that the ladies of his day were sent to the Continent to be educated is borne out by what we know of Saint Mildred, Abbess of Upminster in Thanet. She was sent as a girl to Chelles, where, among other adventures, she was cast by the abbess into a burning furnace for contumacy, but escaped unhurt. When she returned to England, she stepped from the vessel upon a flat stone which retained the print of her feet. Nay, more, says her chronicler, 'the dust that was scrapen off thence, being drunk, did cure sundry diseases.' A blood-fine being due her from Egbert, King of Kent, she was promised as much land as her deer could run over in one course, and the animal covered ten thousand acres of the best land in Kent.

We obtain a glimpse of the culture of the Anglo-Saxon nun by consulting the correspondence of St. Boniface, the friend of many cloistered ladies. They write to him in fluent Latin on many different subjects: one sends him some hexameter verses, another sends him

fifty gold-pieces and an altar-cloth. One says, 'I prefer thee almost to all others of the masculine sex in affectionate love'; another 'salutes her revered lover in Christ'; yet another says, 'I shall always cling to thy neck with sisterly embraces.' Like other priests in all ages, the good bishop is greatly comforted in times of discouragement by the affection of his feminine admirers. He begs one of them to finish the copy of the Epistles of Peter which she had begun to write for him in letters of gold. He responds to all their philandering with advice and sentiment and little presents. The noble Edburga, abbess of a house in Devonshire which she freely left to reside in Rome, is 'his dearest lady, and in Christ's love to be preferred to all others of the female sex.' Nevertheless he does not approve of continental travel for Anglo-Saxon nuns, and writes to Cuthbert of Canterbury, 'I will not withhold from your holiness that it were a good thing if the synod and your princes forbade women, and those who have taken the veil, to travel and stay abroad as they do. For there are very few districts of Lombardy in which there is not some woman of Anglian origin living a loose life among the Franks and the Gauls. This is a scandal and disgrace to your whole church.'

The composite photograph of the correspondents of Boniface shows a lady as important as a man, as well educated and as economically free as a man, thoroughly understanding the politics of her time and taking a hand in them, standing solidly on her own feet and sweetening existence with the harmless sentimentalism so much used by men. She has contrived that love, if not banished from her life, should be a thing apart, not her whole existence.

The foundation of great abbeys like Thanet and Ely, Whitby and Barking,

was the result of the Anglo-Saxon social organization, which allowed women in some cases to hold real property; just as the existence of the female saint was due to the Teutonic estimate of the personal value of women. After the social ideas of the Normans became dominant, there were in England no more women-saints, and few more abbeys for women were founded. The new settlements for religious women after the Conquest were generally priories, and the prioress was of very inferior importance to the abbess. But though the abbess owed her existence to an earlier social system, she was rather strengthened than weakened by the application to her case of feudal principles. Being always a landlord and sometimes a very great one, she shared the prestige of the landlord class. She was in some cases of such quality as to hold of the king 'by an entire barony.' By right of tenure she had the privilege at one period of being summoned to Parliament. She drew two incomes, spiritualities from the churches in her jurisdiction, and temporalities from her lands. Her manors often lay in several different shires, at a considerable distance from the abbey. It was profanely said that if the Abbot of Glastonbury were to marry the Abbess of Shrewsbury, their heir would own more land than the king. This abbess had in her gift several prebends; in the reign of Henry I she found seven knights for the king's service, and she held her own courts for pleas of debts and the like. The great capacity for business necessary to conduct the affairs of so complex a position seems to have been possessed by the average abbess, for the property of the old houses at the time of the dissolution was in a very flourishing condition.

Among the Saxons on the Continent the aristocratic tone of the convent was fully as marked. Whole families

of royal princesses took the veil, rather gaining the world than losing it by the step. As in England, the abbess was virtually a baron. She was overlord often of an immense property, holding directly from the king. Like a baron, she had the right of ban, she sent her contingent of armed knights into the field, she issued the summons to her own courts, she was summoned to the Reichstag, and in some instances she struck her own coins. The abbess was in close relations with the court and imperial politics. Matilda, Abbess of Quedlinburg, was twice regent for her nephew Otto III, dealt strongly in that capacity with the invading Wends, and summoned a diet on her own authority.

Under the presidency of great ladies of this type, the abbeys everywhere before the twelfth century were centres where the daughters of nobles might live a pleasant life and receive such education as the time afforded. The early nun was not even in form what we commonly think of by that name. She was not always bound by vows, nor distinguished by her habit, nor even required to live in a particular place. Originally she as often as not remained in the world, though dedicated to God. When she was attached to a convent it was difficult to find means to constrain her to stay in it. We have seen how Boniface wrote to Cuthbert on this subject. Eldhelm, in the eighth century, describes thus the dress of the nuns of his time: 'A vest of fine linen of a violet colour is worn, above it a scarlet tunic with a hood, sleeves striped with silk and trimmed with red fur; the locks on the forehead and temples are curled with a crisping-iron, the dark head-veil is given up for white and coloured head-dresses, which, with bows of ribbon sewn on, reach down to the ground; and the nails, like those of a falcon or sparrowhawk, are pared to resemble talons.'

Bede records of the Abbey of Coldingham that 'the virgins who are vowed to God, laying aside all respect for their profession, whenever they have leisure spend all their time in weaving fine garments with which they adorn themselves like brides.' A twelfth-century document shows that at that time in Bavaria, Benedictine nuns went about as freely as monks, and wore no distinctive dress.

The phenomenon of the 'double monastery' formed in early days a deviation from the nunnery as we think of it. From the necessity of having priests at hand to minister spiritually to religious women, it seemed reasonable to make houses for nuns side by side with houses for monks, among whom there were always a certain number in orders. The problem that resulted was one of perpetual difficulty. How were the women to get just what they needed from the men, and no more? Saint Basil in his double monastery in Pontus had already been perplexed by difficult questions. May the head of the monastery (he asks) speak with any virgins other than the head of the sisters? When a sister confesses to a priest, should the mother of the monastery be present?

In Europe the double monastery was very popular; 'a chorus of athletes of God and of chaste virgins,' an early writer rapturously calls it. Architectural remains show us the various shifts different communities were put to, that unity and isolation might be harmonized, as in a hospital devoted to both diphtheria and smallpox. Often there were two churches in the monastery, one for the men and one for the women; but sometimes a common church was split by a wall just high enough to prevent the congregation on one side from having sight of the other. The two sets must not be able to talk with each other, — their voices

might mingle only in 'recitation, song, groans or sighs.' The two houses were often separated by a common cemetery, for in death there is neither male nor female. In Spain it was permitted to certain monks to kiss the hand of certain nuns in greeting, but the occasions for this observance are strictly regulated. By the rule of Saint Fructuosus it is laid down that if a monk fall ill he must not lie in a monastery of nuns, lest his soul grow sick while his body grows well. Monk and nun may not eat together.

An odd form of double monastery was especially common in Spain and England, where a whole family would transform itself into a religious house, father and mother, children and servants, continuing to live together in their old relations with the new ones added. The motive in most cases seems to have been pecuniary: hereditary possessions could in this way be safeguarded by royal charter and the prestige of religion. Sometimes the husband did not himself take the tonsure, but merely had his wife made an 'abbess.'

In many of the double monasteries an abbess was at the head of all, both men and women. It was not unnatural that she should now and then try to exceed the limits set by the Church to the services of women. Sometimes she heard confession, and occasionally she excommunicated. Sometimes she was 'weighed down with anxiety for the account she will have to give at the day of judgment for her government of a cloister containing men and women of various ages.' All the early nunneries in England of which we have any evidence on the point were of this type, and without exception the whole establishment was ruled over by a woman. The most famous example is of course Hilda of Whitby, great lady, administrator, theologian, educator, and saint. We know very little of the personal

character of these women; the records are confined, for the most part, to their important acts of policy, their correspondence with princes and bishops, and the miracles they wrought. Every mention of them, however, carries an intimation of the aristocratic character of the profession. When the monk became an object of contempt at court, the nun was still in fashion. Her social position kept pace with that of the secular clergy rather than with that of her brother regulars. Her schools were for the daughters of gentleness; to have been bred in a convent was a mark of caste.

The coign of vantage from which the nunnery was able to despise the world was, however, not merely that of aristocratic association. A religious house was generally the home of order and regularity in a world of confusion, and a point of light in a twilight age. If St. Benedict had done nothing more than establish the eight daily canonical hours, he would have been a benefactor of Europe. The great moral value of regular hours is everywhere admitted to-day, and is built upon in the army, in the 'rest-cure,' in ships at sea, as well as in private life. When the prodigal determines to turn over a new leaf, he is pretty sure to have his watch regulated as one of the preliminary steps. The great superiority in social organization among men as compared with women is reflected in the fact that their watches are more apt to be right. The monastery has from the first, with a sure instinct of self-preservation, clung to the observance of the hours as the core of its life; and the rest broken by matins, lauds, and prime, has been made good by the mental repose secured through the twenty-four hours by accurate and minute division of time and frequent change of occupation.

On the productive side, the nun of the centuries before the twelfth is popu-

larly best known by her artistic weaving and needlework. Scanty as are the remains of her art, they bear out to the full the praise lavished upon it by the old writers. In early times the blind walls of the basilica offered space for large hangings; when Gothic architecture removed the motive for these, the nuns concentrated upon vestments and the furniture of the altar. The famous cope of Sion, probably the handiwork of nuns, shows the excellence in design as well as in execution of early English work. Sometimes sentiment would allow an abbess to prepare a winding-sheet for a friendly abbot during his lifetime. So little do the fundamental ideas of men concerning life and death vary from age to age and from land to land, that Penelope of Ithaca expressed her respect for her husband's father by the weaving of the famous web that was to be his shroud, precisely as an abbess of Repton wrought a winding-sheet for St. Guthlac, and an abbess of Whitby prepared one for Cuthbert of Lindisfarne. Nor did the good ladies always confine their work to pious aims. One of the charges of the rebellious Chrodiel against the Abbess of Poitiers was that she made a robe for her niece out of part of an altar-cloth. A Council of the eighth century decides that 'time shall be devoted more to reading books and chanting psalms than to weaving and decorating clothes with various colours in unprofitable richness.'

But it would be a mistake to suppose that the life of the cloistered lady was divided between devotion and needlework. As far as the records go, they show that she was free to try her hand at almost anything. Many a famous scribe developed in the nunnery, scholar and artist in one. Emo, abbot of a double Premonstrant house, not only encouraged his clerks to write, acting as their instructor, 'but taking

account of the diligence of the female sex' he set women who were clever at writing to the assiduous practice of the art. Famous for centuries were the illuminated transcripts of Diemund of Wessobrunn and of Leukardis of Malersdorf.

When the Germans bombarded Strasburg in 1870 they destroyed (among other things) the manuscript and the only complete copy of the *Garden of Delights*, the *magnum opus* of Herrad, Abbess of Hohenburg. Fortunately, transcripts or copies of parts of it survive and have been piously collected, giving us a very vivid little picture of social life in the twelfth century. Herrad's nuns, according to her own pictures of them, wore clothes differing but little from those of world's women. The only uniform article of dress was a white turban, over which the veil was thrown, but the veil itself might be red or purple, while the dress was also various in color and apparently subject to the wearer's taste. Herrad's great work was written for the instruction of her nuns, and covers the history of the world, based on the Bible narrative. She digresses frequently into questions of philosophy, ethics, and profane learning. In discussing the decay of faith in connection with the Tower of Babel, she introduces a very respectful graphic presentation of the Seven Liberal Arts. Personified as women in twelfth-century dress, they are ranged around Philosophy, Socrates, and Plato, and there is nothing to warn the nuns against their charms unless it be the head of a howling dog carried by Dialectic.

The interest taken in the nunnery in natural science may be seen by reference to the encyclopædic *Physics* of Hildegard, Abbess of Rupertsberg, a complete *materia medica* of the middle age. Hildegard describes a large number of plants, animal and chemical substances, closing each description with

a statement of the object's therapeutic qualities. We cannot say that her conclusions are always based on direct observation, for she has as much to say about the unicorn as about the pig. But she holds the sound conviction that 'devils' can be eliminated from the system by water-drinking, and displays in general so much common sense that it is clear her reputation for wonderful cures rested on a basis of scientific treatment. The care of the sick was always one of the duties of a religious house, where a light diet, regular hours, and a generally pure water-supply furnished better sanitary conditions than were always attainable in the world. Books such as those of Herrad and Hildegard presuppose a tradition of scientific interest, and the coöperation of intelligent pupils, as well as the stimulus of an appreciative public. A good deal of the work in each was probably done, as we should say to-day, in the seminar; and it is fair to infer from them a widespread intellectual interest and freedom among the pupils in the cloister.

Gerberg, Abbess of Gandersheim and daughter of the Duke Lindolf, the progenitor of the royal house of Saxony, was an excellent scholar and encouraged among her nuns the studies she had herself followed under the guidance of learned men. In the scholarly atmosphere of her abbey in the tenth century, the nun Hrotsvith produced the works which make her name memorable, not only among women but in the general history of literature. Her metrical legends and history of her own time have merits of their own, but they can be paralleled among the writings of other authors of the period. Her unique value is as a writer of Latin drama. From the close of classic times to the crude beginnings of the miracle-play, we know of no dramatic composition in Europe save the seven plays of

Hrotsvith. The first of the humanists, she has left us a full account of her admiration for classical literature, and her determination to make its glories serviceable to the pure in heart. After praising enthusiastically the work of Terence, she says, 'I have not hesitated to take this poet's style as a model, and while others honour him by perusing his dramas, I have attempted, in the very way in which he treats of unchaste love among evil women, to celebrate according to my ability the praiseworthy chasteness of godlike maidens. In doing so, I have often hesitated with a blush on my cheeks, because the nature of the work obliged me to concentrate my attention on the wicked passion of illicit love and on the tempting talk of the amorous, against which we at other times close our ears.'

Blush or no blush, this cloistered lady succeeded, like the chaste Richardson eight hundred years later, in causing virtue to undergo adventures of the interesting character that Terence and Fielding supposed to be reserved for vice. She anticipates Anatole France in treating the redemption of Thais by Paphnutius; Christian maidens repulse pagan lovers; the tragedy of martyrdom and the most realistic comedy relieve each other. Three virgins persecuted by Diocletian attract the eye of their gaoler; with the prospect of speedy death before them, they laugh with all their hearts at the spell put upon him, whereby he mistakes the kitchen for their chamber and fondles in his madness the pots and pans. Very thoroughly, and with the wide sweep that we are wont to call virile, did this lady deal with life and letters. Not her cloister, but the polite world of her time, was her public. As evidence of her continued prestige it is interesting to note that four hundred years after her death the Rhenish Celtic Society printed an edition of her dramas, and

secured copyright by taking out what is believed to be the first 'privilege' issued by the Imperial Council.

II

The many influences that worked together to change men's views of life during the later middle ages were all reflected in the career of the lady abbess. Feudalism had seen her become a baron, strong individually and with the strength of her class. At times when intellectual interests prevailed, her leisure and resources had enabled her to take a manful part in the literary production and in the queer scientific investigation of her age. Her artistic achievements were, within their range, of a high order. But in her breast, as well as in the hard old social framework that supported her, solvents were at work. Considering under three of its aspects a force which had many more, we may say roughly that these solvents were: in religion, the rediscovery of Christianity which resulted in the foundation of the mendicant orders; in social philosophy, the recognition of the submerged; and in literature, mysticism and romance. All these ideas, which were destined to give a wonderful new value to life, were welcomed and furthered by the lady abbess, who could not foresee that her decadence was to be one of their by-products.

The profane love against which Her-rad's virgins and martyrs fought was of the simple old pagan type. No emotional element was present in the heroine's breast to bring these dramas over into the class of the problem-play. But a very different conception of the love of men and women, one of the most profound psychological changes of the middle age, had become the motive of a graceful literature. When every lady in the world had her love-song, it

must not be supposed that the abbess would be without one. The mysticism of chivalry used the same vocabulary as the mysticism of religion. The knight's service to his lady, long, patient, and (theoretically) not too clamorous for reward, was a type of the impassioned service of monk or nun. A 'maid of Christ' asked Thomas de Hales to write her a song, and received the 'Love Rune,' which, with its lively lilt and gentle gayety, remains one of the glories of Middle-English literature. Its drift can be gathered from an artless translation of two or three stanzas:

The love of man lasts but an hour,
Now he loveth, now is he sad;
Now will he smile, now will he glow'r;
Now is he wroth, now is he glad.
His love is here, and now 't is yonder;
He loves till he hath had his will.
To trust him does not make him fonder;
Who trusts him is a zany still.

Where are Paris and Heleyne
That were so fair and bright of bloom?
Vanished are those lovers twain
With Dido out into the gloom.
Hector of the strong right hand
And Caesar, lord of words enow,
Have perished from out the land
As speeds the arrow from the bow.

But the Lord Christ is introduced as the most desirable of lovers: —

Here is the richest man in land,
As wide as men speak with the mouth.
All are vassals of his hand,
East and west and north and south.
Henry king of all England
Holds of him and bends the knee.
Maiden, this lord sends command
He would fain be known to thee.

The *Ancren Riwe*, or Rule for Recluses, describes in courtly allegory the wooing of a maiden by the Lord of Heaven: 'There was a lady who was besieged by her foes within an earthly castle, and her land was all destroyed and herself quite poor. The love of a powerful king was, however, fixed upon her with such boundless affection that to solicit her love he sent his messen-

gers one after the other, and often many together, and sent her trinkets both many and fair, and supplies of victuals, and help of his high retinue to hold her castle. She received them all as a careless creature with so hard heart that he could never get nearer to her love. What wouldst thou more? He came himself at last and showed her his fair face, since he was of all men the fairest to behold, and spoke so sweetly and with such gentle words that they might have raised the dead from death to life. And he wrought many wonders and did many wondrous deeds before her eyes, and showed her his power and told her of his kingdom, and offered to make her queen of all that he owned. But all availed him naught. Was not this surprising mockery? For she was not worthy to have been his servant. But owing to his goodness, love so mastered him that he said at last: "Lady, thou art attacked, and thy enemies are so strong that thou canst not without my help escape their hands that thou mayest not be put to a shameful death. I am prompted by love of thee to undertake this fight, and rid thee of those that seek thy death. I know well that I shall receive a mortal wound, but I will do it gladly to win thy heart. Now I beseech thee for the love I bear thee that thou love me at least after my death, since thou wouldst not in my lifetime." Thus did the king. He freed her of her enemies and was himself wounded and slain in the end. Through a miracle he arose from death to life. Would not that same lady be of an evil kind if she did not love him above all things after this?'

The literary nuns of the Abbey of Helfta were themselves minnesingers. Spiritual love in all its aspects was their theme. Ecstasy expressed itself in strains as strongly figurative as the Song of Solomon. Transforming love made the cloister-life to glow. Visions

became common among inspired nuns. Purity itself was impassioned. By the laws of chivalry, the knight's love for his lady was expressed in courtesy and kindness toward all the world. In the cloister also, devotion to the great lover expressed itself in tenderness for men.

The great monastic expansion of the twelfth century took a long step toward democracy in the cloister. The problem of the unattached woman of the lower class had become a menace to society. The great orders of Fontevraud and Prémontré, as well as many less famous, were organized in the interest of the helpless of all classes, and particularly of the lost woman. Of Fontevraud we are told that 'the poor were received, the feeble were not refused, nor women of evil life, nor sinners, neither lepers nor the helpless.' Thousands of women entered these orders. From a bull of 1344 it is to be inferred that there were at that time about four hundred settlements of Premonstrant nuns. All the women in these settlements were professed, and their lives were spent in constant labor, which ultimately brought worldly as well as moral profit. These orders spread rapidly and widely. They were in harmony with the general tendency of the age, both ideally and practically; for while they gave ease to the rising social conscience of the upper classes, they also helped the growth of skilled labor and trade organization among the lower.

We can best realize the contrast between the old nunnery and the new by noting two specific cases in England. In the middle of the twelfth century Mary of Blois, daughter of King Stephen, was abbess of the ancient foundation of Romsey, associated with many other royal and noble ladies. Upon the death of her brother William she became heiress of the County of Boulogne. Henry II thereupon over-

rode her vows, brought her from the cloister, and married her to Matthew, son of the Count of Flanders, who thus became Count of Boulogne. Mary's sister Matilda had a somewhat similar experience, and her convent breeding left her with a taste for letters and the ability to correspond in Latin with learned men. At the very time that these great ladies were exemplifying in Wessex the solidarity of interest between court and cloister, Gilbert of Sempringham was creating from humble beginnings his great settlements for the higher life, and his dwellings for the poor and the infirm, for lepers and for orphans. Gilbert was the son of a Norman baron by an English woman of low degree. He was educated in France and studied the great orders of the continent, with the result that when his growing foundation came to need a rule, he gave it one of wide eclecticism to meet the needs of canons and nuns, lay-brothers and lay-sisters. The simple life was to be lived at Sempringham, and to this art and letters seemed to be inimical. The rule declared pictures and sculpture superfluous, and forbade the use of the Latin tongue unless under special circumstances. A prior ruled the men, three prioresses the women, who were twice as numerous. The women performed the domestic work for the whole body, handing the men's meals through a hole in the wall with a turn-table.

But the humanitarianism that inspired Gilbert reached Matilda too, in spite of her classical education. A famous anecdote describes her girt with a towel and washing the feet of lepers. Her hospital of St. Giles in the East was for long the most important institution of its kind in England. 'Leprosy' was in the middle ages a summary term for many forms of disfiguring skin-disease. Fear of contagion was a comparatively recent motive for its isolation, which

originated in its loathsomeness to the eye. The care of the leper became a typical good work. His miserable lot as an outcast formed a special appeal to the new tenderness of heart, while his repulsiveness made his tendance an instrument for the new effort to be like Christ. Great ladies everywhere, generally convent-bred, renounced place and pleasure to serve the sick and the poor. Virchow remarks that the great family of the Counts of Andechs and Meran, famous for its philanthropy, practically extinguished itself by devotion. Its men joined the crusades or the church, its women entered the cloister, and after a few generations this powerful and widespread family perished of its virtues.

The mendicant orders, which realized what Plato had maintained, that he who is to serve society must have nothing of his own, held up an ideal absolutely at variance with the vested interests which the abbess had so ably administered. Side by side with the feudal strongholds of the church, the Poor Clares built their huts, bearing toward them somewhat the relation that the Salvation Army bears to a charitable millionaire. The Poor Clares had no time for culture and the arts. Love for God and man and the passion for service carried into the vow of poverty thousands of women from every class. Asceticism and silence were opposed as methods to comfort and scholarship. The ultimate deterioration of the mendicants did not come until they had induced the general change of ideas that was to be responsible for the Protestant Reformation.

The decay of the aristocratic monastery was doubtless a step in advance in the history of men, but it was a calamity for the lady, who was reduced to the old dilemma of the home or outlawry. Luther had a thoroughly Mohammedan notion of woman's status, — only as a wife and mother had she a right to exist. Her education became a matter of no importance, and virtually ceased. Even Fuller, the worthy seventeenth-century divine, who cannot be accused of a bias in favor of convents, said: 'They were good she schools wherein the girls and maids of the neighborhood were taught to read and work; and sometimes a little Latin was taught them therein. Yea, give me leave to say, if such feminine foundations had still continued, provided no vow were obtruded upon them, (virginity is least kept where it is most constrained,) haply the weaker sex, besides the avoiding modern inconveniences, might be heightened to a higher perfection than hitherto hath been attained.'

Without accepting Fuller's epigram, we may admit that the ideal of virginity was not always attained in the cloister; neither is justice always attained on the bench, nor valor in the army. Many a prioress besides Chaucer's may have had for her motto, 'Amor vincit omnia.' But the very persistence of the system would be strong evidence, if we had no other, that on the whole the cloister had the esteem of its contemporaries, and that the women who gave it tone were in general true to their calling, and made wholeheartedly the sacrifice in return for which they received freedom.

CONTEMPORARY OPINIONS OF THACKERAY

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

FOR a man who has so signally 'retained after death the art of making friends,' Thackeray was viewed in his own day through a queer variety of spectacles. His character, upbringing, associates, opinions, and way of life, were all severely called in question. He was, I think, the most scolded of literary men; and especially was he scolded for the want (or concealment) of that heart which to us he seems to wear so conspicuously pinned to his sleeve. Looking now at that indulgent, uncle-like, and open-hearted countenance, with the benign spectacles and broken nose (resembling a child's), it is hard for us to understand the shuddering admiration, 'unmixed with love,' of those who read *Vanity Fair* in numbers, and who agreed with the London *Times* about the misanthropic character of 'The Kickleburys on the Rhine.'

FitzGerald might regard him with affection, even familiarity; but Carlyle and Charlotte Brontë thought him rather fierce and wild, with a good deal of the lion in his composition, and perhaps a little of the wolf. E. P. Whipple declared that he looked at life 'with a skeptical eye, sharpened by a wearied heart.' No wonder, then, if he found himself 'honestly forced to inculcate the dreadful doctrine that life does not pay.' 'His bearing was cold and uninviting, his style of conversation either openly cynical or affectedly good-natured . . . his *bonhomie* was forced, his wit biting.' This unflattering picture was drawn, to be sure, by the malicious pen of Edmund Yates; but it

is supported in part by the reluctant descriptions of admirers of his genius. Most preposterous of all, he was said to 'spend a good deal of his time on stilts,' and to prove 'a disagreeable companion to those who did not care to boast that they knew him.'

These curious comments on the behavior of a particularly unaffected gentleman can best be explained, perhaps, by the hypothesis that Thackeray was occasionally the prey of a perverse humor, and indulged at times that Comic Spirit which was not then the presiding genius of drawing-rooms. Perhaps he sometimes replied to some unimpeachable sentiment in the grotesque vein his drawings so richly illustrate. At any rate, he was thoroughly lectured by all hands. 'His sentiment,' says the *Westminster Review* reproachfully, 'was seldom indulged.' His pathos 'leaves the eye unmoistened.' His was 'a cheerless creed, and false as cheerless.' No woman, continues this censor, would care to read *Titmarsh* and *Yellowplush*. It is true, 'the salutary influence of Dickens' has relieved the savage sharpness of his pen in later works; but still, 'from false taste, or a deeper infirmity, he gives prominence to blots, defects,' etc., and (worst of all) sees 'a comic aspect in wickedness.'

Ladies in particular averted their ringlets and drew aside their crinolines from contact with the cannibal. The Westminster reviewer was right: their ticklish sensibilities could ill endure

That hideous sight, a naked human heart.

So great a 'moral disgust' did Harriet Martineau feel as she perused the early numbers of *Vanity Fair*, that she soon banished it from her shelves, and never (let us hope!) enjoyed the immortal description of Amelia folding the red sash before the battle of Waterloo. She sternly rebuked Thackeray for 'his frittered life, and his obedience to the call of the great.' He never could have known, she asserted, a good or sensible woman. Miss Mitford found him 'all cynicism, with an affectation of fashionable experience.' 'I have no affinities,' majestically declared Catherine Sedgwick, 'with this sagacity — no great admiration for this detective . . . detecting poison.' Mrs. Jameson undertook to speak for her whole sex. 'Every woman resents,' said she, 'the selfish inanity of Amelia. And then Lady Castlewood! Oh, Mr. Thackeray, this will never do!' Even the great Charlotte, with her freedom from drawing-room judgments, felt a grievance against Lady Castlewood, and indignantly resented the episode of the keyhole. 'As usual,' said she, 'he is unjust to women, quite unjust.' She, who had called him an eagle, a captain of reformers and regenerators of society; who had likened his sarcasm to Greek fire, and his denunciation to 'the levin branch,' found that in him, as well, which 'stirred her both to sorrow and to anger — his mocking tongue.'

Mrs. Ritchie, in one of her biographical introductions to her father's works, describes a little tour through Devonshire, on which she accompanied him in 1856. At Exeter they called upon one Madam Fribsby, 'a delightful old creature,' who entertained the warmest personal regard for Thackeray, but wasted no thought upon his pretensions as a novelist. 'All her enthusiasm was already bespoken. She reproached him with not having formed his style

upon a different model, upon that of the greatest writer in the English language' — in short, upon Richardson's. 'Where, where can you show me books,' demanded Madam Fribsby, 'that compare with *Sir Charles Grandison*?'

Graver critics than the Exeter lady drew invidious comparisons between the heroines of Thackeray and those of Richardson. In the summer of 1859 *Fraser's Magazine* contained a serious estimate of English literature to date; in which, after beholding Scott bracketed with G. P. R. James, and both gently escorted along the road to probable oblivion, we are told that neither Dickens nor Thackeray really wrote novels! Their works were 'pseudo-novels,' or 'serial stories,' — 'not constructed on the principles of that art, wholly unknown to the ancients, which may be called the narrative-dramatic. . . . Mr. Thackeray's chief implement is the exposure of the littlenesses, meannesses, and vulgarities of his fellow-creatures.' These 'he renders with a forty-Pre-Raphaelite power, and anatomizes with a merciless delight. . . . To do this thoroughly, as Mr. Thackeray does it, is given to few'; but the reviewer thinks it rather a revolting task; and 'there is a good deal less love than admiration in our feeling toward the man who does it well.'

The fact is that this reviewer's enthusiasm, like that of Madam Fribsby, is 'all bespoken.' He too is infatuated with the Byrons and Grandisons. There is not, in his opinion, 'a tale in any language worthy to be put on the same shelf with *Clarissa Harlowe*.' 'The consummate art with which the characters are grouped, and the simple and masterly grandeur of their separate treatment' mark the work of 'an unrivalled genius.' As for *Clarissa* herself, 'perhaps even Shakespeare never drew a heroine more exquisite. A modesty so majestic . . . a girlish vivacity and

playfulness so indomitable . . . a smile so heavenly,' etc. — 'Where,' he well asks, 'where, *on paper*, shall we look upon her like again?'

What wonder that Amelia and Rebecca, making their bows to a public signed and sealed with the image of Clarissa, should fare ill at the hands of astonished reviewers? Nobody wanted a heroine to be lifelike; what was required was an 'exquisite' creature. *Vanity Fair* appeared in 1846-48. E. P. Whipple at once pronounced it, though touching on 'topics worn threadbare' and full of 'commonplace characters,' still, '*on the whole*' a clever and interesting book. But few critics were content thus to damn it with faint praise. Explosions of angry dissent greeted the portraits of Captain Dobbin and Amelia. We had been to the photographer's, and were not at all pleased with the proofs. Captain Dobbin was 'so ungainly as to be almost objectionable' to the *Westminster Review*, and Amelia was so weak that she quite 'wore out its patience.' The *Edinburgh Review* declined 'to worship such a poor idol of female excellence.' A deeper note of wrath was sounded in a great religious periodical. 'Woe to him who parts from his faith in mankind, and leaves us to conclude that nothing is real but folly and perfidy!'

The hisses which greeted Amelia and the captain on their first appearance had scarcely died away when they were echoed again by Taine, a quarter of a century later; and so late as 1895 Mr. Saintsbury declaimed, in true early-Victorian style, against the 'namby-pambyness' of the one, and the 'chuckle-headed goodness' of the other. To be sure, the *North British Review* took up the cudgels for Thackeray, pertinently inquiring 'why we call ourselves miserable sinners on Sunday, if we are to abuse Mr. Thackeray on weekdays for making us out something

less than saints?' American critics, too, were generally more discerning. Lowell compared each of Thackeray's novels to 'a Dionysius ear, through which we hear the world talking.' Emerson with a sigh remarked, 'We must renounce ideals and accept London.' It was Mr. Stoddard who paid the finest compliment. 'Thackeray could not have written *Vanity Fair*,' 'unless Eden had been shining brightly before his eyes.'

The sentiment, 'somewhat slack and low-pitched,' and 'shallower than that of Dickens,' which had seemed to impatient readers so parsimoniously doled out in *Vanity Fair*, was a little more forthcoming, all agreed, in *The Newcomes* and *Pendennis*. Tennyson told FitzGerald that he liked the latter much; it was 'so mature.' E. P. Whipple, on the contrary, was 'depressed' by it; besides, it 'wanted unity and purpose.' Laura Pendennis was 'dull'; there was indeed 'a feeble amiability about all his best characters.' The *Chronicle* accused *Pendennis* of fostering a baneful prejudice against literary men. The author was said to be playing to popularity in thus belittling and ridiculing his confrères. Again the *North British Review* ventured to defend him. But Thackeray conducted his own defense very ably by saying that he only meant to inculcate the maxim that literary men should love their families and pay their tradesmen. 'I have seen,' he added, 'the bookseller whom Bludye robbed of his books.'

Surely the pleasantest comment ever passed on *Pendennis* was the anecdote told Thackeray by Dr. Kane: that in the Arctic seas he found a seaman crouched in the hold reading for hours; 'and behold, the book was *Pendennis*.' There is indeed something beguiling and engaging about Pen far above his cousin Clive. I once knew two young Southern ladies who habitually referred to 'Pen' as to a relation or old

family friend; and indeed I believe he was as much a member of their family as Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn are of ours.

Was it *Pendennis*, or *The Newcomes*, one wonders, which so 'cruelly' reminded Taine of 'Miss Edgeworth and Canon Schmidt'? The ever-entertaining Frenchman seems to have proved immune, at any rate, to the charms of Colonel Newcome, and could find nothing new in his heart after meeting that endeared gentleman. He found 'similar things in books with gilt edges, given as Christmas presents to children.' One might almost question, after reading this delicate sarcasm, whether M. Taine had ever been a child himself, and indeed whether he was accustomed to keep Christmas at any age.

Almost every one, however, had a good word and a soft heart for *Esmond* when it came out, 'looking,' as the author confessed, 'very stately and handsome in print.' Miss Martineau ceased scolding long enough to say that it was 'the book of the century.' Charlotte Brontë, having read the first volume, pronounced it (if Thackeray reported her correctly) 'admirable and odious.' Her own letters give substantially the same opinion. Mr. George Smith, the publisher, 'looking a mere boy,' came to Thackeray with a liberal check for *Esmond* before it was finished. Even M. Taine, who could resist Colonel Newcome, managed to take a fancy to Colonel Esmond, and excused the 'puerile details' of Thackeray's descriptions because he was 'listening to the old Colonel,' and could forget the author. The *Westminster Review*, to be sure, went on record as saying that the attempt to revivify Queen Anne's time was not altogether successful, and took Thackeray severely to task for making the Duke of Hamilton propose to Beatrix while (historically) he had

a wife. Such strictures were very bearable, however well Thackeray must have known in his own heart that he had completely and gloriously succeeded in recalling Queen Anne's time unto all generations. But when this reviewer goes on to seek, and to think he finds, Esmond's prototype in William Dobbin, and that of Beatrix in *Blanche Amory*, will the judicious laugh or weep? The critic, however, mingles honey with his gall. *Esmond* may not be 'very successful,' but it is to Thackeray's other works what the *Bride of Lammermoor* is to all the rest of Scott's; the inference being, that both are black swans.

Thackeray's own opinion of Esmond was variable. 'Bore as he is,' he once said, 'I believe he will do me credit'; thus half humorously subscribing to Mr. Howells's subsequent opinion, that 'H. Esmond is an intolerable prig.' *The Virginians* he seemed to regard in much the same light. It was, he said, 'devilish dull.' But he had at the same time a fascinating plan in his mind, to lay a novel in the times of Henry the Fifth, peopled with the ancestors of the Warringtons, Pendennis, etc. 'It would be a most magnificent performance,' he declared, 'and nobody would read it.'

I find in contemporary opinions of Thackeray little or no comment on his style. Was it too transparent, too perfect and easy a fit for his thoughts, to be noticed? — or were readers too exasperated with Amelias and Lauras, — too occupied in resenting the idea that good and kind people are not always graceful and clever, — in a word, too vexed with the subject of the portrait, to notice the painting? The unparalleled ease with which Thackeray wrote certainly called no attention to itself. Like a piano in tune, or a body in health, its harmony might be taken for granted. When the plot mounted, the

style mounted with it; without panting, without hurrying, the language kept abreast of the most heightened situation; and when it sank again, it sank without a flutter. But ease and strength, fitness and mastery, but half describe that colorful, resourceful, incredibly lively and animated style. Mr. Max Beerbohm has been able to describe it. 'He blew upon his pipe, and words came tripping round him, like children, like pretty little children who are perfectly drilled for the dance; or else, did he so will it, treading in their precedence, like kings, gloomily.'

The sole exception to this general neglect of Thackeray's style is in the case of his lectures. A good deal was said, first and last, about his manner, method, and style in these. What reader of Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë* can forget Charlotte's own description of her attendance at one of these lectures while on a visit to her kind publisher in London? Talk of 'Persons one would Wish to have Seen'! Who would not choose (next to a Lincoln-Douglas debate) to have been present at that lecture, and heard Thackeray ask Miss Brontë's opinion of it at the close? Who would not have liked to see the *haut ton* of London, in hoops and beavers, draw themselves up in that audacious double column at the door, through which the little Yorkshire woman was compelled to pass, amid whispers of 'Currer Bell'?

Miss Brontë's opinion of the lectures, when she gave it (for she did not give it to Thackeray, but to her dear friend Ellen in a letter), was a very favorable one. They were to her, aside from the notice she unwillingly drew upon herself, memorable and even agitating experiences. They were among the four most impressive things she saw and heard in London. Compared with her deep and serious impressions, the comments of Motley sound almost

frivolous. He wrote to his wife of Thackeray's 'light-in-hand manner,' 'skimming over the surface of the time.' His appearance, Motley said, was that of 'a colossal infant.' His portraits of the four Georges were received without dudgeon, though thought by our historian to reflect severely upon the institution of kings. 'If he had shown up democracy or Southern chivalry thus before an audience of the free and enlightened, he would have been tarred and feathered on the spot.' Heartily weary though he was of lecturing before his second American tour was finished, Thackeray seemed to lose nothing of his ease and animation on the platform. He spoke as if from personal recollection both of the monarchs and of the humorists, and might almost have called his lectures 'Reminiscences.' Above all, he had the crowning charm of being actually in love with the period he described.

As Americans, we were very fond of Thackeray. We drew, it is to be feared, very pointed comparisons between himself and his predecessor on our platforms — Dickens. It was well known, before Thackeray came, that he did not intend to write a book about us. His letters from America, even when they criticize the dress of New York ladies, are all written in a pleased and friendly tone. 'He felt almost as much at home on Broadway,' says Mrs. Ritchie, 'as on the Brompton pavement.' It was in New York that he made the warmest of his American friends, — the family of the 'Brown House,' the Baxters, his letters to whom were some years ago collected into a volume. Boston, he said, was 'like a rich cathedral town in England — grave and decorous, and very pleasant and well-read.' (This in spite of the fact that 'some of the Boston papers call me a humbug.') Mr. Prescott he found 'delightful,' Mr. Ticknor was 'a great

city magnate and littérateur.' In another letter he speaks of 'jolly, friendly little Savannah.'

Surely in that day of condescending foreigners, no traveler more willing to please and to be pleased ever came to our shores. When the Providence lecture failed, he wrote that 'Nobody must lose money by me in America, where I have had such a welcome and hospitality.' We had, I think, but one grievance against him; and this has dwindled in the distance of years to the proportions of a midge's eyebrow. In an early chapter of *The Newcomes* he had preserved verisimilitude by alluding to the Father of his Country as 'Mr. Washington.' This liberty with our chief hero was for a moment re-

sented by some of us rather warmly. We could not, of course, foresee the noble portrait of Washington which was later to be inserted in *The Virginians*. Let us be glad that it was so, and that, when Thackeray came over, no particular national obligation influenced us in our warm welcome. The success of his visit was, I think, rather a triumph for the little red schoolhouse. American books might not be read in Europe, but Americans had found time, while subduing the wilderness, to read both their own and European books. We knew great novels when we met with them. It was not at New Haven or Cambridge that Thackeray encountered the university magnate who had never heard of *Vanity Fair*. It was at Oxford!

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY THACKERAY¹

BY ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE

Two or three days ago I happened to open a box of old papers which had been put away for many years, and from this wooden receptacle issued a burst of voices, of chords reaching from the past into the present, and sounding perhaps more clearly than when they were first struck. How suddenly and vividly, now and again, one realizes that nothing is past! That which is not over rings upon one's heart as if it came from some grateful certainty of the future. There were letters, reminders, scraps of half a century, and among them a stray page which I had written as a schoolgirl, by my father's desire. It was a page out of one of the lectures on

the English Humorists — one from the lecture on Goldsmith, at the beginning of which my father used to quote Béranger's charming lines, which, as he says, almost describe the genius and the gentle nature of Goldsmith. It was easy to see why this special page had been preserved, for on the margin, beside the rough straggling efforts of the secretary, in my father's well-known delicate writing, is a penciled translation evidently jotted down at the moment; as I came upon it, it seemed like a sudden greeting. My impression is that he never read out the English translation here given, but he must have thought of doing so.

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A CASTAWAY

A castaway on this great earth,
 A sickly child of humble birth
 And homely feature,
 Before me rushed the swift and strong;
 I thought to perish in the throng,
 Poor puny creature.
 Then crying in my loneliness,
 I prayed that Heaven in my distress
 Some aid would bring.
 And pitying my misery,
 My guardian angel said he,
 Sing, poet, sing!
 Since then my grief is not so sharp,
 I know my lot and tune my harp
 And chant my ditty,
 And kindly voices cheer the bard,
 And gentle hearts his song reward
 With love and pity.

Ma vocation

*Jeté sur cette boule,
 Laid, chétif, et souffrant;
 Etouffé dans la foule,
 Faute d'être assez grand;
 Une plainte touchante
 De ma bouche sortit;
 Le bon Dieu me dit: Chante,
 Chante, pauvre petit!*

*Chanter ou je m'abuse
 Est ma tâche ici-bas.
 Tous ceux qu'ainsi j'amuse,
 Ne m'aimeront-ils pas?*

There is a passage in a lately published memoir of Got, the great French actor, which concerns this particular song among the rest.

On July 20, 1845, Got writes as follows:—

'I had not seen the good Béranger [le bon Béranger] since last September,

at the time when I was engaged by the Comédie Française.

'This morning, in beautiful weather, I took my place in the Passy *accélérée* and found myself sitting beside a little old gentleman, who was already established in the far right-hand corner of the omnibus. We were starting, when another gentleman got in and sat down on the opposite seat. The two greeted each other and mutually inquired if they were going to the "Rue Vineuse."

'I then offered my place to the last comer so as to allow the two travelers to talk more conveniently. At the "Barrière des Bonshommes" I got out in order to walk up the hill in advance of the vehicle, and I proceeded straight ahead to pay my visit to Béranger.

'Madame Judith opened the door, and having made inquiries from her, I was at first afraid I might be in the way, and was proposing to withdraw — knowing how much the old master prizes his solitude — when from the door of his room I heard him calling to me to enter. He received me in the most affectionate way. He was sitting in his armchair, and he went on trimming his beard with scissors as was his wont.

"And the verses, mon cher enfant," he said, — "is the muse returning to poetry? When are we to have a new drama from you?"

"It is only too presumptuous of me to try to play other people's dramas — Write myself! — no, never again."

"Nonsense! drunkard's promises" [serment d'ivrogne].

"The confessions of an incapable man, a humble follower of poets — yes, a passionate follower of Molière, of Regnard, of you, dear master. . . . Je suis le ver de terre amoureux des étoiles." . . .

'After a few minutes' more talk two cards were brought in.

"Let them come in," said Béranger, and I rose to take leave; but with a friendly smile he signed to me to remain.

'Then entered my two companions from the *accélérée*, and Béranger warmly shook hands with them.

"I come," said the second, the taller (who was not very tall), "to thank you for the visit you were good enough to pay Madame de Chateaubriand during my absence. On my way I had the good fortune to meet Monsieur de Lamennais." (You may imagine after this I did not budge — only listened with all my ears.)

'Literature, politics, fine arts — they talked of everything for half an hour; also of Messieurs de Balzac, Frédéric Soulié, and Alfred de Musset, and of the decorations which had been lately bestowed upon these gentlemen.

'Chateaubriand asks tentatively, "What do you make of his 'Ode to the Moon,' Monsieur de Béranger?"

'Béranger: "A joke, a quirk."

'Then Chateaubriand goes on to reproach Béranger for some of his own lines and for his leaning towards the Bonapartist party: "You wanted them back when you wrote," he said.

"I! good heavens! I wanted nothing. I have only made songs so that they should be sung in France. It was France, not I, who wanted them back."

Monsieur de Chateaubriand proceeded to attack many other things besides, but they have nothing more to do with my little quotation, which was only intended to lead up to 'Le bon Béranger's' saying, 'J'ai fait des chansons pour être chantées en France' — songs destined to be sung again and again, and recited in France, in Germany, in England, and by my father among the rest, for he loved all that was beautiful and unpretending.

AMERICAN CHARACTERISTICS

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO

AMONG the most characteristic phenomena at the present time, in the United States, are the large gifts made to the public by the very rich. These prominent men seem to wish to share their riches either during their lifetime or after their death. The generosity of the American millionaire has become celebrated throughout Europe, and is considered by the Old World as singular as it is unique. In Europe, where there are many colossal fortunes, one might look in vain for persons who, like Americans, would spend so large a part of their means to further education and culture, to establish charitable institutions, to help the needy, and assist the government in carrying on public works. The very rich, in Europe, usually confine themselves to making bequests either to the poor or to some institution of learning. Indeed, this generosity on the part of Americans has been used as an argument against the higher classes, in certain European quarters, the American example being held up as a reproach.

There are Europeans — and their number is constantly increasing — who think that in Europe as in America the rich should spend of their substance for the public good. But the study of ancient history would modify this opinion. It shows that this generosity of the rich is a phenomenon belonging to a definite period of social evolution, in fact to the moment, in a flourishing and prosperous but young civilization, when the rich assume certain public functions which the State

has not yet had time to inspect, to regulate, and to absorb.

If American millionaires have but few imitators in Europe at the present time, they may find numberless prototypes in the history of ancient Greece and of Rome. In Athens first, as later in the Roman Empire, — to mention only the two most famous countries of the ancient world, — education, charity, and public amusements, as well as public works, the construction of roads, temples, theatres, were in part left by the State to the generosity of the rich, who thus became an indispensable element in the general public welfare.

Among the inscriptions which have come down to us from the Roman world, and are collected in the *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum*, a large number refer to these donations. These are among the most important of the ancient inscriptions, since they help us to understand how extensive and systematic was this public benevolence throughout the Empire.

From Rome to the most distant frontier, in every city, large or small, are found inscriptions which record, often at some length, how a certain citizen gave while living, or at his death bequeathed, a stated sum to the city, either to construct or repair a building, or to distribute grain to the people in time of famine, or for a gift of oil for some festival, or to assure certain periodical public games, or to increase the city funds diminished by overexpenditure or unequal to present needs. Every city had then its millionaires,

its own small Carnegies, or smaller Huntingtons, whose gifts were necessary to the public weal, and to whom monuments were erected, remains of which have come down to us.

The Emperor himself was merely the leader, the most noted and generous of these rich givers, as Andrew Carnegie is to-day in America. Suetonius, for example, tells us of the sums that Augustus spent in his lifetime from his own private fortune for the public good, and in the famous *Monumentum Ancyranum*, the great inscription found in Asia, in which he gives a summary of his life, Augustus himself mentions many public gifts which he made with his own money. More than once he made up the deficit in the budget of the Empire; on one occasion he repaired, at his own expense, the Italian roads which had been recklessly destroyed during the civil wars; on numberless occasions he gave money for public works, to relieve suffering in time of famine, to promote public amusements, and for every form of benevolence customary at the time. These donations always came from his private fortune which he was free to use as he pleased, just as a rich American banker or manufacturer may to-day. These conspicuous gifts were, indeed, one of the means by which the imperial authority gradually established itself firmly over the Roman government, becoming the source of so much gratitude, interest, and hope, that it finally succeeded in acquiring a preëminent position in the state. But if the Emperor was the best-known and most generous of public benefactors, he was not alone. The great men of the Empire strove each to be first in following his example, and some were so lavish in their giving that they might truly be called the Morgans or Rockefellers of antiquity.

Among the best-known benefactors of

the Empire was Atticus Herodes, a very rich Athenian of the second century of our era. The origin of his fortune is unknown; he probably belonged to one of those provincial families which accumulated immense fortunes during the first century of our era, which was one of rapid acquisitions. This Atticus devoted himself to learning, and became what was then called a rhetorician, a term corresponding nearly to what we now call a professor of literature; and, as one of the richest and most learned men of the Empire, he was a great friend of Antoninus Pius and of Marcus Aurelius. But more than for his learning and good taste is he famed in the social history of the Roman world for the profusion of his gifts in all parts of the Empire. In Athens he restored the ancient edifices and constructed new ones, and to other cities of Greece he gave theatres, aqueducts, temples, and stadia. Traces of this generosity are easily found in architectural remains, in inscriptions, and in references by writers; just as the name of an American millionaire may be on hundreds of buildings in all parts of America.

Among the largest and most beautiful buildings in Rome are those which were given to the people by prominent citizens. The wonderful Pantheon in the heart of the city was built at his own expense by Agrippa, the friend of Augustus, and is thus as much due to the personal munificence of one man as Carnegie Hall in New York City. And Agrippa was inspired by the same civic zeal which has inspired Carnegie. The one structure and the other, from the point of view of the period in which they were built, embody the same idea, the desire of a wealthy citizen to have the whole people share with him the advantage of his wealth.

Ever since my earliest investigations in Roman history, my attention

has naturally been attracted to this social condition in which the rich, by their liberality, take it upon themselves to shoulder a portion at least of the public burden; but I was never able to comprehend the system until after my visit to America, where I saw colleges and school buildings erected, hospitals founded and supported, museums and universities endowed, and other institutions assisted, by wealthy men. In Europe, where the State absorbs these functions almost entirely, guarding them jealously, and almost excluding any intervention of private individuals, it is much more difficult to comprehend a social condition in which this private generosity is at once possible and necessary; much more difficult to grasp its advantages and disadvantages, and the ways and means for explaining it.

The truth is that the lavish giving of the rich is but a single aspect of a noticeable phenomenon in which America is nearer the ancient world than Europe is; a second is her minimizing of the bureaucratic side of public life. In the ancient world a bureaucracy which even distantly resembled the constitution of present-day Europe could be found only in some of those Græco-Asiatic monarchies founded by Alexander in the last period of Greek supremacy. In the most brilliant days of Greek and Roman history, on the other hand, we find states in which all public functions, even the executive, are elective; and in which, therefore, all the organs of the State are periodically changed by the electoral body. The necessity for professional differentiation and the technical preparation for certain executive functions was so little regarded, that even military commanders and magistrates were appointed by popular vote. One cannot indeed imagine a social constitution more at variance with that of Europe to-day,

where all executive functions are in the hands of a specially trained and carefully graded bureaucracy dependent upon the State, and over which the people have but slight control. In Europe one becomes a general or a judge because he has studied the art of war or jurisprudence in schools designed for that purpose, and not because a majority of the electors think best to bestow the office upon some person who has pleased them more than another.

It is this very difference that creates one of the greatest obstacles to the understanding of the ancient world by European historians. I believe, for instance, that herein lies one of the weakest points in Mommsen's history. Accustomed to the working of a bureaucratic government, it is difficult for European historians to comprehend the administration of states in which officials are changed periodically, and in which professional distinctions do not exist; they are prone to conceive of the ancient state after the model of the modern European state, and to attribute to it the same virtues and the same defects. They are unable to understand it, and so represent both its weakness and its strength in a false light.

This difficulty is not so great for an American, especially for a citizen of the United States. It is true that the principle of professional specialization is much more highly developed in American society than it was in ancient society. Modern civilization is far too complex to admit of applying the elective principle indiscriminately to all public offices. What reasonable being would consent to-day, even under the purest form of democracy, to elect an admiral by universal suffrage? Nevertheless there are states of the Union in which many public offices, such as the judiciary and the police commissionships, — filled in Europe by com-

petitive examinations,—are elective. Thus again we find a likeness in American conditions to those in ancient society.

This is why a citizen of New York can more easily comprehend certain aspects of the life in ancient Rome or Athens than a citizen of London or of Paris can, particularly as regards the rapid recurrence of elections which involve many interests. In Europe it is difficult to imagine what the election of magistrates really was in ancient Rome, since to-day the election of public bodies, municipal or parliamentary, in no way corresponds to the ancient forms; it is only consultative or legislative bodies which are now elected; the executive power is but indirectly affected, since it is vested in a bureaucracy whose members may not be changed from one day to another. As a result, public interest, except under very extraordinary circumstances, is only lukewarm. In America, on the other hand, there happens what happened in the ancient world: elections are habitually important, and even the chief executive, whose acts involve such varied and important interests, is often changed.

In many legal details, likewise, I have found ancient Rome reappearing in the United States: for example, in the power possessed by magistrates. In the eyes of Europeans the right of the American judge to issue injunctions seems most blameworthy, and contrary to the spirit of the times. To Europeans, used to the judicial administration of a strictly bureaucratic state in which the bureaucracy is permanent, and, while subject to no control or oversight, cannot act outside the strict limitations of the law, this discretionary power of the American magistrate seems an instrument of intolerable tyranny. A very intelligent European who had lived for a long time in the

United States, but who had nevertheless preserved his European point of view, said to me one day, 'In this country there is a tyranny far exceeding that of any European tyranny; it is the tyranny of the judicial power.'

A historian of the ancient world is better able to comprehend this apparent contradiction. The injunction is nothing more nor less than the *edictum* of the Roman magistrate, the power which he possessed, in common with the American judge, to issue such orders to the citizens as he deemed necessary for the protection of justice and the rights of the public,—orders which were obligatory upon the citizens, even if not based on any written law.

In those countries in which the elective principle, when applied to public offices, tends to weaken the action of the State, the magistrates should remain unhampered by the limitations of the law, especially in extreme cases. Under such circumstances the magistrate is, to a certain extent, looked upon as the personification of the law and of the State, and in an emergency, when the highest interests of the citizens are involved, he supplements the law where it may be insufficient. Such was the conception of offices and public officials held by the Romans, a conception which has altogether disappeared in the bureaucratic states of Europe, where the official is merely a faithful servant who administers the law according to the letter.

A remnant of the Roman idea is found in America, although in a modified form, where the members of all those committees upon whom the electoral body has conferred power for a limited period have, in the exercise of this power, a liberty of action which to many Europeans would seem almost autocratic. This I believe to be one of the reasons why it is on the one hand very difficult for Europeans to under-

stand the ancient world, and on the other too easy for them to misunderstand American institutions, and to apply to them arbitrarily those conceptions of liberty and democracy which we consider as the proper criteria for judging states. As there are European jurists who have asserted that the ancients never knew the real meaning of liberty even in the most democratic republics, so there are those who maintain that the constitutional governments of Europe represent a higher degree of liberty than the arbi-

trary republics of America. These opinions show that once more in its general outline the political constitution of the American republics more nearly resembles that of the ancients than do the constitutions of the European states of to-day.

A thorough study of ancient history is an excellent preparation for entering speedily into the spirit of American institutions; and conversely, living in America, or at least knowing it thoroughly, ought to be an excellent preparation for the study of ancient history.

A FIXED IDEA

BY AMY LOWELL

WHAT torture lurks within a single thought
 When grown too constant; and however kind,
 However welcome still, the weary mind
 Aches with its presence. Dull remembrance taught
 Remembers on unceasingly, unsought
 The old delight is with us but to find
 That all recurring joy is pain refined,
 Become a habit, and we struggle, caught.
 You lie upon my heart as on a nest,
 Folded in peace, for you can never know
 How crushed I am with having you at rest
 Heavy upon my life. I love you so
 You bind my freedom from its rightful quest.
 In mercy lift your drooping wings and go.

ON FOOT IN THE YOSEMITE

BY BRADFORD TORREY

WHEN flocks of wild geese light in the Yosemite, Mr. Muir tells us, they have hard work to find their way out again. Whatever direction they take, they are soon stopped by the wall, the height of which they seem to have an insuperable difficulty in gauging. There is something mysterious about it, they must think. The rock looks to be only about so high, but when they should be flying far over its top, northward or southward as the season may be, here they are once more beating against its stony face; and only when, in their bewilderment, they happen to follow the downward course of the river, do they hit upon an exit.

Their case is not peculiar. Dr. Bunnell, in his interesting account of the discovery of the Valley, describes the ludicrous guesses of his companions and himself as to the height of the rock known since that day as El Capitan. One 'official' estimated it at four hundred feet. A bolder spirit guessed eight hundred, while Dr. Bunnell, waxing very courageous, raised the figure to fifteen hundred. The real height is thirty-three hundred feet. The fact seems to be that the eyes of men and geese alike are unaccustomed to such perpendicular altitudes. A mountain three thousand feet high is a thing to which they are more or less used, but a vertical surface of anything like the same elevation stands quite outside of all ordinary experience. El Capitan is nothing but a cliff, and a cliff — well, any goose knows what a cliff is like. Rise about so far, and you are over it.

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For myself, I sympathize with the geese. The rock was in sight from my tent-door for eight weeks, and grand as it was at first, and grander still as it became, I could never make it look half a mile high. It was especially alluring to me in the evening twilight. At that hour, the day's tramp over, I loved to lie back in my camp-chair and look and look at its noble outline against the bright western sky. Professor Whitney says that it can be seen from the San Joaquin Valley, fifty or sixty miles away; but I am now farther away than that several times over, and I can see it at this minute with all distinctness — not only the rock itself, but the loose fringe of low trees along its top, with the after-glow shining through them. There would be comparatively little profit in traveling if we could see things only so long as we remain within sight of them.

Comparatively little profit, I say; but in absolute terms a great profit, nevertheless, for any man who is an adept in the art of living, wise enough to value not only his life, but the days of his life. It is something to spend a happy hour, a happy week or month, though that were to be the end of it. And such a two months as I spent in the Yosemite! Let what will happen to me henceforth, so much at least I have enjoyed. Even if I should never think of the place again, though memory should fail me altogether, those eight weeks were mine. While they lasted I lived and was happy. Six o'clock every morning saw me at the breakfast-table, and

half an hour later, with bread in my pocket, I was on the road, head in air, stepping briskly for warmth, and singing with myself over the anticipation of new adventures. I might be heading for Eagle Peak or Nevada Fall, for Glacier Point, or where not. What matter? Here was another day of Sierra sunlight and Sierra air, in which to look and look, and listen and listen, and play with my thoughts and dreams. Who was it that said, 'Take care of the days, and life will take care of itself'? Others, men and women, old and young, were setting forth on the same holiday errand; as we met or passed each other we exchanged cheerful greetings; but for my part I was always alone, and, let it sound how it will, I liked my company.

Such a feast of walking as the two months gave me! I shall never have another to compare with it. The Valley itself is four thousand feet above sea-level, and many of my jaunts took me nearly or quite as much higher. If the trails were steep, the exhilaration was so much the greater. At the worst I had only to stop a minute or two now and then to breathe and look about me, upward or downward, or across the way. There might be a bird near by, a solitaire by good luck, or a mountain quail; or two or three fox sparrows might be singing gayly from the chaparral; or as many pigeons might go by me along the mountain-side, speeding like the wind; or, not improbably, a flock of big black swifts would be doubling and turning in crazy, lightning-like zigzags over my head. Who would not pause a minute to confer with strangers of such quality? And if attractions of this more animated kind failed, there would likely enough be broad acres of densely-growing manzanita bushes on either side of the way, every one of the million branches hanging full of tiny bells, graceful in shape as Grecian urns, tinted like the

pinkest and loveliest of seashells, and fragrant with a reminiscence of the sweetest of all blossoms, our darling Plymouth mayflower. Yes indeed, there was always plenty of excuse for a breathing spell.

I began with reasonable moderation, remembering my years. For two or three days I confined my steps to the valley-level; walking to Mirror Lake, whither every one goes, though mostly not on foot, to see the famous reflections in its unruffled surface just before the sunrise; to the foot of Yosemite Fall, or as near it as might be without a drenching; and down the dusty road to Capitan bridge and the Bridal Veil.

For the time I was contented to look up, pitching my walk low but my prospect high, as some old poet said. For that, the cliffs, the falls, and the wonderful pines, cedars, and firs, many of them approaching two hundred feet in height, afforded continual inducement. Sentinel Rock loomed immediately behind my tent, a flat, thin, upright slab, — so it looks at a front view, — for all the world like some ancient giant's gravestone, three thousand feet in height. It was the first thing I saw every morning as I glanced up through the ventilator in the gable at the head of my bed, and the first thing that I thought of one night when an earthquake rocked me out of my sleep.

Eagle Peak, nearly four thousand feet above the Valley, peeping over the heads of its two younger brothers, was directly opposite as I stood in my door; while I had only to move out of the range of a group of pine trees to see the greatest (at that season) of the four principal falls: the Yosemite, that is to say, with its first stupendous free plunge of fifteen or sixteen hundred feet, a height equal (so my Yankee-bred imagination dealt with the matter) to that of six or seven Bunker Hill monuments standing

end on end. It was grandeur itself to look at, — grandeur and beauty combined; and to my unaccustomed ears what a noise it made! As I started out for my first stroll, on the noon of my arrival (May 11), a black cloud overspread the sky in that quarter, from which came at intervals a heavy rumbling as of not very distant thunder. A passer-by, however, when I questioned him about it, said, —

‘No, it is the fall.’

And so it proved, some momentary shifting of the wind seeming now and then to lift the enormous column of water from the cliff, and anon let it down again with a resounding crash. This peculiar thundering sound, I was told, would be less frequent later in the season, when the warmer days would melt the mountain snow more rapidly, and the bulk of the water would be so increased that no ordinary wind could lift it. This, also, was shown to be correct, paradoxical as it had sounded, — the more water, the less noise. And after all, when I came to consider the subject, it was only giving a new twist to an old proverb, ‘Still waters run deep.’

My first considerable climb was an unpremeditated trip to the top of Nevada Fall. I took the trail at the head of the Valley, close by the Happy Isles, some three miles from camp, with no intention of doing more than try what it might be like; but an upward-leading path is of itself an eloquent persuasion, and, one turn after another, I kept on, the ravishing wildness of the Merced Canyon, and the sight and sound of the Merced River raging among the rocks, getting more and more hold upon me, till all at once the winding path made a short descent, and behold, I was on a bridge over the river; and yonder, all unexpected, only a little distance up the foaming rapids, through the loveliest vista of sombre evergreens and

bright, newly leaved, yellow-green maples, was a fall, far less high than the Yosemite, to be sure, but even more graceful in its proportions (breadth and height being better related), and so wondrously set or framed that no words could begin to intimate its beauty. I looked and looked (but half the time must be attending to the mad rush of the river under my feet), and then started on. If this was Vernal Fall, as to which, in my happy ignorance, I was uncertain, then I must go far enough to see the Nevada.

The trail carried me about and about, past big snowbanks and along the edge of flowery slopes, with ever-changing views of the mighty canyon and the lofty cliffs beyond, till after what may have been an hour's work it brought me out upon a mountain shoulder whence I looked straight away to another fall, higher and wilder by much than the one I had lately seen. Here, then, was the Nevada, to many minds the grandest of the great four, as in truth it must be, taking the months together.

Now there was nothing for it, after a few minutes of hesitation (still considering my years), but I must keep on, down to the river-level again, after all this labor in getting above it, and over another bridge, till a final breathless, sharper and sharper-angled zigzag brought me to the top, where I stood gazing from above at an indescribable, unimaginable sight, — the plunge of the swollen river over a sheer precipice to a huddle of broken rocks six hundred feet below.

I happened to be fresh from a few days at Niagara, and moreover, I was a man who had all his life taken blame to himself as being unwarrantably, almost disgracefully, insensible to the charm of falling water. Nobody would ever stand longer than I to muse upon a brook idling through meadows or

gurgling over pebbles down a gentle slope; and the narrower it was, the better it was, almost, given only some fair measure of clearness, movement enough to lend it here and there an eddying dimple, and, most of all, a look of being perennial. I hold in loving recollection two or three such streamlets, and at this very minute can seem to see and hear them, dipping smoothly over certain well-remembered flat boulders, and bearing down a few tufts of wavering sweet-flag leaves. Yes, I see them with all plainness, though the breadth of a continent stretches between them and this present dwelling-place of mine, where near mountains half circle me about and the Pacific surf dashes almost against my doorstep, but where there is never a sound of running water all the long summer through. Often and often I say to myself, —

‘If there were only one dear Massachusetts brook, to make the charm complete!’

But with all this, as I say, I had always, to my own surprise, made strangely small account of our boasted New England cataracts; pleasant to look upon they might be, no doubt, but hardly worth much running after. And now these falls of the Merced and its larger tributaries had taken me by storm. Indeed they are altogether another story; as little to be compared with anything in New Hampshire as Flagstaff Hill on Boston Common is to be set beside Mount Washington. Merely a difference in degree? Yes, if you choose to put it so; but such a difference in degree as amounts fairly to a difference in kind. Imagine the Merri-mac tumbling over the face of a ledge five hundred, six hundred, fifteen hundred feet high! And the Yosemite Fall, be it remembered, after its first plunge of fifteen or sixteen hundred feet, makes at once two others of four hundred and six hundred feet respectively. In other

words, it drops almost plumb from an altitude nearly as great (as great within six hundred feet) as that of the summit of Mount Lafayette above the level of Profile Notch. And furthermore, it is to be considered that the water does not slip over the edge of the awful cliff, but comes to it at headlong speed, foaming white, having been crowded together and rounded up between the rocky walls of its steep and narrow bed, exactly as the Niagara River is in the rapids above the whirlpool, — which rapids are to my apprehension, as I suppose they are to most men’s, hardly a whit less astounding than the Horseshoe Fall itself.

This wild outward leap it was that most of all impressed me when more than once I stood at the top of the Yosemite Fall, amazed and silent. But that was some time later than the day now spoken of, and must be left for mention in its turn.

I had heard before coming to the Valley, and many times since, that the one place excelling all others — of those, that is to say, immediately above the Valley wall, and so falling within the range of ordinary pedestrians — was Glacier Point; and now, having given my legs and wind a moderate preliminary test, I inquired of the camp-manager how difficult the trail to that point might be, as compared with the one I had just gone over.

‘I should call it twice as difficult,’ he said, ‘though not so long.’

The answer surprised, and for the moment almost discouraged me. Age was never so inopportune, I thought.

‘But anyhow,’ said I, ‘there is no law against my having a look at the beginning of the way and judging of its possibilities for myself.’

And the very next morning, being apparently in good bodily trim, and certainly in good spirits, I made an early start. The trail offered at least

one advantage: it began at my door, with no six miles of superfluous valley road such as the previous day's jaunt had burdened me with. As for its unbroken steepness, that, I reasoned with myself, was to be overcome by the simple expedient of taking it in short steps at a slow pace.

Well, not to boast of what is not at all boastworthy (Mr. Galen Clark, ninety-five years old, — may God bless him, he was always showing me kindness, — had made the descent unaccompanied the season before, though you would never hear him tell of it), I reached the Point in slow time, but without fatigue, the hours having been enlivened by the frequent presence of some jovial members of the California Press Club, trailing one behind another, who by turns overtook and were overtaken by me (the tortoise having sometimes the better of it), till every fresh encounter became matter for a jest. We arrived in company, cutting across lots over the hard snow near the top, and then there was no taking of no for an answer. Three of the men were set upon going out upon the celebrated overhanging rock — three thousand feet, more or less, over empty space — to be photographed, and, would he or would n't he, the old 'Professor,' as with friendly impudence, meaning no disrespect, they had dubbed him, must go along and have his picture taken with the rest. And go along the old professor did, keeping, to be sure, at a prudent remove from the dizzy edge, though he flattered himself, of course, that only for not choosing to play the fool, he *could* stand as near it as the next man. This pleasing ceremony done with, I was left to go my own gait, and then my enjoyment of the marvelous place began.

A good-natured and conversable young driver, who had picked me up one day on the road, quizzed me as to

what I thought about the origin of the Valley; and after I had tried to set forth in outline the two principal opinions of geologists upon the subject, not suspecting what a philosopher I had to do with, he informed me that he took no stock in either of them. He cared nothing for Whitney or Le Conte or Muir. No subsidence theory or glacial theory for him. *He* believed that the place was made so to start with, on purpose that people might come from all parts of the world and enjoy it. And to-day, as I moved about the rim of Glacier Point for the first time, I was ready to say with equal positiveness, if with something less of serious intention, — This place was made for prospects.

If I doubted, I had only to look at the level green valley, with the green river meandering through it; at the wall opposite, so variously grand and beautiful, from El Capitan to the Half Dome; and, best of all, at the Merced Canyon, as seen from the neighborhood of the hotel, with my two falls of the day before in full sight across it, and beyond them a world of snowy peaks, a good half of the horizon studded with them, lonely-looking though so many, and stretching away and away and away, till they faded into the invisible; a magnificent panorama of the high Sierras, minarets and domes, obelisks and battlemented walls; such a spectacle as I had never thought to look upon. It was too bad I could not spend the night with it, to see it in other moods; but when I was informed that the hotel would be open before many days were past, I consoled myself with the promise of another and a longer visit.

I was better than my word. Four times afterward I climbed to the Point, once by the 'long trail,' *via* Nevada Fall (which, with the afternoon descent over the short trail added, really made some approximation to a day's

work), and altogether I passed six nights there, taking in the splendors of the dawn and the sunset, and, for the rest, ranging more or less about the snowy woods. One afternoon (May 23) we were favored with a lively snow-storm of several hours' duration, with a single tremendous thunder-clap in the midst, which drove three young fellows into the hotel-office breathless with a tale of how the lightning had played right about their heads till almost they gave themselves up for dead men; and when the clouds broke away little by little shortly before sunset, the shifting views of the canyon, the falls, and the mountain summits near and far, were such as put one or two amateur photographers fairly beside themselves, and drove the rest of us to silence or to rapturous exclamation according as the powers had made us of the quiet or the noisy kind. Whatever we poor mortals made of it, it was a wondrous show.

Thrice I went to the top of Sentinel Dome (eighty-one hundred feet), an easy jaunt from the hotel, though just at this time, while attempting it in treacherous weather, with the trail, if there be one, buried under the winter snow, a young tourist became bewildered and lost his life — vanished utterly, as if the earth had swallowed him. The prospect from the summit is magnificent, if inferior, as I think it is, to that from the hotel piazza; and the place itself is good to stand on: one of those symmetrical, broadly rounded, naked granite domes, so highly characteristic of the Sierras, and of which so many are to be seen from any point upon the Valley rim. Some agency or other, once having the pattern, seems to have turned them out by the score.

One day I looked down into the Fishes, so called, giddy, suicide-provoking rents; and more than once, on the Wawona road, I skirted two of those

beautiful Sierra Nevada meadows, so feelingly celebrated by Mr. Muir, and so surprising and grateful to all newcomers in these parts. At this moment one of them was starred with thousands of greenish-white marsh marigolds — *Caltha leptosepala*, as I learned afterward to call them, when good Mr. Clark produced, out of his treasures new and old, for my enlightenment, a much-desired copy of Brewer and Watson's *Botany of California*.

After the two trails thus 'negotiated,' to speak a little in the Western manner, there remained one that by all accounts was steeper and harder still, the trail to Yosemite Point, or, if the walker should elect to travel its full length, to Eagle Peak. As to the Peak, I doubted. The tale of miles sounded long, and as the elevation was only seventy-eight hundred feet, substantially the same as that of Glacier Point, it appeared questionable whether the distance would pay for itself.

'Oh, the trail is n't difficult,' a neighborly-minded, middle-aged tourist had assured me (he spoke of the trail to Yosemite Point only); 'we made it between breakfast and luncheon.'

But they had made it on horseback, as came out a minute later, which somewhat damaged the argument. Difficult or easy, however (and if there had been forty, or even twenty, less years in my pack, all this debate concerning distances and grades would have been ridiculous), to Yosemite Point I was determined to go. Once, at least, I must stand upon the rocks at the top of that stupendous fall, at which I had spent so many half-hours in gazing. And stand there I did, not once, but thrice; and except for the Glacier Point outlook, which must always rank first, I enjoyed no other Yosemite experience quite so much. So I speak; yet sometimes, while loitering downward in the late afternoon,

I sang another song. 'After all,' I thought, 'these are the best hours. And really there is no reaching any final verdict in matters of this nature, so much depending upon mood and circumstance.'

I was walking in the shade of a vertical cliff so near, so high, so overpowering in its enormous proportions, that I often felt it to be more impressive than El Capitan itself; and, walking thus in deep shadow, I looked out upon a world of bright sunlight: the fall at my side ('Oh, I say,' an enthusiastic, much-traveled man had exclaimed in my hearing, 'it beats Niagara. Yes, sir, it beats Niagara!'), every turn of the path bringing it into view at a new angle, and, as it seemed, to increased advantage; the shining green valley, with its jewel of a river; and yonder, up in the sky, all those illuminated snowy Sierra peaks. Well, I could only stop and look, and stop and look again, rejoicing to be alive.

As for Eagle Peak, with its two or three extra miles, before the business was over (after the way thither became dry enough to be passable without wading) I had paid it four visits. The Peak itself offered no transcendent attraction, but the trail proved to be at once so comfortable and so very much to my mind, that, once at the end of the sharp zigzags, and on the level of the river above the fall, it seemed impossible not to keep on, — just this once more, as I always said; such pleasure I took in the forest of stately pines and firs, the multitude of wild flowers by the way, and in another and more extensive of those fair mountain meadows (natural grassy meads, green as emerald, shining in the sun amidst the dark evergreen forest), along the border of which the winding trail carried me. In this were no marsh marigolds, but instead a generous sprinkling of sun-bright buttercups, while a pool in the

midst was covered with lily-pads and yellow spatter-dock lilies, — old New England friends whose homely faces were trebly welcome in these far-off California altitudes.

I never approached the meadow — which melting snowbanks all about still rendered impossible of dry-shod exploration — without pleasing anticipations of deer. They must frequent it, I thought; but I looked for them in vain. The curiously distinctive slow drum-taps of an invisible Williamson sapsucker, a true Sierran, handsomest of the handsome, were always to be counted upon; swallows and swifts went skimming over the grass; robins and snowbirds flitted about; but if deer ever came this way, it was not down for me to find them.

At the end of the trail, after a tedious gravelly slope, where I remember a close bed of the pretty mountain phlox, with thin remnants of a snow-drift no more than a rod or two above it, there remained a brief clamber over huge boulders, with tufts of gorgeous pink pentstemon growing in such scanty deposits of coarse soil as the desolate, unpromising situation afforded; the scantier the better, as it seemed; for this clever economist is a lover of rocks, if there ever was one. It was to be found in all directions, in the valley and on the heights, but never anywhere except in the most inhospitable-looking, impossible-looking of stony places. And out of a few grains of powdered granite it manages somehow to extract the wherewithal not merely upon which to subsist, but for the putting forth of as bright a profusion of exquisite bloom as the sun ever shone upon.

The outlook from the topmost boulder of this Titans' cairn, for it looked like nothing else, was commanding, — valley, river, and mountain, — but to me, as I have said, the Peak was mainly of

use as the conclusion of a walk through an enchanting Sierra forest; for I, no less than my fellows, have yet to outgrow the primitive need of 'a place to go to,' even when I go mostly for what is to be enjoyed by the way.

So much for what might be more strictly accounted as climbs to the valley rim. More wearisome, perhaps, because quite as long, while without the counterbalancing stimulation which a mountain trail seems always, out of its own virtue, to communicate, were an indefinite number of jaunts to Inspiration Point (hateful name!) and into the forest a mile or two beyond. Precisely why I expended so much labor upon the long miles of this dusty uphill road, it might be troublesome to determine; but here, also, there were so many things to be looked at, and so many others to be hoped for, that the going thither about once in so many days grew little by little into something like a habit. Between the moist riverbanks and the dry hillside, what a procession of beautiful and interesting wild flowers the progress of the season led before me! And if many of them seemed to be the same as I had known in the East, they were certain to be the same with a difference: dogwood and azalea (azalea hedges by the mile); tall columbines and lilies; yellow violets and blue larkspurs; salmon-berry and mariposa tulips; an odd-looking dwarf convolvulus, not observed elsewhere; the famous blood-red snowplant, which there was reported to be a heavy fine for picking; and whole gardens of tiny, high-colored, fairy-like blossoms, kind after kind and color after color, growing mostly in separate parterres, 'ground-flowers in flocks,' and veritable gems for brightness, over which, in my ignorance, I could only stand and wonder.

Of birds, as compared with plants, the walk might offer little in the line of

novelty, but such as it did offer, taking old and new together, they were always enough to keep a man alive: a pair of golden eagles, for instance, soaring in the blue, — a display of aviation, as we say in these progressive days, fitted to provoke the most earthbound spirit to envy; a pair of violet-green swallows, loveliest of the swallow tribe, never so busy, hastening in and out of an old woodpecker's hole in a stunted wayside oak; tiny hummingbirds, of course, by name Calliope, wearing the daintiest of fan-shaped, cherry-colored gorgets, true mountaineers, every soul of them, fearless of frost and snow, if only the manzanita bells would hold out; and, in particular, a sooty grouse, who nearly put my neck out of joint before — after a good half-hour, at least — I finally caught sight of him as he hitched about in his leafy hiding-place near the top of a tall pine tree, complaining by the hour. *Boom, boom, boom, boo-boom, boom, boom*, so the measure ran, with that odd grace note invariably preceding the fourth syllable, as if it were a point of conscience with the performer that it should stand just there and nowhere else. A forlorn, moping kind of amorous ditty, it sounded to me; most unmusical, most melancholy, though perhaps I had no call to criticize.

Hark, from the pines a doleful sound,
My ears attend the cry,

my old-fashioned, orthodox memory fell to repeating, while the hollow, sepulchral notes grew fainter and fainter with distance as I walked away. Yet I might appropriately enough have envied the fellow his altitudinous position, if nothing else, remembering how grand and almost grown-up a certain small Massachusetts boy used to feel as he surveyed the world from a perch not half so exalted, in what to his eyes was about the tallest pine tree in the world, up in his father's pasture.

The most curiously unique of Yosemite plants, to my thinking, is the California nutmeg tree, *Torreya Californica*. I ignore, for good reason, the different generic designation adopted in some books more recent than the work of Brewer and Watson. So far as my word goes, my distinguished —th cousin shall not be deprived of his one genus. Mr. Clark, who remembered Dr. Torrey's and Dr. Gray's visits to the tree, and whose sympathetic account of the affectionate relations subsisting between these two scholars was deeply interesting, instructed me where to look for the nearest examples, at a point below the Cascades, — some eight miles down the El Portal road, — and I devoted a long day to the making of their acquaintance.

It was the twentieth of June, the weather had turned summerish, and the road, which had been as dusty as possible — a disgrace to the nation that owns it — five or six weeks before, when I entered the Valley, was by this time very much dustier. But the river, hastening from the mountains to the sea, was close at my side, garrulous of thoughts and fancies, histories and dreams, and between it and the birds, the trees, and the innumerable wild flowers, I must have been a dull stick not to be abundantly entertained. An ouzel, fishing for something on the flat, inclined surface of a broad boulder in midstream, just where the rapids were wildest, was compelled to spring into the air every minute or so as a sudden big wave threatened to carry it away. It seemed to be playing with death; once fairly caught in that mad whirl, nothing could save it. Again and again I looked to see it go, as the angry waters clutched at it; but it was always a shaving too quick for them. *Syringa* and *calycanthus* ('sweet-shrub' — faintly ill-scented!) were in blossom, and the brilliant pink *godetia*

— a name which may suggest nothing to the Eastern reader, but which to an old Californian like myself stands for all that is brightest and showiest in parched wayside gardens — never made a more effective display; and all in all, though I had walked over the longer part of the same road within twenty-four hours, the day was a pure delight. If it gains a little something in the retrospect, it is all the more like a picture, — which must be framed and hung at a suitable distance before we truly see it.

The trees of which I had come in search were recognizable at a glance: the leaves, of a remarkably vivid green, bearing a strong resemblance to those of the hemlock, but sharp as needles, as if to cry 'Hands off!' the flaky gray bark, most incongruously like that of some kind of white oak; while the green fruits, prettily spaced ornamental pendants, were really for shape and size not a little like nutmegs: a surprising crop, surely, to be hanging amid such foliage. The largest of the few examples that I saw (they grow plentifully along the road a little farther down, and may be picked out readily from a carriage-seat, as I discovered later) might have been, I thought, about fifty feet in height.

This tree (the species, I mean), whose only congeners are found in Florida, China, and Japan, may be considered as one of four that lend a notable distinction to the Californian silva, the others being the Torrey pine, the Monterey pine, and the Monterey cypress. No one of them occurs anywhere in the world outside of California, and the nutmeg is the only member of the quartette that ventures more than a few miles inland. Stranded species we may assume them to be, formerly of wider range, but now — how or why there is none to inform us — surviving only within these extraordinarily narrow limits.

I alluded to myself just now as an old Californian, and so far as my standing in the Yosemite is concerned I might have said, without jesting, that by the time I had been there three weeks I had come to be regarded as one of the oldest inhabitants; the ordinary stay of visitors being so niggardly brief, — two or three days, perhaps, upon an average.

One man, it is true, gave me what I had to confess might be, in his case, a valid reason for brevity. A Southern gentleman he was, as I should have divined at once from the engaging, softly musical quality of his voice. He began with some question about a squirrel, — which had surprised him by running into a hole in the ground, — and after a word or two more called my attention to two or three wild roses which he carried in his hand. They were fragrant, he said; had I ever noticed it? And when I remarked that I should have expected them to be common in Tennessee, he explained that at home he never went to places where such things were to be looked for. He had discovered the perfume of wild roses as Thoreau discovered the sweetness of white-oak acorns, I thought to myself, and so far was in good company. Then he told me that he had arrived in the Valley on the noon of the day before, had found it grand and beautiful beyond all his dreams, — ‘ravishing’ was

one of his words, — and was going out again, not of necessity but from choice, that very afternoon. I manifested a natural surprise, and he explained that he ‘did n’t wish to lose the thrill.’ He had seen the picture once and, consciously or unconsciously, was following Emerson’s advice never to look at it again. So this time, too, he was in excellent company.

For my part, I cannot afford to be so sparing in my use of good things. My æsthetic faculty, it would appear, is less prompt than other men’s. Its method is not so much an act as a process. In the appreciation of natural scenery, at all events, as I have before now confessed, I am not apt to get very far, comparatively speaking, on the first day. I must have time, — time and a liberal chance for repetition. And in the Yosemite, which is as rich in modest loveliness as in spectacular grandeur, a fact of which too little is made, I know perfectly well that there are countless beauties which I have never seen (more and more of them were coming to light up to my very last day), as well as countless others that I should rejoice to see again, or, better still, to live with. Give me the opportunity, say I, and I will cheerfully risk all danger of disillusion, or, as my Southern friend of the wild roses more feelingly expressed it, the ‘loss of the thrill.’

A DIARY OF THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD¹

BY GIDEON WELLES

VII. FRUSTRATING THE PRESIDENT'S POLICIES

Monday, February 18, 1867.

The session of the Senate on Saturday continued through the night and until 6.30 yesterday morning. The subject under consideration was the establishment of military governments over the Southern states. A bill to this effect was introduced by Thad Stevens from the Reconstruction committee, and was carried through the House under his management and dictation. Very few attempt to endorse or justify the measure, yet all the radicals and most of the Republicans voted for it. There is very little firmness or moral courage in the House. The members dare not speak nor act according to their convictions. Indeed their convictions are feeble, and there is little sincerity in them.

In the Senate, Wade, Sumner & Co. undertook to force through the bill at the Saturday's session. A stand was made by the minority against such precipitate and unreasonable legislation on so important a measure. Various amendments were offered and voted down, but at length, on Sunday morning, Mr. Sherman offered a substitute which was adopted. It is in one or two respects less offensive than the House bill, but is still an outrage upon the Constitution, the rights of the people, and the rights of the states. Sumner was violent, and, Grimes tells me, more savage when Sherman's substi-

tute was adopted. He left the Senate in a rage. Grimes and Sumner, though both radicals, are not friends or on speaking terms. Of course, Grimes is enjoying Sumner's disappointment.

Stevens, Boutwell, and the extreme radicals are as indignant as Sumner, and will make fight against the bill in its present shape and likely secure amendments. The Republicans, though disliking and mistrusting each other more and more each day, are not yet prepared to break. There is no shrewd man among the Democrats to take advantage of or manage their rising differences, or to lead his own party wisely.

Seward and Stanton confuse and bewilder the mind of the President, prevent him from pursuing a straightforward and correct course and from taking and maintaining a bold, decisive policy. They are weakening the executive power daily, and undermining the constitutional fabric. Seward acts as usual from no fixed principles, but from mere expediency; not with a design to injure the President or to help the radicals. He tries to resuscitate, vitalize, and perpetuate the old Whig party, and to undo and destroy the Democratic party, each for the glory of Seward. Stanton is deep in the radical intrigues, but contrives to get along with and to use Seward and his superficial wisdom, and is so far suc-

cessful as to keep his place, although the President knows his mischievous designs and purposes.

The country is in poor legislative hands, and the prospect is sadly foreboding. The Constitution and the great principles of union and free government on a federal basis are disregarded.

Friday, February 22, 1867.

The politicians in and out of Congress have been busy for several days on the subject of governing the Southern states. Sherman's amendment went down to the House, was disagreed to and some abominable additions were made. Partisans, and factions, and fanatics, and demagogues were each and all at work. Finally a bill was adopted, establishing military governments and martial law in and over those states. Where Congress gets the power to do these things no one attempts to point out. The Members of Congress evidently confound martial law with military law, and know no distinction. Congress has the undoubted right to enact military laws for the government of the land and naval forces; but martial law exists and is in operation where there is no law. The will of the military officer in command is supreme. He can order court-martials or military commissions to try citizens as well as soldiers, but citizens cannot be tried by military law.

Martial law abolishes jury trials; Congress cannot abolish them. Martial law may abridge freedom of speech and of the press, but Congress cannot. When there is a Congress or legislature to enact laws, there can be no martial law. It would be a solecism. Yet this radical Congress has undertaken to enact martial law. In other respects the bill is subversive of government, destroys titles, and introduces chaos.

The President as commander-in-chief

of the army and navy exercised the power — which devolved upon him when the rebellion was suppressed, and the military forces occupied the rebel states; when there was no law, and chaos reigned — of appointing provisional governors and ordering other measures to establish order and system and re-introduce law. Congress could not do this. It had no authority or power. All its powers are derived from the Constitution, the organic law; but when martial law prevails municipal law is suspended.

To-day the President laid this bill, and also the one respecting the tenure of office, before the Cabinet. The bill for the military government of the states was the only one considered. On this there was the usual uncertainty. No one of the Cabinet advised the President to approve the bill but Stanton. He said that though he would have framed the bill differently and altered it in some respects, he should give it his sanction, and advised the President to give it his approval.

Following him, I wholly dissented, and plainly and directly advised the President to put his veto upon it.

Reverdy Johnson,¹ the senatorial trimmer, gave his vote in the Senate for this infamous bill.² Stanton quoted him as an example and an authority. How long will the President be able to go on with such an opponent at his council board?

Monday, February 25, 1867.

I read some suggestions on the Tenure-of-Office bill to the President. They were prepared in response to an opinion of the Attorney-General some months since, but are applicable to the

¹ Senator from Maryland.

² 'No law so unjust in its policy, so direful in its results had passed the American Congress since the Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854.' — RHODES, vol. vi, page 23.

bill. The President was pleased with them. I also left with him some views on the bill for the military government of the Southern states. These views, which relate to the strange plan of enacting martial law by Congress, chimed in with his opinions.

On taking the paper the President alluded to the cabinet council on Friday and the pitiful exhibition which Stanton made of himself, and wondered if Stanton supposed he was not understood. The sparkle of the President's eyes and his whole manner betokened intense though suppressed feeling. Few men have stronger feeling; still fewer have the power of restraining themselves when evidently excited.

I remarked that it was but part of the drama which had long been enacting and asked what was to be the condition of things, if impeachment were pressed and an attempt to arrest him was made. This subject the President himself had brought forward at the Friday meeting. Seward and Stanton wished to give it the go-by, though each had his own theory. Seward said it was not wise to anticipate such a thing, — to discuss it even among ourselves, — had an anecdote to tell, and his experience on the McCracken correspondence. I differed with him and thought it both wise and prudent to be prepared for an emergency which was threatened, and had been undoubtedly discussed. Others agreed with me, the President earnestly. Thus pressed, Seward said it might be considered a law question, coming particularly within the province of the Attorney-General whenever it came up, but if the Attorney-General should advise the President to submit to an arrest before conviction he would demand the immediate dismissal of the Attorney-General. I asked if the demand would be made on legal or political grounds.

Stanton tried to evade the matter; did not believe that impeachment would be pursued; the session is near its close, etc.

The President was evidently not satisfied with this treatment of the subject when we had our conversation on Saturday, and was now a good deal indignant. But whether he will make any demonstration in that direction remains to be seen. I have little expectation that he will, although had I not previously had similar strong intimations without any result, I should from his expressive manner have expected a change.

[The Tenure-of-Office Act, designed to frustrate President Johnson in any attempt to carry out the policies of his administration, provided that the consent of the Senate should be necessary to the dismissal of any officer who had been appointed by and with the consent of that body.]

Tuesday, February 26, 1867.

At the Cabinet the subject of the Tenure-of-Office bill came up. It had been postponed at the request of the Attorney-General on Friday. He said he had not read it until to-day, but he required no time to express his unqualified condemnation of it. In this the whole Cabinet were united. Stanton was very emphatic, and seemed glad of an opportunity to be in accord with his colleagues. The President said he was overwhelmed with many pressing matters which must be disposed of, and he would be glad if Stanton would prepare a veto or make suggestions. Stanton asked to be excused, for he had not time. The Attorney-General said it was impossible for him to do the work. The President turned to Seward, who said he had not recently given these subjects attention, but he would take hold if Stanton would help him.

The President suggested that both the war and navy must help in this matter, and McCulloch expressed a special desire that I should participate. I saw that Seward was not taken with that proposition. Some general discussion followed, and before we left, Seward spoke across the room to Stanton and requested him to call and enter upon their duties; but no invitation was extended to me. The President turned to me and in an undertone remarked that I had given this subject a good deal of thought and he reckoned I had better prepare a paper. I told him I would have no objection to contribute to the document, but it had gone into hands that seemed willing to grapple with it, and I apprehended after what had been said that they would do it justice. If, however, anything was wanted of me, I would be ready to contribute at any time.

Wednesday, February 27, 1867.

I called on the President to-day with a brief communication to the House of Representatives, declining to furnish certain information which had been called for at the instigation of a claim agent, which response I thought had better pass through the President. The ante-rooms were very much crowded. In the council room, at the President's table, was a gentleman busily writing, who did not lift his head while I was in the room, but who, I am confident, was Judge Jeremiah Black. My interview with the President was necessarily brief, for I saw he was engaged and none were admitted. I have no doubt that Black is assisting in preparing the veto message on the military government bill, stating some of the legal objections.

Friday, March 1, 1867.

Seward and Stanton have prepared and handed to the President the veto message on the bill for the Tenure of
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Office. They did not see fit to submit it to me, and I hesitated whether to inform the President of the fact. Amidst other multitudinous duties he supposes, I have no doubt, that I have participated in and revised the message. On the whole concluded to say nothing unasked.

[The Reconstruction Act, passed over the President's veto, divided the ten Southern states into five military districts under military governors. The seceded states were to be restored to their place in the Union whenever a convention of delegates elected by the male citizens of whatever race or color, except those disfranchised for participation in the rebellion, should frame a constitution; provided that this constitution, being ratified by the people and approved by Congress, should be put into operation, and the legislature thereby elected should adopt the Fourteenth Amendment.]

Saturday, March 2, 1867.

The President is greatly pressed with business. Sent in to-day his two vetoes. That on the establishment of military governments over the ten states was received with deep interest. The opinions of a majority of the Republicans are undoubtedly against the principles of the bill, but they have not the independence and moral courage to act in conformity to their convictions and confront the radicals. Party subjection overpowers them. Thad Stevens and the discipline of the caucus is potent.

In the Senate, as in the House, party dominates over country. Fear comes over the feeble-minded who comprise nearly one-half of the Senate. If two or three hesitated, the recent extraordinary course of Reverdy Johnson decided them to submit to the demands of party. Johnson knows and says the

bill is unconstitutional and wrong, yet he violates his oath and votes for it. His justification is that the radicals, in their fury, will impose harder terms if these are not accepted, and he wants the country to have repose. It is known, however, that his son-in-law is an earnest candidate for the office of district attorney of Maryland, and he could not, under existing circumstances, expect to be confirmed by this Senate were the President to nominate him. This apostasy of Johnson will insure the son-in-law's confirmation, provided he gets the nomination; and Reverdy, to say nothing of other malign influences, fancies that his position as senator, and one of the judges of the President in case of impeachment, will secure the selection.

[The radicals had now a thoroughly disciplined two-thirds majority in Congress. The Reconstruction Act was, on this day, passed over the President's veto; and on the following Monday the Tenure-of-Office Act was also passed.]

Sunday, March 3, 1867.

Spent two or three hours at the President's this morning. McCulloch and Browning called for me. Seward and Randall were there. The President was calm, but I thought more dejected than I had almost ever seen him. Not that he expressed himself despondingly, but his air and manner were of that appearance, — perhaps it was because he had but little sleep, for he spoke of transactions past midnight.

While the President was absent for a short time in the library, Browning remarked that he felt disturbed by the state of things. How, said he, is Grant? Does any one know his opinions, and what stand he takes?

Seward said he would know to-morrow at two p. m., or perhaps at two p. m. on Tuesday. Browning pricked

up his ears and opened his eyes. How, enquired he, shall I know? 'Why,' replied Seward, 'Benjamin F. Butler will be sworn in by that time, and his animosity towards Grant is so much greater than it is towards the President that he will make his opinions known and understood upon the floor of the House. When that is done you will all understand where Grant stands.'

The President said he had last night, after one o'clock, a letter from Reverdy Johnson requesting that his son-in-law, Ridgely, might be nominated district attorney. This, the President remarked, was about as cool a piece of assurance as he had ever witnessed. It does not surprise me. What will the President do?

Monday, March 4, 1867.

Went at half-past nine to the Capitol. The President directed the Cabinet to meet at that time. I called at the Executive Mansion on my way and found the President very busy. He had signed all the bills sent him save three. One was the army appropriation bill, the second section of which, as well as some others, was objectionable, so much so that I could not advise him to sanction it. Another was the woolens bill, which I had not examined, but which McCulloch thought the President had better sign with a protest.

Wednesday, March 6, 1867.

I was with the President on a little business and Stanbery was present at the early part of our interview. The subject of yesterday's decision on the powers of the brigadiers was introduced by S[tanbery], who said he had not a shadow of a doubt in regard to it, — he thinks Stanton and his friends have overshot the mark.

After Stanbery left, the President continued the conversation on the same topic, and if he intended to en-

force an unconstitutional law in regard to the importance of selecting the right men for military governors, I urged him to be certain in regard to his men for those positions, and to have an interview with each before giving them orders. He assented fully.

I then alluded again to the condition of things here in Washington. In the event of the radical leaders succeeding in their intrigue to procure an impeachment, the first step, after impeachment should be voted, would be to order his arrest. If he was not prepared to submit to an arrest, was he prepared to meet it? Whom could he confide in? Who of the military men, or of the War Department, would stand by him, against an order issued by Congress, or the Senate as a court under the signature of the Chief Justice, commanding his arrest? I had on two or three occasions, I remarked, introduced this topic, not that it was pleasant or interesting to me, but it was important to him and the country. Once he had himself brought forward the subject, but a direct and positive answer by the Cabinet or some of the Cabinet had been evaded by some of the members.

The President said yes he was aware of it, but he would bring the subject to a decision next Friday. I told him that it was in my opinion due to himself, although Mr. Seward had said it was not best to anticipate.

But it has been the misfortune, the weakness, the great error of the President to delay, — hesitate before acting. It has weakened him in public estimation, and given the impression that he is not strong in his own opinions. Yet I know of no man who is more firm, when he has once taken a stand. But promptness, as well as firmness, is necessary to impress public confidence.

[The Thirty-ninth Congress expired

by limitation on March 4th. At its expiration the new Congress, in accordance with an act previously passed, assembled in extraordinary session.]

Thursday, March 7, 1867.

The radicals are divided in opinion on the subject of impeachment, and also as to the adjournment. Some wish a continuous session, some wish to adjourn to May, others until October or November. The Senate seem determined to adjourn over until the fall, while the extreme radicals wish to continue in session, although there is no business requiring their presence. But they desire to administer the government and impeach the President. Not that he has committed any wrong, or that any offense can be stated; but they have had a committee searching the country to find, if possible, some mistake, some error, some act, which can be construed into a political fault and thus justify his removal, because he is an obstacle in the way of radicalism.

Friday, March 8, 1867.

After the meeting, or the regular session, was over, McCulloch reached over the table, at the end of which the President was sitting, I being as usual on his left, and Browning came and seated himself on the opposite side and said something in a low tone which I did not hear, or which passed out of my mind in consequence of what subsequently occurred. He said it (his suggestion, whatever it was) would check the impeachment movement. The President replied hastily, 'I will do nothing to check impeachment, if there is any wish to press it. I am tired of hearing allusions to impeachment. God Almighty knows I will not turn aside from my public duties to attend to these contemptible assaults which are got up to embarrass the administration. Let the House go forward and

busy themselves in that matter if they wish.'

There are rumors as to the persons to be selected as military governors, and I think the President is, unfortunately for himself, consulting with General Grant. How far Grant confers with Stanton I know not, nor does the President, if he confers at all. That Grant may be biased by Stanton and [Advocate-General] Holt, with whom he has constant, intimate intercourse is not improbable. However, my impression has been that Grant is himself rightly disposed, though there are some things which indicate subtlety and duplicity.

Saturday, March 9, 1867.

Law of Indiana, who was a member of the Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth Congresses, called on me, being on a visit to Washington. We have been good friends from our first acquaintance. He said he had just paid his respects to the President and reminded him of an incident. In the summer of 1861, he [Law] was at the Burnett House in Cincinnati on his way to Washington in pursuance of the call of President Lincoln for an extra session. He had just finished his meal, breakfast I think, and came out on the piazza, when a troop of horse, both riders and animals somewhat jaded, rode up, and opening in line, a citizen, in dusty citizen's dress, came forward and dismounted. That man, exhausted and covered with dust, was Andrew Johnson, a senator from Tennessee, on his way to Washington under the call of the President, and the military authorities had despatched a troop of horse to escort and guard him across the State of Kentucky. 'I little thought,' said Law, 'that I should ever hear Andrew Johnson denounced as a rebel, or a sympathizer with rebels; that partisan malice would ever accuse him of want of fidelity to the Union; but God

only knows what we are coming to in these radical times. Such a patriot as Johnson,' said Law, with tears running down his cheeks, 'a man who has suffered and done so much, deserves better treatment from his countrymen.'

Friday, April 5, 1867.

President called the Cabinet to a special session at nine A. M., relative to notice given him of a motion which was to be made to the Supreme Court for an injunction on him and general order to stay proceedings under the military bill for constructing the rebel states. Attorney-General was directed to object to the motion, — the President, as the representative of the United States, cannot be sued.

General Butler called on me yesterday, ostensibly on some little matter of business. When it was disposed of, he asked whether he was to congratulate or condole with me on the result of the Connecticut election. I replied that I was gratified at the result and, of course, had no need of consolation, that I congratulated myself and others on what had taken place. This opened the subject of our public affairs, on which we had a pretty free and apparently unreserved conversation, though he is neither frank nor reliable. He is not, I perceive, satisfied with his position, nor with his treatment by a portion of the radicals. I spoke of the election as being favorable to the President, whose policy I approved — the policy had commenced with Mr. Lincoln, and I believed it correct. I asked wherein he could except to it. He said that perhaps Congress should have been consulted; he thought so. I enquired by what authority Congress could intervene? — Congress was the legislative, not the executive department of government. [It] had none but granted powers, and when was the power conferred on Congress to construct or de-

stroy a state? He answered there is no grant, but it grew out of the war — the rebel states were conquered states. The President had no more power than Congress.

‘Therein,’ said I, ‘we differ. I hold, as did Mr. Lincoln and as does Mr. Johnson, that when Lee and Johnston surrendered, martial law prevailed from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and the President, as commander-in-chief, had the undoubted right under the war power to govern those states, temporarily, and to bring order out of chaos. He could have turned the matter over to General Grant and other military subordinates, but he preferred to do it himself. He appointed a provisional governor, first in North Carolina and subsequently in other states, as you, General Butler, being in chief command in the Gulf, appointed Deming provisional mayor in New Orleans. Mr. Lincoln had no intention of calling on Congress to assist in this matter. Every one knew this, who had any knowledge of Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Colfax was here on the day of his death to bid him good-bye, for he was intending to cross the plains and be absent until October. As Speaker he would not have absented himself had there been any intention of convening Congress.

‘Then,’ said I, ‘these military despotisms over the states — the assembling of the state governments — I don’t see, General, how you, if a democratic Republican, can sanction such measures.’

‘I had nothing to do with them,’ said he. ‘They were enacted before I took my seat.’

‘But,’ said I, ‘you are identified with that party and those acts.’

‘Begging your pardon, I do not endorse those acts nor approve them. I am not identified with them, nor responsible for them.’

I remarked that I was glad to hear him say so.

‘Why,’ he asked, ‘does not the President test them? Why does he submit to such laws and attempt to carry them out? He declares them unconstitutional. If so, they are no laws. Why does he obey them?’

I called his attention to the constitutional requirement, that he should see all laws faithfully executed.

‘But it is no law,’ said Butler, ‘the President says it is no law. He is one of the departments of the government and must decide for himself. If, however, he wants to get a decision from the court, there is no difficulty. Let a suit be instituted in Virginia and brought at once before the Supreme Court now in session.’

He then went on to detail the *modus operandi*.

On the whole I am satisfied that Butler is dissatisfied.

Wednesday, April 17, 1867.

My time has been so occupied that I could make no record of daily occurrences in this book. Important events have occurred; some of the details should have been jotted down.

The Senate continues in session, rejecting the nominations which the President sends in, not that the nominees are not competent and faithful, but because they are his friends and support his measures. Some of the Senators declare they will vote to confirm no man who is not a radical. Dixon tells me that Sumner made his boast, in extra session, that he had allowed none but radicals to be appointed to any office in Massachusetts, where the Senate has a voice. I have little confidence in Randall as P[ost] M[aster] G[eneral], under such circumstances. He gives in, trims, lacks vim and strength if nothing else. I apprehend his course has some influence on McCulloch, who,

loaded down with the financial difficulties, wants to conciliate. It requires some courage to meet a not over-scrupulous body of men clothed with authority, and who, if they choose, can embarrass the government without financial accountability. The President has held his own very well, considering his surroundings. Seward he probably consults most, and Seward has, as Mr. Clay said of him, 'no convictions.' [He] is an egotist and selfish aspirant. Randall, whose confirmation is understood to have been secured by pledges to radical senators, is greatly under Seward's influence, and the President cannot, with his reticence, avoid committing errors with such advisers. The result is that the President is appointing more enemies than friends, and his administration is thereby weakened.

Saturday, May 4, 1867.

The Judiciary Committee of the House has re-assembled in Washington to pursue enquiries and see if they cannot obtain something on which to impeach the President. No facts, no charges, no misconduct, are known or preferred, for the slip-slop of Ashley was long since discarded, but a standing committee is advertised and has assembled to ascertain whether something cannot be found which may be tortured or twisted against the President, whom they cannot induce to go with them in their revolutionary schemes, and who is, consequently, in their way. A more scandalous villainy never disgraced the country.

Tuesday, June 4, 1867.

The Judiciary Committee have, by a vote of five to four, decided against impeachment, but by a strict party vote passed a resolution of censure against the President. A more shameless and disgraceful proceeding than this whole impeachment conspiracy

has never been enacted. For many months a committee, composed mostly of extreme partisans, has been in session with extraordinary powers to send for persons and papers, and with the public treasury and an army of public scavengers to assist them to find, if possible, some act or transaction, or expression, which would justify or excuse an arraignment of the chief magistrate. His public and his private acts have been scanned, his household affairs, his domestic life, his bank-accounts, his social intercourse, as well as all his speeches, conversations, and doings as a man and President have been scrutinized. Failing in their intrigue, scandal and defamation have been set to work to palliate these outrageous proceedings. Most of the members of the Cabinet, and I believe all but myself, have been summoned before this committee, as well as his private secretaries and members of his family. Why I was spared, I know not. I have an impression and intimations in fact that Stanton proposed and ordered I should not be called. Both he and Seward, in a conversation which took place as to disclosing proceedings in Cabinet, thought the matter might be got along with by answering pretty fully all questions that were put without any allusion to the fact whether it was or was not a cabinet subject. I doubted whether it was right to disclose what had occurred in Cabinet, to such a committee, — perhaps to any one at present.

Friday, June 7, 1867.

Admiral Farragut went home today. He has been my guest for a week. Gave him yesterday his orders to the European squadron and he expects to sail within a fortnight. In bidding him good-bye I was more affected than he was aware, and I perceived that he was to some extent similarly affected. We have both reached that period of

life when a parting of two years may be a parting forever on earth. Circumstances have brought us together and we are under mutual obligations. I selected him for important duties and he proved himself worthy of the trust and confidence. In addition to his great, unsurpassed service to the country, he has given just fame to my administration of the navy, and I honor him for his unnecessary modesty as well as for possessing the heroic qualities which I expected. I trust we may live to meet again on earth and enjoy memories of the past. If not, God's will be done. I esteem the choice of Farragut to command the Gulf squadron the most judicious and best selection which could have been made in the entire service. I consider him the great hero of the war, and am happy in the thought that I was the means of carrying him to the head of his profession where he had an opportunity to develop his power and ability.

Saturday, June 8, 1867.

The President and party returned to-day from North Carolina. All appears to have passed off well.

There is much talk and feeling in regard to Sheridan's movements, which are arbitrary, tyrannical, and despotic. His removal of Wells, the poor governor of Louisiana, is justified by most of the radicals, although it is an outrage on our laws and institutions. The trimming course of Wells and his want of honest character palliates Sheridan's conduct, which, however, is wholly indefensible.

Thursday, June 27, 1867.

Montgomery Blair has become quite indifferent in regard to the fate of President Johnson. Says he is completely under the dominion of Seward and Stanton, who have demoralized him, that the President has listened to

them until he has become nervous and apprehensive, without resolute courage to carry out or maintain his conviction, and that he is in constant dread of impeachment.

Blair is shrewd and observing, though of strong prejudices. He thinks it absolutely necessary to revive the Democratic party and its organization in order to rescue the government from centralizing hands. This has been the policy of himself and some others for some time past. The policy has its disadvantages as well as advantages. One cause of the failure of the Union movement¹ a year since was the attempt to bring forward as leaders and candidates those Democrats who had made themselves obnoxious for their extreme partisanship, and especially their opposition to the measures of the government for the preservation of the Union. The people were not disposed to invest 'copperheads,' rebel-sympathizers, and rebels, with power while the soil was yet wet with the blood of patriots; and Blair and others injure themselves at this time in pressing forward prematurely that class of persons. In the conversation to-day, we spoke of Grant in connection with the presidency, and from present indications I expressed the opinion that he was disposed to be a candidate, and if so, he would probably be elected. Blair said he could not be if he was the radical candidate. I said Grant would endeavor to be the army and union candidate; [that] without much political intelligence or principle, he had party cunning and would strive to be a candidate but not strictly a party candidate; that the radicals did not want him, but they could not help themselves nor perhaps could Grant. They felt that they must nominate him in order that they might succeed; he felt

¹ A political movement in support of Johnson's policies.

that he could not reject their candidacy, if they took him up, but really prefers the Democrats to the Republicans.

Blair has been and still is friendly to Grant, but perceives that G[rant] is becoming alienated from old friends and getting in with new ones, and it rouses his opposition. I asked whom he would have for a candidate in opposition to Grant. He said he cared not who it was. 'Nor I,' was my reply, 'but whom can you present?' He said McClellan. 'That,' said I, 'insures defeat. The people will not, and I think ought not to, rally under him.'

Friday, June 28, 1867.

A committee is in session to enquire into the ordnance transactions of the War and Navy Department, composed of as unprincipled a set of scoundrels, with scarcely an exception, as is in Congress. I have told Wise, Chief of Ordnance in Naval Bureau, to give them every facility for enquiry; if he, or any one, had done wrong I desired it should be exposed.

Saturday, June 29, 1867.

The President and party are expected home to-day. They have had, apparently, a pleasant tour. Too much speaking, but less than in the Chicago jaunt last year.

Sunday, June 30, 1867.

Called this morning on the President and congratulated him on his safe return, in apparently improved health. He was very cordial, disposed to talk. Was not fully posted on occurrences and events of the last ten days. Talked of Sheridan, of Congress, of Stanbery's opinions, etc. In regard to Stanton, he expressed himself convinced that he had played a part for himself, had an

understanding with the violent radicals, had embarrassed the administration and thwarted its policy — and he was surprised that Stanton should persist in holding on to his place, and mixing with us. I remarked it was now of little consequence. He had so managed with the radicals as to cripple the administration until it was powerless, and he might remain on to the close, or he might leave soon. The President assented, presumed Stanton intended to be a candidate.

Wednesday, July 10, 1867.

The loose, reckless violence, and inconsiderate action of Congress, make it irksome and painful for me to read their proceedings. How little regard have the members for their oaths and their country's welfare! The worst principles of tyranny and outrage, they avow and encourage. The President is coarsely, falsely and vindictively assailed by leaders as well as by followers, who are secretly prompted. The Constitution and its limitations are ridiculed and contemned.

Senator Wade equivocates and backs down from his recent aggressive speech. Instead of a step in advance as he boasted, he takes a step to the rear.

A curious letter in the *New York Herald*, reciting a conversation and certain avowals of Thad Stevens, is attracting attention, and he, to-day, on the floor of the House, made remarks on the letter. Almost all which this vicious old man does is premeditated, dramatic, and for effect. The letter was, evidently, carefully prepared by himself. Not that he wrote it, but the correspondent had the catechism and answers furnished him. Stevens is perhaps a worthy leader for such a party — the 'Great Commoner.'

(To be continued.)

A LETTER TO MR. WILLIAM DE MORGAN

BY CHARLOTTE PRENTISS HARDIN

If it is true that no lady in Society would ever speak of her daughter as Miss Peggy, and if a previous knowledge of that fact entitles one to a position in the above-mentioned Body, I feel that at this moment I should be covered with confusion upon finding myself addressing in person a gentleman who has never been presented to me, and of whom I know nothing except his name and the fact, gleaned from an examination of covers, that he is classed in the Public Library as 823D, according to a system which I have been assured is simple, but which I have never been able to fathom. It is true that, in order to do so, I should be obliged to ask somebody about it, or even read a book about it. I prefer, however, to leave the subject wrapped in mystery, together with so many others connected with the great Public Library; as for instance, why they always say, 'Please leave your umbrella to be checked,' and you say, 'I am only going in the shelves a moment,' and they take the umbrella from you and say, 'No matter, it must be checked'; and when you come for it in, say, three minutes, just to show that you meant what you said, it is impossible to get the knot untied and the check must not be torn; or else you lose the check and have to send for the Librarian whose Aunt lives in the next street but one from you, and who would naturally be able to vouch for you.

But this has nothing to do with what I wanted to tell you, which is, that you have made me wish that I could offer

a belated apology to a story that I read a long time ago. I remember writing one of my first College Essays on this book, and denouncing it because the Author would not remain in the background, but persisted in saying what he thought about this and that. A newly acquired thirst for UNITY (vide Thompson's *Aids to Literary Criticism*) drove the members of the class to a most insulting attack on the book. This, it seemed, was filled with the Author's Personality; and we were assured by Thompson that such Personalities were not desirable, as interfering with the Progress of the Plot. Upon looking back I can see that it was the fault of the Author's Personality, or possibly my fault. Certainly not that of the book. If the Personality had been of the proper strain, all would have been well, in spite of Thompson.

What for instance should we do without your Personality? Not to say that your plots and characters are entirely unsatisfactory; but we like to hear what you have to say; we do not skip you. Which is the highest form of compliment. The most we say is that you are unconventional; but after reading some of the late works of Mr. Chesterton, we are rather in doubt as to whether or not you are not really conventional. For Mr. Chesterton, who is himself a most conventional person, tells us that Conventions are not the dead stiff things we used to think them. Not at all: they are alive and bristling, full of good red blood and ready to shed it all upon attack, at the same time

retaining all of their good red blood in order to enable them to continue being re-blooded. This seems — But you will understand; it is really quite simple, and we have only to go on saying so very fast, and other things also, so as not to stop: such as, that Shaw is absurdly transparent; and that children should not be scorched to make them dread the fire, for fear that later on some injudicious parent may strangle its offspring in order to make it careful to avoid running risks which might terminate in fatal accidents.

You are not to think that I am running down Mr. Chesterton; I have a great admiration for him in his balanced moments, which are many, and more beautifully balanced than those of almost any other contemporary writer; so that, besides the inner meaning, we get the pleasure of that even sensation produced by seeing an Acrobat on a tight-rope; and when he (Mr. C.) does tip over the balance, he is usually brilliantly incomprehensible, and so it is all right and as it should be. And so let me get on to something else, which is some more about Public Libraries.

Of course, you know that they buy You and paste a strip of paper across the front cover saying 'Seven-Day Book,' and charge two cents a day overdues and no reduction made on account of Holidays as you should have allowed for that; and under no circumstances can it be renewed even on another ticket. This *is* sometimes a disadvantage, as you must know, dear Mr. De Morgan, that your books are occasionally long; in fact, I found written at the end of one of them in a flowing hand, 'A sweet story, a little long.'

These notes, by the way, are very interesting to one who has frequented the P. L. for years. One gets so that one can tell from the passages marked what kind of party the reader has been. Impassioned passages (not to be found

in your works), such as, 'Ethel, I adore the ground your tiny feet have trod,' — this marked once with a pencil, lightly, indicates a spinster and some old sweet love-affair. Two heavy pencil-marks give away the secret of some lovesick Miss; while the gentleman so entangled never uses a pencil, but scores heavily with his thumb-nail, leaving marks all through the following thirty pages, to the bewilderment of the next reader. This thumb-nail method, by the way, is used by the best people, but never on Seven-Day Books: one finds their approval streaked along passages of Maeterlinck, — preferably passages containing an Uplift. Those of this class who use a pencil have something to say, often a clever comment; one hopes the Librarian will not find it. But for such illuminating comments as 'Sweet,' 'Just like R. H.,' 'How True,' etc. — one must turn to the Seven-Day Books.

I have often thought that it is unfair to such a writer as the author of the *Yellow Car* or the *Brass Bag* to be placed upon the same shelf with You (the Capital letter not conveying a misleading sense of your importance, but seeming a respectful mode of address). Think of the down-lift (if up, why not down?) of Miss Gladys Mae Harrison, when she opens your book and reads about Pope and Chappell and the Appropriateness of — was it Jonah? (I have returned the book.) Not even the hint of a ghost-story will lure her a line further; naturally she bangs the book to, and shoves it back on the shelf between *Pam Decides* and *The Secret Agent*, and goes off for one of the good old regulars, old numbers of favorite authors that can be kept two weeks and renewed for Hilda to read. For all Seven-Day Books are not golden: and there is so much of Gladys Mae!

However, I must tell you that your books are very well thumbed, covers

loose, and so on, which is very comfortable and gratifying. I fancy the fact that they are not marked is due to your genial method of diffusing your Humor in even quantities throughout your books; so that one huge nail-mark would be needed. Or it may be that we (Society and the Lower Classes alike) are most inclined to mark passages that appeal to our sentiment. We read aloud the funny ones, but put a little mark by the others. Do you remember what Sudermann's Princess says of her ideal woman? — 'A quiet, peaceful woman who would treasure a secret little joy like the apple of her eye, who would know nothing of the world except what she wanted to know, and who would have the strength to make her own choice when it pleased her.' I have marked that; and I haven't marked any of your books. But it is a case of not Cæsar more, nor Rome more. As I said, you are all spread out, like Honey over a generous slice of bread, for fear that some one might get an unsweetened bite. And sometimes your ether is so fine an essence that all who read may not breathe. I am quite sure that there are some passages that my Cousin Sarah, who dotes upon your works, has n't fathomed at all, — just skipped. It all depends upon one's sense of the Inappropriate — the delicately Inappropriate. Not Malapropisms: something far more delicate than that. And your funny things never snigger at themselves; which some very funny things of other Authors are unable to resist doing.

We like you very much, Mr. De Morgan; and we hope that you will not stop. We like your beery parties too; there are not many of them, by the way, that are not 'Somehow Good.' When people are so bad as to be horrid, you refuse to be intimate with them. Take Lavinia Straker, for example. We are terribly afraid that she is Nohow Good;

and *you* were afraid about her too. We could n't get you to take us upstairs in her house; the farthest we could get was her drawing-room, and we felt that even that was musty. You as good as said that you didn't care to investigate; the fine profile was enough; and, like Hans Andersen's Elfin Maiden, poor Lavinia could n't turn around, because she was hollow behind.

Somebody has told me that you lack form, meaning (upon pressure) a certain kind of hanging togetherness that we inherit from the Works of the Ancients, who wrote no novels. (This again seems — But no matter.) It is true that you often work havoc with Time, and skip us over relentlessly from one period of the Plot to another and then back, like little girls (boys can't do it) who jump the rope and cry 'Faster,' and call for Pepper, Salt, and Vinegar. Intervals of weeks are nothing to you, and we hate to think of the well-meaning, conscientious persons whom you have mixed up: one saying, 'Was this before his father died?' and the other saying 'No, after,' and both having to get out the book and look it up, and neither being satisfied that the other was right after all. But these readers are of the kind to be late for breakfast and say it was the fault of the clock, when they had never wound it at all and knew perfectly well that they had n't; and you know that they never do hear the alarm anyway: in other words, incompetent and unreliable witnesses, and therefore subject to dismissal at pleasure.

But to continue: it was Unity of Form, I believe, that I was told you were lacking in. For the purposes of argument, we are willing to admit the skin of the offense; but a deeper consideration will discover nothing wrong. You have, it seems, scorned to be palpably consecutive; and in this we discern conformity with a higher ideal of

Unity. Discarding curls, patches, high heels, and gewgaws in general, — discarding even a limb or so and no end of fingers and toes if necessary, — you infuse us at once into the circulation of the Corpus Humanum, so that we may pass through the Heart, and feel how healthily it throbs, and testify to the fact that the Liver is living too high and the Lights are dull. For the Corpus Humanum is not in good working condition; oh dear, no! But the Heart is there, and things will probably mend, and at any rate we are right there and can see for ourselves. This stripping process resolves itself into a sort of innocent nudity suggestive of Ancient Art (I am glad that we managed to reach back to the Ancients somehow; they do lend respectability) and makes for a Unity of its own. *Simplici myrto nihil allabores*; throw away the rose-crowns and let us look at these things quietly and sanely. And sedulous you are, too, in your own way and with your own materials; even if seeming to flout Old Father Time and a few other indispensable things, none of which matter in the least.

A Letter to a Dead Author is considered no offense (I add wisely, in intention; we all admire Cæsar and he is none the worse), and the pardon of a Living Author should be freely granted to one who tries to approach him on his own ground: keeping by necessity strictly to the edges, and approaching only in so far as may be done by substituting periods where semi-colons are looked for, and semi-colons for periods; by avoiding any too precise balance of phrase or too pedantic cast of thought; and by not trying to frighten away average readers. It is not out of place to put it to you frankly: would you rather be written to and told that you had a high ethical sense of the underlying good in humanity; or would you not? And do you think that the

Editor would favor such a treatment? (This is an important question.) It seems so much more natural to speak to you in terms of yourself.

Pardon being granted, I conclude without more ado that I may be so personal as to tell you that your books are a strong justification of fiction. For unless one is a Great Mathematical Genius, or a Student of Old French, or a Biblical Critic, or something else extremely wonderful in some particular Line that wipes out all others (a Line being granted for this special case the unusual property of wiping out) — unless one is something unspeakably Superior, one ought not to do without fiction. I have seen people of more than average culture who went in for serious reading, — as if anything could be more serious than a Problem Novel! — and who ended by drying up. Perhaps they would have dried up at any rate; but I am convinced that a little well-chosen fiction would have renewed their sap and made them Human — which is something we are all supposed to be, but are not. I will go further than saying that your books are full of wisdom, and say (may I drop the trick, being in earnest?) that you yourself must be very wise. You have fared through the first stage of existence, which refuses to be crushed by the knowledge of Death; and are bravely on in the last, which will not be overpowered by the knowledge of Life. You have looked for honey, and have found it in the carcass of the lion: and after long gazing upon Death, the rose has seemed of a more tender pink.

All of this I infer in you: and you have put it into Fiction and made it a part of History. For Fiction is indeed History, not of fact, but of the imagination. It relates and shows not only what has happened, but what may at any time happen; and is the mirror wherein each man may see reflected

his countenance, his manners, and often his moral life. Fortunate is the nation that possesses a fiction in which this last is portrayed. Civilization beholds itself at arm's length, and may judge of the justice and the wretchedness of its virtues. Here may our vices wear other men's garments, and preach to us in the inner region where we secretly admit them after having indignantly

denied them in public. In this private council alone are we willing to be censured for past errors, and to pledge our manhood to renewed efforts. Such is the power of the literature of the imagination. The dilettante may forever smear his canvas with leering rakes and smirking virgins: one figure lovingly outlined by the master's hand speaks eternally to the world.

THE QUARTER

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

My windows command the Quarter, and what they do not overlook, Augustine does.

Some people might think there could not be much to overlook, for the Quarter is as quiet and secluded as the old Inns of Court. J. likes to boast that if he is in London he is not of it, and that he lives the simple life with Charing Cross just round the corner.

The 'full tide of existence' sweeps by, seldom overflowing into the Quarter, which is one of the most difficult places in all the town to find, for those who do not know the way. Only two streets lead directly into it from anywhere, and they lead directly nowhere out of it again; nor do the thousands who pass in the near Strand as much as see the dirty courts and dark alleys which are my short cuts, much less the underground passages which serve the same purpose — the mysterious labyrinth of carpenters' shops and warehouses and vast wine-cellars, grim and fantastic and unbelievable as Ali Baba and the whole Arabian Nights, burrowed under the Quarter, and ap-

proached by tunnels so picturesque that Géricault made a lithograph of one when he was in London, so murderous that to this day they are infested with police who greet you with a flashing bull's-eye. Altogether, the Quarter is a 'shy place,' full of traps for the unwary. I have had friends, coming to see me for the first time, lose themselves in our underground maze; I have known the crowd, pouring from the Strand on Lord Mayor's Day, to get hopelessly entangled in our network; but, as a rule, nobody penetrates into it except on business or by chance.

For all that, there is a good deal to see in the Quarter. It is never dull, as I watch it from my high windows. To the front I look out on the Thames: down to St. Paul's, up to Westminster, opposite to Surrey, and, on a clear day, as far as the hills. Trains rumble across the bridges, trams screech and clang along the Embankment, tugs, pulling their line of black barges, whistle and snort on the river. The tide brings with it the smell of the sea and, in winter, the great white flight of

gulls. At night, myriads of lights come out; and always, at all hours and seasons, there is a sense of movement and of life: always I seem to feel the pulse of London, even as I have its roar in my ears.

To the east I look down to streets of houses black with London grime, still stately in their old-fashioned shabbiness, as old as the eighteenth century, which I have read somewhere means the beginning of the world for an American like myself.

To the west, I tower over a wilderness of chimney-pots, for our house is built on the edge of a hill, not very high, though the London horse mistakes it for an Alpine pass, but high enough to lift our walls on this side, sheer and cliff-like, above an amazing collection of tumbled, weather-worn, red-tiled roofs and crooked gables sticking out at unexpected angles, that date back I am not to be bullied by facts into saying how far, and that stretch away, range upon range, to loftier houses beyond; they, in their turn, overshadowed by the hotels and clubs on the horizon, and, in among them, an open space with the spire of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields springing up out of it, white and beautiful by day, a pale shadow by night — our ghost, we call it.

And most wonderful of all is the expanse of sky above and around us, instead of the tiny strip framed in by the narrow street, which is the usual share of the Londoner. We could see the sun rise every morning behind St. Paul's, if we were up in time, and of course if there were a sun every morning in London to rise. Over the river, when fog and mist do not envelop it as in a shroud, the clouds, the big, low, heavy English clouds, float and drift and scurry and whirl and pile themselves into mountains with a splendor that might have inspired Ruskin to I

do not know how many more chapters in *Modern Painters* had he lived in the Quarter.

Behind our collection of tumbled roofs and gables awry, the sun — always provided there is a sun — sets with a dramatic gorgeousness that, if it were only in any remote part of the world, the Londoner would spare himself no time nor trouble to see; but because it is in London it remains a spectacle for us to enjoy by ourselves.

And the wonder grows with the night; the river, with its vague distances and romantic glooms and starlike lights, losing itself in mystery, and mystery lurking in the little old streets with their dark spectral mass of houses, broken by one or two spaces of flat white wall, and always in the distance the clubs and hotels, now castles and cathedrals, and the white tapering ghost pointing heavenward. With so stupendous a spectacle arranged for my benefit, is it any marvel that much of my time is spent at my window? And how can I help it if, when I am there, I see many things besides the beauty that lured us to the Quarter and keeps us in it?

Hundreds of windows look over into mine; some so far off that they are mere glittering spots on a rampart of high walls in the daylight, mere dots or points of light after dusk; some always as carefully curtained as if the 'Drawn Blinds' or 'Green Shutters' of romance had not stranger things to hide from the curious. But others are too near and too unveiled for what goes on behind them to escape the most discreet. In what does go on there is infinite variety, for the Quarter, like the Inns of Court, is let out in offices and chambers and flats, and the house that shelters but one tenant is the exception, if indeed it exists. All these windows, and the people I see through them, have become as much a part of

my view as the trains and the trams, the taxis and the tugs.

I should think the last days of the Quarter were at hand if, the first thing in the morning, I did not find the printer hard at work at his window under one of the little gables below; or if, the last thing at night, I missed from the attic next door to him, the lamp of the artist, who never gets up until everybody else is going to bed; or if, at any hour I looked over, people were not playing cards in the first-floor windows of the house painted white, or frowsy women were not leaning out of the little garret windows above, or the typewriter were not clicking hard in the window with the white muslin curtains and the pot of flowers, or the manicurist not receiving her clients behind the window with the disreputable yellow blinds. I should regret even the fiery, hot-tempered little woman who jumps out of the roof window immediately below us, like a jack-in-the-box, and shakes her fist at us every time Augustine shakes those unfortunate rugs which are perpetually getting us into trouble with our neighbors. I should think the picture incomplete if, of an evening, the 'diners-out' were to disappear from behind the windows of the big hotel, though nothing makes me more uncomfortably conscious of the 'strangely mingled monster' that London is, than the contrast between them lingering over the day's fourth banquet, and the long black 'hunger line' forming of a winter morning just beside Cleopatra's Needle and waiting in dreary patience for the daily dole of bread and soup.

I cannot imagine the Quarter without actors and actresses in possession of dozens of its windows, the attraction to them less its associations with Garrick than its convenient proximity to the principal theatres; or without the Societies, Institutes, Leagues, Bureaus,

Companies, Associations, and I know not what, that undertake the charge of everything under the sun, from Ancient Buildings to Women's Freedom; or without the clubs, where long-haired men and Liberty-gowned women meet to drink tea and dabble in anarchy, where more responsible citizens propose to re-fashion the world and mankind, and, incidentally, British politics; where, in a word, philanthropists of every pattern fill the very air of the Quarter with reform, until my escape from degenerating into a reformer despite myself seems a daily miracle, and the sham Bohemianism of the one Club willing to let the rest of the world take care of itself becomes almost a virtue.

It is probably the seclusion, the cloistral repose, of the Quarter that attracts the student and the scholar. Up at my windows, the busy bee would be given points in the art of improving each shining hour. In every direction I turn I am so edified by the example of hard work that I long for the luxury of being shocked by idleness. Behind the window I look down into, at right angles from the studio, the Scientist in white apron, superintending a litter of bottles and retorts and microscopes, is always industriously examining germs, oblivious to everything outside — which for too long meant, among other things, the shower of soft white ashes and the evil greasy smoke and the noxious odors sent up by the germs through his chimneys into our studio; nor could the polite representations of our agent that he was a public nuisance rouse him from his indifference. It was only when J. protested, with an American energy effective in England, that the germs ceased to trouble us and I could bear unmoved the sight of the white-aproned Scientist at his window.

In the new house with the flat roof the Inventor has his office, and I am

sure it is the great man himself I so often see walking gravely up and down among the chimney-pots, evolving and planning new wireless wonders, and I am as sure that the solemn St. Bernard who walks there too is his, and, in some way it is not for me to explain, part of the mysterious machinery connecting the Quarter with the rest of the world.

Plainly visible in more rooms than one, bending over high drawing-tables, not only through the day but on into the night, are many architects; for the Quarter has ever been in favor with them since the masters who designed it years ago made their headquarters in our street, until yesterday, when the young man who is building a town hall for the County Council moved into it; though, had the County Council had its way, there would be no Quarter now for an architect to have his office in. Architectural distinction, or picturesqueness, awakes in the London official such a desire to be rid of it that, but for the turning of the worm who pays the rates, our old streets and Adam houses would have been pulled down to make place for the brand-new municipal building which, as it is, has been banished out of harm's way to the other side of the river.

Busier still than the architects are the old men who live in the two ancient houses opposite mine, where the yellow brick just shows here and there through the centuries' coating of grime, and where windows as grimy — though a clause in the leases of the Quarter demands that windows should be washed at least once a month — open upon little ironwork balconies and are draped with dragged lace curtains, originally white, but now black. I have no idea who the old men are, or what is the task that absorbs them. They look as ancient as the house, and so alike that I could not believe there were three of

them if, every time I go to my dining-room window, I did not see them all three in their chambers, two on the third floor, to the left and right of me, one on the floor below about halfway between, — making, J. says, an amusing Japanese pattern.

Each lives alone, each has a little table drawn up to his window, and there they sit all day long, one on an easy leather chair, one on a stiff cane-bottomed chair, one on a hard wooden stool — that is the only difference. There they are perpetually sorting and sifting papers from which nothing tears them away, there they have their midday chop and tankard of bitter served to them as they work, and there they snatch a few hasty minutes afterwards to read the day's news. They never go out unless it is furtively, after dark, and I have never failed to find them at their post, except occasionally on Sunday morning, when the chairs by the tables are filled by their clothes instead of themselves, because, I fancy, the London house-keeper, who leaves her bed reluctantly every day in the week, but who on that morning is not to be routed out of it at all, refuses to wake them or to bring them their breakfast. They may be solicitors, but I do not think so; they may be literary men, but I do not think that either; and, really, I should just as lief not be told who and what they are, so much more in keeping is mystery with the grimy old house where their old days are spent in endless toiling over an endless task.

If the three old men are not authors, plenty of my other neighbors are, as they should be out of compliment to Bacon and Pepys, to Garrick and Topham Beauclerk, to Doctor Johnson and Boswell, to Rousseau and David Copperfield, and to any number besides who, in their different days, belonged to or haunted the Quarter and made

it a world of memories for all who came after. I have authors on every side of me: not Chattertons undiscovered in their garrets, but celebrities wallowing in success who might be the better for neglect. Young enthusiasts come begging for the privilege of gazing from my windows into theirs. I have been assured that the walls of the Quarter will not hold the memorial tablets which we of the present generation are preparing for their decoration. The 'best sellers' are issued, and the Repertory Theatre nourished, from our midst.

The clean-shaven man of legal aspect, who arrives at his office over the way as regularly as the clock strikes ten, who leaves it as regularly at noon for his lunch, and as regularly in the late afternoon closes it for the day, is the Novelist whose novels are on every bookstall and whose greatness is measured by the thousands and hundreds of thousands into which they run. He does not do us the honor of living in the Quarter, but comes to it simply in office-hours and is as scrupulously punctual as if his business were with briefs rather than with dainty trifles lighter than the lightest froth. No clerk could be more exact in his habits. Anthony Trollope was not more methodical. This admirable precision might cost him the illusions of his admirers, but to me it is invaluable. For when the wind is in the wrong direction and I cannot hear Big Ben, or the fog falls and I cannot see St. Martin's spire, I have only to watch for him, to know the hour; and in a household where no two clocks or watches agree as to the time, the convenience of this is not to be exaggerated.

My neighbor from the house on the river front, next to Peter the Great's, who often drops in for a talk and whom Augustine announces as *le Monsieur du Quartier*, is the American Drama-

tist, author of the play that was the most popular of the season last year in New York. I should explain perhaps that Augustine has her own names for my friends, and that usually her announcements require interpretation. For instance, few people would recognize my distinguished countryman, the Painter, in *le Monsieur de la Dame qui ne monte jamais les escaliers*; or the delightful Lady Novelist, in *La Demoiselle aux chats*; or it is wiser not to say whom, in *le Monsieur qui se gobe*. But I have come to understand even her "fine shades," and when she announces *les Gens du Quartier*, then I know it is not the American Dramatist, but the British Publicist and his wife who live in Garrick's house, and who add to their distinction by dining in the room where Garrick died.

The red curtains a little farther down the street belong to the enterprising Dane, who, from his chambers in the Quarter, edits the Danish *Punch*, — a feat which, I cannot help thinking, though I have never seen the paper, must be the most comic thing about it. In the house on one side, the Author who is England's most distinguished man of letters to-day and who has become great as a novelist, began life as an architect. From the house on the other side, the Poet-Patriot-Novelist of the Empire fired or tried to fire, the little Englanders with his own blustering, knock-you-down Imperialism, and bullied and flattered them, amused and abused them, called them names they would not have forgiven from any other man living, and could not easily swallow from him, and was all the while himself so simple and unassuming that next to nobody knew he was in the Quarter until he left it.

The British Dramatist close by, who conquers the heart of the sentimental British public by sentiment, is just as unassuming. He is rarely without a

play on the London stage, rarely without several on tour. He could probably buy out everybody in the Quarter, except perhaps the Socialist, and he can lose a little matter of sixteen thousand pounds or so and never miss it. But so seldom is he seen that you might think he was afraid to show himself.

'You'd never know 'e was in the 'ouse, 'e's that quiet like. Why, 'e never gives no trouble to nobody,' his housekeeper has confided to me.

He shrinks from putting his name on his front door, though, by this time, he must be used to it staring at him in huge letters from posters and play-bills all over the world. Perhaps it is to give himself courage that he keeps a dog, who is as forward as his master is retiring, and who is my terror. I am on speaking terms with most of the dogs of the Quarter, but with the Dramatist's I have never ventured to exchange a greeting. I happened to mention my instinctive distrust, one day, to a friend who has made the dog's personal acquaintance.

'He eats kids!' was my friend's comment. Then he added, 'You have seen dozens of children go up to the Dramatist's room, have n't you?'

'Yes,' I answered, for it was a fact.

'Well, and have you ever seen one come down again?'

And if you will believe it, I never have.

A door or so from the Dramatist, but on the opposite side of the street, the Socialist's windows face mine. I cannot, with any respect for truth, call him unassuming; modesty is not his vice. It is not his ambition to hide his light under a bushel, — or rather a hogshead; on the contrary, as he would be the first to admit, it could not flare on too many housetops to please him. When I first met him, years before we again met in the Quarter, the world had not heard of him,

but he was quite frank in his determination that it should; though to make it hear, he would have to play a continuous solo on his own 'cornet' until he impressed somebody else with the necessity of playing it for him. Besides, he has probably never found other people as entertaining as himself, which is an excellent reason why he should not keep himself out of his talk and his writing — and he is talking and writing all the time. His is a familiar voice among the Fabians, on public platforms, and at private meetings, and for a very little while it was listened to by bewildered Borough Councilors. He has as many plays to his credit as the British Dramatist, as many books as the Novelist, and I recall no other writer who can equal him in the number and length of his letters to the press. As he courts, rather than evades, notice, I doubt if he would be embarrassed to learn how repeatedly I see him doing his hair and beard in the morning and putting out his lights at night, or how entirely I am in his confidence as to the frequency of his luncheon-parties and the number of his guests. Were I not the soul of discretion, I could publish his daily *menu* to the world, for his kitchen opens itself so aggressively to my view that I see into it as often as into my own.

For that matter, I have under my inspection half the kitchens in the Quarter, and the things I witness in them might surprise or horrify more than one woman who imagines herself mistress in her own house. I have assisted at the reception of guests she never invited; I understand, if she does not, why her gas and electric-light bills reach fabulous figures; I could tell her what happens when her motor-car disappears round the corner — for, seedy and down-at-heels as the Quarter may appear, the private motor is

by no means the exception among the natives. Only the other day, when the literary family, who are as unsuspicious as they are fond of speed, started in their motor for the week-end, they could have got no farther than the suburbs before the cloth was laid in their dining-room, their best china, silver, and glass brought out, flowers, bottles and syphons in place, and their cook at the head of their table 'entertaining her friends to luncheon.' The party were lingering over the fruit when suddenly a motor-horn was heard in the street. There was a look of horror on all their faces, — it really was Augustine who first saw it, — a wild leap from the table, and, in a flash, flowers, bottles and syphons, china, glass, and silver were spirited away, the cloth whisked off, chairs set against the wall. As the dining-room door closed on the flying skirt of the last guest, the cook looked out of the window, the horn sounded again, and the motor was round the corner in the next street, for it was somebody's else, and the literary family did not return until the appointed hour.

The Socialist, who deals in paradox and the inconsequent, also has his own car. Now that Socialism is knocking at our doors, the car tooting at his, come to fetch him from his town house to his country house or off to the uttermost ends of the earth, toots reassurance into our hearts. Under such conditions we should not mind being Socialists ourselves. However, he does make one protest against individualism in which I should not care to join him, for he goes shares in his personality and has perpetrated a Double in the Quarter, a long lean man, with grizzled red hair and beard, who is clothed in brown Jaegers, whose face has the pallor of the vegetarian, and who warns us of the manner of equality we may expect under the Socialist's *régime*. I

dread to think of the complications there might be, were the Double not so considerate as to carry a black bag and wear knee-breeches. A glance at hands and legs enables us to distinguish one from the other, and to spare both the inconvenience of a mistaken identity.

The Double, like the old men opposite, remains one of the mysteries of the Quarter. Nobody can explain his presence in our midst, nobody has ever spoken to him, nobody can say where he comes from with his black bag in the morning, where he goes with it in the evening, or even where he stops in the Quarter. I doubt if the Socialist has yet, like the lovers in Rossetti's picture, met himself, for surely no amount of Socialism could bear the shock of the revelation that must come with the meeting.

If many books are written in the Quarter, more are published from it, and the number increases at a rate that is fast turning it into a new Pater-noster Row. I am surrounded by publishers: publishers who are unknown outside our precincts, and publishers who are unknown in them save for the names on their signs; publishers who issue limited editions for the few, and publishers who apparently publish for nobody but themselves; and, just where I can keep an eye on his front door, *the* Publisher, my friend, who makes the Quarter a centre of travel and a household word wherever books are read, and who uses his house as a training-school for young genius. More than one lion now roaring in London served an apprenticeship there; even Mr. Chesterton passed through it, and I am always encountering minor poets or budding philosophers going in or coming out, ostensibly on the Publisher's affairs, but really busy carrying on the Quarter's traditions and preparing more memorial tablets

for its overladen walls. The Publisher and his wife live a few doors away, where they are generously accumulating fresh associations and memories for our descendants in the Quarter. To keep open house for the literary men and women of the time is a fashion among publishers that did not go out with the Dillys and the Johnsons, and an occasional Boswell would find a note-book handy behind the windows that open upon the river from the Publisher's chambers.

Associations are being accumulated also by the New York Publisher, who, accompanied by his son, the Young Publisher, and by his birds, arrives every year with the first breath of spring. It is chiefly to artists that his house is open, though he gives the literary hallmark to the legacy of memories he will leave to the Quarter. I cannot understand why the artist, to whom our streets and our houses make a more eloquent appeal than to the author, has seldom been attracted to them since the days when Barry designed his decorations in the 'grand manner' for our oldest society's lecture-hall, and Angelica Kauffmann painted the ceiling in Peter the Great's house, or since the days later on when Etty and Stanfield lived in our house. Now and then I come across somebody sketching our old Watergate or our shabby little shops and corners, but only the youth in the attic below has followed J.'s example, and our studio continues the exception in the Quarter; the show place it ought to be for the beauty of river and sky framed in by the windows.

But to make up for this neglect, as long a succession of artists as used to climb to Etty's chambers visits the New York Publisher in the quiet rooms with the prints on the walls and the windows that, for greater quiet, look away from our quiet streets and out

upon our quieter backs and gables. Much good talk is heard there, and many good stories, and by no means the least good from the New York Publisher himself. It is strange that, loving quiet as he does, he should, after the British Dramatist, have contributed more to my disquiet than anybody in the Quarter: a confession for which I know he will think I merit his scorn. But the birds it is his fancy to travel with are monsters, compared to the sparrows and pigeons who build their nests in the peaceful trees of the Quarter, and I am never at ease in their company.

I still tremble when I recall the cold, critical eye and threatening beak of his favorite magpie; nor can I think calmly of his raven whom — in an access of mistaken hospitality — I once invited to call with him upon William Penn. William had never seen a live bird so near in his all too short life, and what with his surprise and curiosity, his terror and sporting instincts, he was so wrought up and his nerves were in such a state that, although the raven was shut up safe in a cage, I was half afraid he would not survive the visit. I have heard the New York Publisher say of William, in his less nervous and more normal moments, that he was not a cat, but a demon; the raven, in my opinion, was not exactly an angel. But thanks to the quality of our friendship, it also survived the visit and, in spite of monstrous birds, strengthens with the years.

It is not solely from my windows that I have got to know the Quarter. Into my Camelot I can not only look, but come down without webs flying out and mirrors cracking; and better still, I might never stir beyond its limits, and my daily life and domestic arrangements would suffer no inconvenience. The Quarter is as 'self-contained' as the flats advertised by

the real-estate agent. Every necessity, and many luxuries into the bargain, are to be had within its boundaries. It may resemble the Inns of Court in other ways, but it does not, as they do, encourage snobbishness by placing a taboo upon the tradesman. We have our own dairy, our own green-grocer, our own butcher, though out of sympathy with Augustine I do my marketing in Soho. At one corner our tobacconist keeps his shop, at another our tailor. If my drains go wrong, I call in the local plumber; when I want a shelf put up or something mended, I send for the local carpenter; I could summon the local builder were I inclined to make a present of alterations or additions to the local landlord. I but step across the street if I am in need of a commissioner of oaths; I go no farther to get my typewriting done. Were my daily paper to fail me, the local gossip of the Quarter would allow me no excuse to complain of dearth of news; the benevolent would exult in the opportunity provided for benevolence by our slums where the flower-girls live; the energetic could walk off their energy in our garden, where the County Council band plays on summer evenings. There is a 'public' for our loungers, and for our friends a hotel — the house below the hill, with the dingy yellow walls that are so shiny white as I see them by night, kept from time immemorial by Miss Brown, where the lodger still lights himself to bed by a candle and still eats his meals in a coffee-room, and where Labor Members of Parliament, and South Kensington officials, and people never to be suspected of having discovered the Quarter, are the most frequent guests.

More than this, the Quarter has its own population, so distinct from other Londoners that I am struck by the difference no farther away than the other side of the Strand. Our house-

keepers are a species apart, so are our milkmen behind their little carts. Our types are a local growth. Nowhere else in London could I meet anybody in the slightest like the pink-eyed, white-haired, dried up little old man, with a jug in his hand, whom I see daily on his way to or from our public-house; or like the middle-aged dandy who stares me out of countenance as he saunters homeward in the afternoon, a lily or a chrysanthemum, according to the season, in one hand and a brown-paper bag of buns in the other; or like the splendid old man of military bearing, with well-waxed moustache and well-pointed beard, whose Panama hat in summer and fur-lined cloak in winter have become as much fixtures in the Quarter as our Adam houses or our view of the river, and who spends his days patrolling the terrace in front of our frivolous club or going into it with members he happens to overtake at the front door; where his nights are spent, no native of the Quarter can say.

Nor is any other crowd like our crowd that collects every Sunday evening as St. Martin's bells begin to ring for evening service, that grows larger and larger until streets usually empty are packed solid, and that melts away again before ten. It is made up mostly of youths to whom the cap is as indispensable a symbol of class as the silk hat farther west, and young girls who run to elaborate hair and feathers. They have their conventions which are strictly observed. One is to walk with arms linked; a second, to fill the roadway as well as the pavement, to the despair of taxicabs and cycles endeavoring to toot and ring a passage through; a third, to follow the streets that bound the Quarter on its four sides and never to trespass into others. How the custom originated, I leave it to the historian to decide. It may

go back to the Britons who painted themselves blue, it may be no older than the Romans. All I know with certainty is that the Sunday evening walk is a ceremony of no less obligation for the Quarter than the Sunday morning parade in the Row is for Mayfair.

We are of accord in the Quarter on the subject of its charm, and the advantage of preserving it, — though on all other subjects we absolutely disagree and continually fight. I have heard even our postman brag of the beauty of our Terrace and the fame of the architects who built it more than a century and a half ago, though I do not believe that as a rule London postmen could say who built the houses where they deliver their letters, or that it would occur to them to pose as judges of architecture. Because we love the Quarter we watch over it with unceasing vigilance. We are always on the look-out for nuisances, and alert to suppress them. In fact, if not in name, we constitute a sort of League for the Prevention of Dirt and Disorder in the Quarter.

There is a distinct understanding that, in an emergency, we may rely upon each other for mutual support, which is the easier as we all have the same Landlord and can make the same Agent's life a martyrdom until the evil is remedied. The one thing we guard most zealously is the quiet, the calm, conducive to work. We wage war to the death against street noises of every kind. No 'German Band' would be allowed to invade our silent precincts. The hurdy-gurdy is anathema; I have always thought the Suffragettes' attempt to play it through our streets their bravest deed. If we endure the bell of the muffin-man on Sunday and the song of the man who wants us to buy his sweet lavender, it is because both have the sanction of age.

We make no other concession, and our severity extends to the native no less than to the alien. When, in the strip of green and gravel below my windows, the members of our frivolous club took to shooting themselves with blank cartridges in the intervals of fencing, though the noise was on the same miniature scale as their rifles, we overwhelmed the unfortunate Agent with letters until a stop was put to it. When our Territorials, in their first ardor, chose our catacombs for their evening bugle-practice, we rose as one against them. Beggars, unless they ring boldly at our front doors and pretend to be something else, must give up hope when they enter the Quarter. For if the philosopher thinks angels and men are in no danger from charity, we do not, — least of all the lady opposite, to whom almsgiving in our street is as intolerable as donkeys on the green were to Betsy Trotwood. One of my friends has never dared to come to see me, except by stealth, since the day she pounced upon him to ask what he meant by such an exhibition of immorality when all he had done was to drop a few pennies into the hand of a small boy at his cab-door, and all he had meant was a kindly fellow feeling, having once been a small boy himself.

We defend the beauty of the Quarter with equal zeal. We do what we can to preserve the superannuated look which to us is a large part of its charm, and we cry out against every new house that threatens discord in our ancient harmony. Excitement never raged so high among us as when the opposite river banks were desecrated by the advertiser, and from shores hitherto but a dark shadow in the shadowy night, there flamed forth a horrid tout for Tea. We had endured much from a sign of Whiskey farther down the river, — Whiskey and Tea are Great Brit-

ain's bulwarks, — but this was worse, for it flared and glared right into our faces, and the vile letters, which were red and green one second and yellow the next, ran in a long line from top to bottom of the high shot-tower. In this crude light, our breweries ceased to be palaces in the night, our *campanili* again became chimneys. Gone was our 'Fairyland,' gone our 'River of Dreams.' The falling of twilight gave a hideous jog to our memory, and would not let us forget that we lived in a nation of shopkeepers. The Socialist, part of whose stock-in-trade is perversity, liked it, or said he did; but the

other tenants were outraged, and an indignation meeting was called. Four attended, together with the Solicitor and the Surveyor of the estate, and the Publisher, who took the chair. It was of no use. We learned that our nerves might be shattered and our eyes offended, that our joy in the miracle of night might be destroyed forever, but if we could prove no physical harm, legal redress would be denied to us, and our defiance of the Vandal must be in vain. And so there the disgraceful advertisement remains, flaring and glaring defiance at us from across the river, the one serpent in our paradise.

WHISTLER

(*At the Metropolitan Museum*)

BY MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON

So sharp the sword, so airy the defense!
As 't were a play, or delicate pretense;
So fine and strange — so subtly-poised, too —
The egoist that looks forever through!

That wingèd spirit — air and grace and fire —
A-flutter at the frame, is your desire;
Nay, it is you — who never knew the net,
Exquisite, vain — whom we shall not forget!

A SEA CHANGE

BY ATKINSON KIMBALL

PECKHAM, with his wife and Miss Mellish, was walking along the shore, calling Miss Mellish's attention to the rock-structure of the coast, watching with his restless eye for marine specimens at the margin of the water.

Mrs. Peckham could not feel any great enthusiasm for kelp or sea-lettuce, hermit-crabs, or limpets; but Miss Mellish, in her room at the hotel, had a comprehensive collection of stones and shells which Peckham had gathered for her, and which she intended to utilize in an illustrated lecture to her pupils in Troy after her return in the autumn.

The brisk breeze, as Peckham had been at pains to ascertain, was blowing straight from Brazil; the white sails of catboats dotted the water, which shimmered, the tenderest of blues; farther out to sea, a string of black coal-barges moved slowly to the westward.

'Ah!' Peckham exclaimed suddenly, his eye having caught sight of a bit of treasure. 'A finger-sponge!'

He sprang nimbly forward to get the treasure, and Miss Mellish in her eagerness half followed him.

'Look out!' he cried. 'You'll get wet!'

His agility saved him from the wave that rolled in larger than its fellows, and Miss Mellish also saved herself from the threatened catastrophe, lifting her skirt a trifle with a motion that was precipitate but maidenly.

Mrs. Peckham indulgently waited while this little comedy played itself out, and then walked on with her com-

panions, who had become absorbed in the curious structure of the sponge.

Mrs. Peckham, in her dress, was pleasantly addicted to soft fabrics and cool colors. She had put on a little middle-aged plumpness; but, aside from that, the years had dealt lightly with her. There were but few threads of gray in the brown hair that curled above her forehead; her comfortable face had become fuller, her features less delicate with the passage of time. Miss Mellish's features, on the contrary, had become more delicate as the years passed. She retained the girlish air which maiden ladies often retain all their lives long. She carried herself very erect, looked whomever she talked with straight in the eye with her earnest gray eyes, and walked with a business-like briskness that contrasted strongly with Mrs. Peckham's indolent motions. Peckham, himself, was nothing but briskness from top to toe. There was not an ounce of superfluous flesh in his anatomy; his fifty years had not brought him a single gray hair. At the present moment, the youthfulness of his appearance was increased by his gray flannels and his outing shirt with a flowing tie; the sea-tan on his lean face heightened the blue of his eyes.

The three had been intimate friends in their early days in Troy, although they had not seen as much of each other afterwards as they always said they wanted to. In fact, away back in Troy, it had been a question with Peckham which one to ask to share his name. Possibly the election had fallen

to Clara because it was easy, somehow, to tell her that he loved her. Emma Mellish was the kind of girl it would be hard to tell a thing like that to. Evidently other men had experienced the same difficulty that Peckham had experienced.

Never having told his love, it had the charm of the unexpressed; the memory of his early attachment was sweetly sad, like a pale, pathetic ghost; but during the present sojourn, the ghost, to Peckham's vague disquiet, had assumed something of the hue of life. Emma's old attraction for him seemed to have come back; and although the relation was absolutely tacit, Miss Mellish was perfectly aware of it, and Mrs. Peckham felt it the most keenly of them all.

Toward many things Miss Mellish's attitude was tacit; she felt rather than thought that Clara Peckham, through her absorption in domestic duties, had missed the higher things of life, and had rendered herself incapable of meeting her husband on the intellectual plane where he was happiest and most at home; and Mrs. Peckham, on the other hand, pitied Emma for her state of single-blessedness and for the necessity that had driven her to teaching school, little dreaming that moulding immature minds was the most fascinating interest in Emma Mellish's life.

Peckham's attitude toward everything was of a masculine simplicity. He was devoted to his business, the manufacture of a smoke-consuming device of his own invention, which had prospered beyond his fondest hopes; he loved his three daughters and his one son, who, in obedience to the universal instinct to scatter, were now enjoying the summer in four separate watering-places, unconsciously seeking their mates; he loved his home; and, until the visit to Eastport Harbor, he had thought that he loved his wife.

His existence in the city had fallen into a routine which delighted his orderly mind. All day he was busy at his factory in lower Manhattan, inventing improvements in his smoke-consuming device, experimenting with recalcitrant fuels, watching his sales grow. Every evening he spent in his old-fashioned house on Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, reading scientific books or the *Brooklyn Eagle*, unless his wife and he attended a symphony concert at the new Academy of Music or listened to a lecture of the Brooklyn Institute. Peckham preferred the Brooklyn Institute lectures; and Mrs. Peckham preferred the symphony concerts; but, as good Brooklynites, they attended both.

This routine was broken by Mrs. Peckham herself. The children, having grown up and dispersed for the summer with the friends of their generation, left Mrs. Peckham to concentrate the expression of her maternal instinct on her husband. She said he was getting thin and wearing himself out in his business; she insisted that he take a long vacation; and Miss Mellish having mentioned in a letter that she purposed spending the summer at a charming resort in a corner of the Massachusetts coast, the Peckhams joined her at Eastport Harbor.

Peckham found the enforced idleness of the place the hardest work he had ever done. The life led by his fellow guests at the hotel perplexed him; it seemed to have no meaning. Neither Miss Mellish nor his wife nor himself were sea-bathers or dancers; but Mrs. Peckham was placidly content to sit on the veranda, talking and tatting with other ladies similarly engaged; and Emma Mellish found great enjoyment and inspiration in long walks amid the wide, wonderful spaces of sea and sky.

She was very fond of landscapes; and the hand that did n't hold her para-

sol generally held some treasured volume closed at a choice passage on her slender forefinger. She had brought with her a formidable collection of books, ranging from *The Sea Beach at Ebb-tide* to *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*. *The Sea Beach at Ebb-tide* had been Peckham's salvation; later he had made a thorough investigation of the only local industry, poultry-raising; but at the end of a month, he felt that he was sufficiently informed as to marine growths, the respective merits of White Brahmas and Rhode Island Reds, and the advantages of incubators over the natural method.

The trio approached the bathing-pavilion. It was eleven o'clock, the fashionable hour. Practically all the guests of the hotel were in the pavilion, or on the sands, or in the sea. Babies played with their tin pails and shovels; mothers, in light, summery dresses, sat on the sand under gay parasols; stout, middle-aged men, looking strangely vulnerable and of an unhealthy whiteness in their bathing-suits, went down to the water for a gasping plunge and a quick, shivery return; children with the charming slenderness of infancy, excited, happy, frightened, ventured into the water until it reached their knees.

Four or five bronzed young men had improvised a game of pitch-and-toss, umpired by a frenzied fox-terrier; a youth and maiden, just emerged from the water, were running a race for the sake of circulation and the fun of it; other youths and maidens who had not yet entered the water lay on the beach, covering each other with sand with an air of intimacy and unconventionality possibly more apparent than real. The surf was dotted with bobbing heads and flashing arms; shouts and laughter rose from it, and now and then a scream of delighted terror. The tonic breeze from Brazil blew on bathers and spec-

tators alike; even the most timid spectator was enjoying an involuntary bath of the August sunshine.

Peckham viewed this scene with a certain disquiet; he knew there was no reason why he should disapprove of it, and yet he could n't give it his approval. He felt a strange nostalgia, sad, uncomfortable, seductively sweet. He wanted to plunge into the ocean, he wanted to join the game of pitch-and-toss, he wanted to run a foot-race, he wanted to be buried in the sand.

Neither Emma nor Clara considered this scene as curiously as Peckham did. Indefatigable Miss Mellish announced her purpose to continue her quest for marine treasures along the beach; and Mrs. Peckham remarked that she was somewhat tired, and would seek the shelter of the hotel veranda; she was not overfond of uncomfortable positions on the shifting sands. Peckham would have preferred to remain to watch the bathers or to accompany Miss Mellish in her quest, — during his sojourn at Eastport Harbor he had not been alone with Miss Mellish for ten minutes, — but with that invisible chain connecting married people, he turned his back alike on the bathers and Miss Mellish, and went with his wife to the hotel.

This structure, directly back of the bathing-beach, had originally been a large farmhouse, but in adapting itself to its new destiny had thrown out several heterogeneous extensions that followed the conformation of the low, granite ledge, so that, in passing from one part to another, guests were forced either to go down two steps or to go up three. There was a broad modern veranda across the front of the main building, giving a view of the bathing-pavilion, the beach, the sea; and Mrs. Peckham without undue haste selected a comfortable rocking-chair, and drew her tatting utensils from her pocket.

The veranda was deserted; even the man from New Haven with incipient locomotor ataxia had managed to shuffle down to the beach.

Mrs. Peckham had nothing to say to her husband, and said it; Peckham had as little to say to his wife. He had never noticed until this visit to Eastport Harbor how little he and his wife had to say to each other when alone. Early in his married life, he had tried to interest her in the technical side of his business, but she never waxed enthusiastic over grate-bars or drafts, although she was interested in the financial side of his affairs. Peckham was not a smoker, nor had he been initiated into the mysteries of tatting, so that at the present moment he could express his native energy only by sitting in a rocking-chair and rocking with more or less vehemence.

This exercise, however, could not suffice him long. After a moment or two, he went to his room and returned with a book he was reading with a mystified interest. It was a copy of *Man and Superman* which Miss Mellish had loaned him from her comprehensive collection.

He had reached the fourth act, the stirring climax of the play, and as he sat beside his wife, who continued placidly to tat in silence, Peckham read with increased interest and diminished mystification. Tanner's views of marriage, expressed with an abounding eloquence, echoed and made articulate his own feelings.

Peckham was accustomed to turn to his wife in any moral perplexity; his speech and her silence usually clarified his views; and he now turned to her to express the ideas brought into his mind by *Man and Superman*. He craftily attenuated his thoughts, however.

'This fellow, Shaw, has written rather a suggestive book. It's really a book

against marriage, and there's really something in it.'

'Yes?' said Mrs. Peckham, continuing her tatting.

'He says that a married man decays like a thing that's served its purpose; he describes husbands as greasy-eyed. He says that when a man marries, he renounces romance and freedom.'

'And do you believe that?'

Mrs. Peckham looked at her husband with serious, sagacious eyes. Under her gaze, his own eager eyes dropped.

'Well, a married man does give up his freedom. I felt that this morning.'

'Why, what did you want to do this morning that you could n't do?'

Peckham searched his mind a moment.

'I wanted to stay on the beach; I wanted to go in bathing.'

'Why did n't you, then?'

'Because I thought it my duty to come up here with you.'

Mrs. Peckham's face had not lost its look of seriousness; and after the little pause that followed, she said slowly and gravely, 'Robert, I want you to feel free to do whatever you want to do.'

This ready permission irritated Peckham, he could not tell why. He got to his feet with one of his quick motions.

'Well, I *will*,' he said sulkily, and he put his hat on and walked away from her.

He had scarcely stepped off the veranda, however, before the irritation and the sulkiness vanished. Instead, he felt grateful to his wife for her ungrudging sanction. He thought what a good wife she was, and how much he cared for her. Her sanction had been formulated in the most general terms, and his expedition was without any definite objective; but the vagueness only added to the adventure of it. Wonderful possibilities seemed to lurk, invisible, in the golden air; he felt a lightness, as of a physical burden lifted

from his shoulders; he felt somewhat as he had when, during his days of courtship, he took his joyous way to Clara's house.

Insensibly, he had strolled toward the beach and the bathing-pavilion. The matrons, the children, the youths and maidens, the brawny young men, the frenzied fox-terrier, were still sporting on the shore; but, strangely enough, Peckham now felt no desire to join them. It was sufficient for him to realize that he was no longer an alien, to recognize a kinship with the matrons, the children, the fox-terrier, the youths and maidens who, in the clairvoyance of his mood, he now perceived were lovers distilling precious drops of happiness from the most commonplace of external acts. They were all part of his great adventure, and he was part of theirs.

Peckham felt a kinship also with the sea, the sky, the sands; and, turning his back on the surf-bathers and the sun-bathers, he walked along the beach. He was exhilarated by being alone; everything was familiar, but yet he looked at everything with a curious, new interest; the arching breakers, the pebbles rounded by the waves, bleached bits of Irish moss, the white, empty shells of sea-clams.

His was a solitary figure, more neutral in its gray flannels than the sands themselves, moving with slightly accelerated pace past the heaps of seaweed, piled beyond the reach of the envious waves against the time the farmers should come with their oxen to spread it on the land; past the crazy huddle of fishermen's boathouses; and finally into the curve of beach where the dunes began, gigantic waves of sand, apparently as stationary as the waves of water were restlessly mobile, in reality constantly shifting and throwing into the wind their foam of sand in spite of their backing of beach-

grass, tough, lustrous, sharp as swords.

This neutral figure, now moving rapidly, unconsciously approached a second figure, vivid and perfectly quiescent, the figure of a lady seated on the beach under a red parasol which gave to the stretch of sand a touch of color as charming as the tiny splash of vermilion in certain pictures.

Miss Mellish, her book closed on her finger, gazing at the ocean in a pleasurable frame of formless musing which she feared might have a tendency toward moral relaxation, did not notice Peckham's approach; and she noticed when he suddenly appeared beside her, and, sitting down without speaking, shared with her the hospitable shadow of her parasol. She, on her part, did not speak; but signified her welcome by leaning a trifle toward him so as to give him a larger share of the circle of shade.

He was warm from his walk; his face was slightly flushed; as he took off his narrow-brimmed soft felt hat, the impress of the hat-band was left on his clustering, dampened hair. He had all the appearance of having come post-haste in search of her; he was obviously alone; but Miss Mellish instinctively placed these impressions in her large department of tacit things. What she did permit herself was the reflection that he looked very handsome. The impress of the hat-band had the effect of an antique fillet; his lean, eager face seemed more than ever to have been refined in the fire of thought. These innocent reflections, however, had a certain result; and a slight flush came to Miss Mellish's face.

'I've just finished reading *Man and Superman*,' said Peckham.

These words, to Miss Mellish, contained the prophecy of a clarifying discussion consonant with the scenic solitude around them, the whole ocean before them, the dunes behind them, the

empty beach stretching as far as eye could see on either hand; to Peckham, they fell with a leaden sound. Since leaving his wife, his thoughts had been winged and wordless; now, with the simple remark, 'I've just finished reading *Man and Superman*,' they seemed stricken in mid-flight.

In the responsive silence of the land, the responsive sounding of the sea, in the immensity of his mood, the sense of isolation from the common world of men, any spoken word of his would be a profanation. There came back to him the memory of sweet-scented early summer evenings in Troy when he had sat with Emma Mellish on the veranda, listening to high things. He forgot his children, his fifty years, his smoke-consuming device; he remembered only that he was alone with Emma; and the knowledge that his wife had authorized his expedition played through his emotions like a lambent flame.

He turned toward Miss Mellish and put his arm around her.

This action, performed half involuntarily, he had subconsciously prefigured as the crown and climax of his expedition; also subconsciously he had prefigured the coolness and the comfort he felt whenever he put his arm around his wife's plump waist; so that to have his arm meet a straight, stiff, resisting surface was a disillusion and a shock.

Miss Mellish's face had gone whiter than the sands and then almost as crimson as her parasol. She neither spoke nor turned her head; and almost instantly Peckham withdrew his lax arm from her waist.

'Well, I guess I'd better be getting back to the hotel,' he said, feeling like a schoolboy and rising awkwardly to his feet. 'Clara will wonder what has become of me.'

Still Emma Mellish neither spoke nor turned her head. Gazing straight before her at the tossing waste of wa-

ters, she was contemplating the ruins of her most cherished ideal.

Peckham took his way back slowly, with bent head. The beach had suddenly become merely dry sand, the sea merely wet water. He idly noted the objects cast up by the waves, broken lobster-pots covered with green slime, empty flasks, and the empty hemispheres of oranges thrown from passing steamers; and it seemed that he was as sordid and slimy as they. For Tanner and his tirades, he felt a contempt mingled with anger. Peckham could not understand the mood in which he had left his wife. It had been like the effect of some insidious drug; but even in his present reaction, it still wore something of the fascination of the forbidden.

When he reached the bathing-beach, he found that the matrons and babies, the youths and maidens, had departed; in the surf, only a few strong swimmers still splashed in their incomprehensible sport. The fox-terrier patrolled the deserted beach, indomitably hopeful that the fun was not all over. He ran to Peckham and looked up at him, cocking his head on one side inquiringly. For an instant, the man and the dog gazed at each other, neither of them speaking.

Behind the pavilion, a belated youth was dousing a belated maiden under the shower-bath. She squealed and jumped from one leg to the other, while the youth grinned at her, showing teeth as long and strong as an ape's. This couple were evidently not lovers; they were merely silly and vulgar. Peckham reflected how repulsive girls looked in wet bathing-suits.

Back of the pavilion, on its granite ledge, the hotel looked down at him like an accusing face with a hundred eyes; and toward it Peckham turned his obedient steps. Somewhere within it, his wife was waiting for him; and

he experienced the bitter truth that a single false step always brings with it a train of consequences. How could he confess to Clara? Could he conceal his dereliction, like some husbands he had heard of?

Like the beach, the veranda was deserted. The bathers were engaged in beautifying themselves for land-conquests; soon, in duck skirts and flannel trousers, they would begin to gather on the veranda to wait with an idle, preprandial impatience for the big brass gong to shiver the air with its savage summons to the midday meal. Peckham's reluctant feet led him indoors and upstairs.

Clara, in a dressing-sack, was seated before the bureau in their room, making one of the innumerable little votive offerings to her person that women are continually making. Even after all his married years, these votive offerings remained mysterious, supererogatory, charming. The reflection of her face in the mirror gave Peckham the mute welcome married people find sufficient for their need.

Clara had the faculty of endowing the most casual dwelling-place with a sense of home. A vase of asters brightened the table she had improvised into a sewing-table; photographs of his son and his three daughters, pained and disillusioned, looked at him from the wall.

'Clara,' said Peckham, 'I've just put my arm around Emma Mellish.'

He had expected he hardly knew what; not, at any rate, that his wife would continue her toilet in silence and apparent calm.

'I walked up the beach,' he went on,

'and found her sitting there, and sat down beside her. Before I knew it, I had my arm around her, but I took it away at once. She did n't like it, and I did n't like it.'

He paused, and then, as his wife continued silent and engaged, he added desperately, 'It's mighty lucky, Clara, that I'm not a susceptible man.'

Mrs. Peckham put the finishing touch to her toilet. She got up and turned toward him with a laugh. It was not an angry laugh, or a mocking laugh; it was a smiling laugh,—kindly, comprehending, sympathetic. Clara, he knew not why, often laughed at things he said; and often, without understanding, he joined her. He did so now with rather a tremulous chirrup that seemed a solvent of all his trouble.

He went to his wife and put his arm around her. The comfortable, plump waist to which he was accustomed seemed like home, like a haven from perilous seas. Without realizing it, he felt as if she were his mother; realizing it thoroughly, she felt as if he were her child.

'Clara,' he said, 'I want to get back to business; I want to get back to Brooklyn. We ought to open the house. Henry and the girls will be coming home after Labor Day.'

Mrs. Peckham, with a little answering pressure, disengaged herself from him to complete her preparations for the midday meal.

'Very well,' she said, 'I'll pack the trunks this afternoon.'

A grateful realization of her multitudinous ministrations swept over him.

'I'll help you pack them,' he said in the magnanimity of the moment.

VEGETATION

BY ROBERT M. GAY

'VEGETATION, the process, act, or state of vegetating.' —DICTIONARY.

IN the season of the year when 'the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell,' man feels vegetable stirrings within him. He takes to salads. He meditates on a lettuce-leaf. His thoughts turn with longing to greens; the dandelion of the lawn, the sorrel of the woods, the cress of the garden or stream, pale endive or chicory, long-leafed romaine or cos, each is in its turn a poem, a moment's monument. A green pepper becomes the quintessence of all that's green; in it the coolness of a New England spring is married to the pungency of a tropical summer. All winter the red of fire or flannel has been grateful; now the colors that thrill him are green and blue. All winter he has been an animal, and, like the animals, has probably longed to hibernate; but in the spring the vegetable part of him awakes. The sap-serum in his veins has become choked with over-fed red corpuscles as a trout-brook is choked with water-cresses in late summer. He unconsciously longs to become sappy. Even the carnivores, the cats and dogs, may be detected eating grass. They, through domestication, have become more or less vegetable, too.

We have hit here upon a great discovery and would not have it slighted. Man's physical make-up is two-fold, — animal and vegetable. The primitive man was wholly animal; the most highly civilized man inclines to become vegetable. That this is true is shown by a startling array of facts, as,

for instance, the spread of vegetarianism, and the 'back to nature' craze. The first instinct of the animal is to build itself a house. From the clam to the philosopher, all animals grow, steal, find, or build houses. In the vegetable world it is different. Who ever heard of a turnip or a chrysanthemum growing a shell, building a nest, or hiding in a cave? No. As a race the vegetables, since the primeval ooze, have been of the open air; and man, without knowing why, is taking to sleeping out-of-doors, playing golf, studying nature, in his blind way blaming it all on the pursuit of health, whereas it is really the eternal vegetable in him asserting itself.

We have been accustomed to say that the primal season awakens a longing for liberty, for the 'open road,' to 'get close to nature.' We have been on the wrong track. The truth is that the vegetable part of us, which is more or less deciduous, has been down-trodden and oppressed for months and now responds to the burgeoning of the outside world; it, too, sprouts and buds and leaves.

The higher the nature of the individual, the more it approximates the vegetable. Does an animal aspire? Does he worship the sun? Is he patient, long-suffering, meek? Not unless he subsists upon a vegetable diet. Behold the mild-eyed cow, how she sits under a tree, ruminating not only her cud but thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears. But, you say, the bull also lives on grass and yet is not

especially mild-eyed. We can only suppose — for of what good is a theory unless the facts can be made to fit it? — that the bull's surprising antics, boosting fishermen over fences and snorting defiance of red petticoats, are all a fraud, a pretense of an irritable temper assumed in order to impress the mild-eyed cow under the tree. That she is privately laughing at him, we may be sure, if the custom of human ladies in the presence of their spouses' thunderings is an indication. You object again that, if the cow is really a vegetable, we are ascribing to vegetables a sense of humor. And why not? Does not M. Maeterlinck, in his book on the intelligence of flowers, prove conclusively that that ill-smelling orchid about which he waxes so eloquent has a sense of humor? She plays a practical joke of the meanest description upon every bee that is unfortunate enough to poke his nose into her nectary. For, before he knows it, he is sliding down a greased board, and plumps into a pool of stagnant water out of which he cannot scramble without coating his furry back, in which he takes such pride, with a dusting of pollen. He may be recompensed for his disarray by the exhilaration of shooting the chutes, but the orchid might at least provide him a boat.

There used to be a notion that the difference between the animal and the plant was due to sensation and volition in the former. But M. Maeterlinck and others have disposed of all that nonsense. They tell us that the plants 'which appear so placid, so resigned, in which all seems acquiescence, silence, obedience, meditation, are, on the contrary, prodigious examples of insubmission, courage, perseverance, and ingenuity.' Surely, such traits indicate sensation and volition with a vengeance. Time was when to call a man a vegetable was to incur a thump,

and to vegetate was a term of contumely, carrying an image of a slothful body and a blank mind. We were told that it is not growing like a tree that doth make man perfect be. But all that was the fruit of inadequate knowledge. To-day, to call a man a parsnip or a pumpkin may be the most delicate of compliments; for who can say what prodigies of 'insubmission, courage, perseverance, and ingenuity' those humble and maligned vegetables may be displaying every day? However, until the light of knowledge has spread further, it may be as well to keep to the older though less subtle forms of flattery.

We have said enough to show that there is nothing humiliating in being a vegetable. Those of us in whom the elements are balanced can experience only vaguely, in the salad days of spring, the joys of vegetation, yet we can at any rate have the fun of classifying our friends. To this end it is important to adopt a nomenclature and distinguish symptoms. Those in whom the animal is the dominant element and the vegetable is recessive, — to employ the most approved Mendelian terminology of the day, — we shall call *zoögens*; those in whom the vegetable component is dominant and the animal recessive, we shall call *vegetals*. The classification of the human race as bromides and sulphites, propounded some time ago by a brother philosopher, was a creditable performance enough, but in no way affects ours, which is of a profounder — indeed, we may say with all modesty, of an ultimate — sort. Charles Lamb's division into borrowers and lenders is also witty, but entirely unscientific; the fact that he does not use a single Latin or Greek term speaks for itself.

We have now, therefore, an apparatus which will save us from the jeers of the men of science, and we can re-

turn to our main argument. Observers have recently come to the conclusion that, in the ~~last~~ analysis, the only difference between the animal and the plant is that the former can take a walk and the latter cannot. Here we strike at the root of the matter in its human application. In his extreme form, the zoögen is a tramp; the vegetal, a loafer. No insult is intended. Wilhelm Meister tells us that

To give men room to wander in it,
Therefore is the world so wide.

But Emerson replies,

That each should in his house abide,
Therefore is the world so wide.

These two declarations seem at first glance to contradict, but if we remember that Wilhelm Meister was a zoögen and Emerson a vegetal, all becomes clear. The zoögen exhausts his animal spirits by footing it round the habitable globe, or that fraction of it which his pocketbook and family cares will permit; while the vegetal has no animal spirits and therefore lets his soul do the traveling. The supreme vegetals of the world are the East Indians; and of them chief are the Brahmans, and of them, the adepts or mystics who sit on Himalayan crags and vegetate so successfully that their souls are said to catch an occasional peep at karma, whatever that may be. This is carrying the thing rather too far, however; for, although we have not before noted the fact, a man may vegetate so thoroughly that he becomes mineral; in other words, like the Irishman's horse that learned to live without eating, he ups and dies. Temperance in all things is best.

As one would naturally suppose, the zoögens and vegetals have a hearty contempt for one another. A Chinaman's opinion of an Occidental will give you the idea. Read Wordsworth to a thorough-going zoögen and hear his snorts of disdain. And then turn

to *Peter Bell* and hear what the poet has to say of a man to whom a primrose is nothing but a primrose. It is really hardly fair, for perhaps Peter was an authority on donkeys. If he could not expound the Vedas of the violet, it may be that the Koran of the kangaroo or the Talmud of the titmouse was an open book to him. Is it any wonder that the zoögens call all vegetals mystics or symbolists, if nothing worse? This mutual distrust may be due to hereditary instincts, survivals of a long line of vegetal ancestors eaten by ancestral zoögens. Is it any wonder if the vegetal suffers from 'obstinate questionings,' 'blank misgivings'? Does the rabbit tremble in the presence of the fox, or the hen in the shadow of the hawk? All that these small deer desire is to be let alone; and this is the prevailing wish of the human vegetal.

Of course, the zoögens accuse the vegetals of being passionless, not realizing that there is a vegetable passion quite as manifest in some people as animal passion in others. It is true that the vegetals are by nature celibate, in the accepted sense. Yet when the heat of the day has passed and dewy dusk settles over the landscape, who shall say what recondite and mystical soul-unions the vegetal may delight in, — idyllic as a *fête champêtre* by Watteau, innocent as the matings of fairies in the forest of Arden, when

Daphne hath broke her bark, and that swift foot,
The angry gods had fastened with a root
To the fixed earth, doth now unfettered run
To meet the embraces —

of her human lover? You and I, poor vegeto-zoögens, cannot see her white limbs flash by in the moonlight; her kisses, soft as the kisses of remembered love, are not for us; her breath is only the wind in the leaves, her voice only the murmur of the tired earth sighing in sleep.

Women are by nature more vegetal than men. We enter here a field of speculation which angels might fear to tread. Let us hasten to qualify our statement by saying that women used to be more vegetal than men. Of late years, whether because of a change of diet or by some obscure natural law of compensation to offset the growing vegetality of man, they have become more and more zoögenic. That marvelous patience which used to fill us with wonder has left them. They are decidedly on the go. Theirs no longer vegetally to reason why; theirs zoögenically to do or die. That what they do or why they should die is of no particular consequence, is the first mark of the zoögen. It was long ago discovered that it is fatal for a zoögenic man to marry a zoögenic woman, and as long as men were zoögenic they took good care that women should be vegetal; they accomplished this very simply, by making woman sit still. She had no alternative but to vegetate. Is it any wonder that, now she 'hath broke her bark,' men are bewildered? Suppose the whole world of plants should suddenly take to its heels, putting into them all the store of energy hoarded up during eons of inaction. Would there not be a pretty kettle of fish? The zoögenic man loved the vegetal of the opposite sex quite as much as he hated that of his own. Such a wife was restful. As for the wife who can beat him at his own game, — but perhaps we had better change the subject.

In the phrenology of the vegetal the bump of acquisitiveness is totally lacking. As we have said, he wants to be let alone. If he have money, he will never be let alone. In his extreme development he eats merely to live. Like a true plant, he takes what is within reach and is satisfied. Suppression of the body may result in a flowering of great thought, as prize chrysanthemums are grown in small pots. His

soul revolts against rich food and over-eating and, if you seek him in a restaurant, you may find him in a corner with a bottle of claret and a lettuce salad; but the chances are that you will not find him. Go into the park or out into the country. There he is beside a brook making a pretense of fishing, or sitting on a rail-fence, or lying in the warm shade, as motionless, as elemental, as the rocks and trees. If you speak to him, you will find him mild-mannered, rich in lore, loquacious and musical as a brook. 'What he knows, nobody wants,' but little cares he. He knows, nobody better, that the most interesting things in this world are the most useless. He has mastered the priceless secret of wasting time.

The true vegetal is not fat, as might be supposed; but, like Cassius, hath a lean and hungry look. Perhaps the best example of him in literature is Lewis Carroll's old man a-sitting on a gate. He is humorously sketched, it is true, but if we substitute for his dreams of mechanical invention speculations on Man, Nature, and God, questionings why 'Nature loves the number five, and why the star-form she repeats,' we have the typical vegetal: all the wistful earnestness of the man, all his physical patience and spiritual yearning, his bodily attenuation and plumpness of soul.

The discerning reader has long since seen that all that we call temperament or personality is a matter of the admixture of these two elements. The various temperaments found in men and women form a long chain, with pure zoögen at one end and pure vegetal at the other, while the vegeto-zoögens and zoö-vegetals lie between. The middle terms look upon the ends as types of genius, while each end looks upon the other as insane. It would require the compass of a book to study and

formulate all the intricacies of the system. It is enough to indicate the law, and leave the drudgery to the zoögens.

Now that we know what genius is, we can readily understand some of its peculiarities: for instance, why pure geniuses totally lack a sense of humor and yet are so funny to normal people. Humor is nothing but the ability to see the constant quarrel which is going on in man between his animal and vegetable natures. We who are of the middle series and therefore partake of both, are able to see the struggle between debasement and aspiration, thrift and extravagance, industry and laziness, and all the other countless contraries that flesh is heir to. Usually this is amusing; but when it becomes extreme, it is either tragic or ridiculous. Sancho Panza is pure vegetal of the ignoble sort, as his master is of the noble. The pathos as well as the humor of Don Quixote lies in the spectacle of a vegetal trying for all he is worth to be a zoögen. The fact that neither he nor Sancho sees anything the least bit funny in their antics simply proves the truth of our observation that the extremes of our human series lack the humorous sense. For the first requisite of genius is that it shall take itself seriously; and herein lies the solace of those of us who may regret that we were not born geniuses. Think of the fun we should have missed!

The zoögen who chances upon this treatise will read a page or two and throw it aside; the vegeto-zoögen will think he is called upon to take the whole thing humorously and will dutifully smile, even laugh. But your vegetal will know that every word is profoundly true; he will see nothing funny in it; the probability is that he will be moved to tears, because he has at last found an interpreter. He will see himself as in a glass and no longer darkly. After millenniums of misconstruction,

misapprehension, misinterpretation, he has been given his due.

Think of the joy this will bring to the hearts of the countless Rip van Winkles, Izaak Waltons, Sir John Falstaffs, Scholar Gipsies, who have been persistently maligned by the extreme zoögens as lazy good-for-nothings. Poor inoffensive mortals, whom their very nature precludes from defending themselves with their fists or in print; loved of birds and beasts and little children; creatures of the woodland vista, the checkered shade, the bee-haunted orchard, the sedge-lined brook; shy hermit-crabs or caddis-worms of the *genus homo*; the zoögens have long had the laugh on you, but your day is dawning. The true inwardness of your philosophy will be revealed.

In a nation of indefatigable and fractious zoögens you have slept your naps and dreamed your dreams and reared your iridescent air-castles, — even occasionally published your books, which have invariably startled the world. In a nation whose one verb has been To Do, you have consistently done nothing. You have taken time to be happy. You have let the body rest, that the soul might grow. Yours has not been to build sky-scrapers, but temples of thought; not cantilever bridges, but the spans of dreams. Take heart! The time will come when there will be nothing left to do. The zoögens will all perforce either become vegetals or explode; and you, shy harbingers of the dawn, will then come into your own. In that dim future your effigies will be set up in the market-place (then overgrown with weeds), and before them will be burned incense of juniper berries and balm-of-Gilead buds; their brows will be crowned with chaplets of honeysuckle and sweet bay, and their feet laved with libations of elderberry wine mingled with the sugary sap of the maple.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MY ARMORY

GEOGRAPHICALLY speaking, my armory is a railway journey of full six days from the cheerful little sanctum on the second floor back, at 4 Park Street, Boston, Massachusetts. For the lovers of the *Atlantic*, to whom this sanctum connotes so much of pleasure and reflection, our own *Pou Sto* is frequently measured by its distance from this common centre of friendly interchange. And so, Genial Brother of the Club, I would arm you courteously across a space of something over three thousand miles, across the border-line of the States, far up into the northwestern part of a country which acknowledges another form of government.

Were not our journey magically swift, you would find much to interest you on the way; and were we on observation bent, you would find your account also in the picturesque life of this very distant and very recent West. That is another story which I shall tell you when we chat again. But now we are on Aladdin's carpet, and you are permitted to know only that we are very far from Boston, and in the midst of a world too busy to dream, and too new to love the things of Eld. Good Sir, do these wooden sidewalks and muddy streets and box-like houses seem a trifle crude to you? Pray, be not disheartened. Here is a door ajar. Come with me into the Armory.

Ah, Sir, be not surprised at these rich carven panels, and at the rafters of ancient oak. Rather forget what is outside of that door; forget even that the door itself, which is unmistakably hewn oak within, looked like painted

pine without. Let your forgetting be comprehensive, Good Sir, and make yourself at home. That song of Will Shakespeare's —

Tell me where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head? —

which we can hear faintly tinkled on a spinet to a right Elizabethan air — that song shall magic us wholly away from the outside world. The good Poet was speaking of Love, no doubt; but we shall interpret his fancy as we choose, while you look with me along the walls of this mine Armory.

Here now is my wall of Swords. A goodly array, is 't not? I see you gaze with interest upon that long blade that heads the line. No wonder that you admire it, for the pommel and haft are all of precious stones. Time was, as a good book tells us, it gave light like thirty torches, but its brightness is somewhat dimmed in these froward times. You recognize it now, but are puzzled, mayhap, to find it on these walls. True, Sir, it has not been wielded in battle since that sad day when Sir Bedivere took it up and bound the girdle about the hilts, and threw it as far into the water as he might. But it was not wholly lost; for I found it in a certain glorious summer of my boyhood, and ever since it has hung there upon the wall, where the broken light from yonder narrow window touches it as with the ray of an autumn sunset. I shall not soon be parted from it.

And the sword beside it? 'T is the one that the young Galahad lightly plucked from the fleeting stone, and placed in the waiting scabbard by his side. Look you at the pommel adorned with jewels, and read the writing

wrought thereon with subtle letters of gold: 'Never shall man take me hence but only he by whose side I ought to hang, and he shall be the best knight in the world.' Fair and untarnished is the blade, for all that the young knight slew with it the Seven Deadly Sins. View it ye may, but you nor I nor any of our modern fellowship may touch that spotless steel.

And the sword beyond it, with the blunted edge? 'T is Durendal, which Count Roland, in his death-agony, sought vainly to break upon the stone. Charlemagne girded the sword upon him, and with it Roland conquered many a fair province, and slew many a foul Paynim. When Roland entered the Pass of Roncesvalles, he wished a wish which binds us even as we look upon it now. These words he spoke: 'For his liege lord a man ought to suffer all hardship, and endure great heat and cold, and give both his blood and his body. I will smite with Durendal, my good sword that the King gave me. If I die here, may he to whom it shall fall say, This was the sword of a goodly vassal.' And it is only by the meed of this tribute that Durendal is kept there upon the panel.

And next it, you observe, hangs Halteclere, which Oliver bore — the good and trusty sword that had not its fellow under heaven save only Durendal. It is good to see them hanging side by side, as if the loyalty of their masters still vibrated through the steel. Are they thinking, I wonder, of that heart-stirring cry which Roland uttered to Oliver at Roncesvalles: 'I will smite with Durendal my sword, and do thou, Comrade, lay on with Halteclere. Through many lands have we carried them, and with them have we conquered many a battle. No ill song must be sung of them.'

They are the treasure trove of later years, Good Sir, and there beneath

them are two crossed weapons without which the little group would be incomplete. One is Joyeuse, the sword of the great Charles himself. Richly jeweled it is, and encased in the golden hilt is the tip of the spear with which Our Lord was pierced upon the Cross. And the sword of brown steel which lies across it is Almace, with which the good Bishop Turpin slew some four hundred Paynims at Roncesvalles.

But I see that your eye is fixed upon that broad blade with the strange runes graven in it. 'T is Balmung, which Wieland forged and gave to Siegfried. And with it you see the other two swords of Siegfried's: Gram, the sword of Grief, and Mimung, the blade which Wittich lent to him. And there too is Flamborge, the sword of Maugis, which I have hung so that its point leans over to kiss the blade of Balmung. The great Wieland forged them both, and their well-wrought runes croon together of their ruddy past.

There are other swords adown the wall which are good to look upon — Chrysaor, the sword of Artégall, and Graysteel, and Graban the Grave-digger, and Blutgang the Blood-letter, and Quernbiter, the footbroad sword of King Haakon, and Brinnig the Flaming, which Hildebrand bore — their very names are heartening. But I should detain you too long, were we to stop before each one.

Rather turn we to the opposite wall, where you perceive the sweet confusion of armor and spears. That great shield which seems to crowd the very rafters — look well upon its intricate tracery: the earth and the sky and the sea, and the sun and the moon and all the stars; and two cities withal, one irradiated with the light of peace and one beclouded with the shadow of war; and the vineyard, with its merry youths and maidens and the boy playing on a harp of gold and singing a pleasant

song; and round about the shield the river of Ocean. Yes, in truth, 't is none other than the shield of Achilles, which Hephæstus wrought him. And there beside it are the corselet brighter than fire and the helmet ridged with gold. And sloping athwart the armor — for you will observe that it is too long to stand erect — is the mighty spear that Cheiron cut on the top of Pelion to be the death of many. Yes, Sir, you are quite right; 't were as much beyond our puny power to lift that royal weapon, as to draw the stout bow which arches the space beyond. Odysseus brooked no rival in that feat, you remember.

And no less worthy of your view are those two sturdy shafts which tower side by side on yonder panel. The nearer one with its ebon staff, which Bladud made by magic art of yore, was wielded by the fair Britomart. The farther, of celestial temper, the mighty Ithuriel bore. Why are they placed side by side? Ah, Sir, 't is a dreamer's whim. Mayhap the causes in which they were wielded were not unlike. Nor is it wholly by chance that yon white shield with a red cross in the midst hangs near the two spears. The shield was Galahad's.

And now, Sir, I will not detain you longer from the unreal world of everyday affairs which lies beyond the door. Perchance some other day, if you will deign to visit me, we may go together to an ante-room where we shall look upon Antony's sword, Philippan, and Cæsar's yellow blade, Crocea Mors, and the much-dinted iron helmet of Cromwell, and the pathetically tiny suit of armor which a zealous smith wrought for a Stuart kinglet. And perchance too we may peer for a moment into a recess behind a panel, where Don Quixote's basin helmet, and Falstaff's pudding shield, and the arms of Hudibras, lie gathering oblivious dust.

Ah, Sir, I am sorry to see you go, for it is a rare privilege to renew mine an-

cient rapture in my Armory with a congenial spirit. Moreover, there is a chill in the air outside. But here, Sir, allow me to offer you this old cloak which lies upon the window-seat. Do not despise it for its antiquated look, for it hath an excellent history. Jack the Giant-killer received it from his uncle in Cornwall. It is the cloak of Invisibility.

THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA

WE were bound for Italy, hence in nowise peculiar, though the sun of the south beat hot with its summer promise, and it promised a summer of heat. But our gallant passengers were not recruited from the feverish who bustle from end to end of hotel-piazzas in search of evasive breezes, and drown protesting in the first hot wave. One, still young, was for Egypt; another for Palestine and rejoicing to run his race; a third for the parched Sicilian slopes; but most of us were satisfied to begin with the blaze of Italian June, and we thought ourselves brave enough.

I feared the heat of the sun no more than the rest, yet I somehow pitied my companions, for the face of each was set with a firm resolve, which, if I guessed aright, meant determination to enjoy the coming hot experience to the full, to achieve a thoroughly concentrated form of recreation. They would make the most of poor Italy. They were making the most of her already; for about lay books of every weight and fatness, and Baedeker — even redder than usual — blistered in the sun. The steamer-chairs gathered together in impassable barriers; the worried faces bent over the flapping of charts and maps took on a look of habitual anxiety. Yes, they were planning the campaign; they would cram the minutes tight.

And even then the golden minutes came and passed over the blue Medi-

terranean, if those passengers had but stopped to heed. We had left the tawny bulk of Gibraltar and the gleaming vision of the tanned Sierras, ranging snow-streaked, beyond the yellow shore. The feel of land was all around, for it lay now on the south, so near that a tired bird flew over from Africa to bring us a greeting from the desert behind the dim coast-hills. The steerage babies crowed happy in the warm air, as the boat dipped lightly on the clear sea; and the young men danced to the flute, glad at the hope of home.

I was content to watch the blue slowly heave above the rail and slowly sink from sight, startled only by the quick flash of a rising fin or a distant glimpse of porpoises discreetly curving in line. But for my friends? Ah, they would not have heard, even had old 'Triton blown his wreathed horn!' They were poring over their 'works' of travel, and, as I strolled about, I read the titles: *Walks in Rome*, *Walks in Venice*, *The Road in Tuscany*. It was all so worthy and so conscientious that I felt a pang as of a remembered duty, and the call of the mild sea sounded a note less comfortable.

'Alas,' thought I, 'are we to be so agile in the promised land? Always the road? Must we always be walking?' And like a cloud forward I saw looming ahead the momentous summer of my fellows. They would descend into the chilliest crypt; they would charge through the longest gallery; they would crowd into three short weeks the comprehension of Italy's three worlds, and never miss a train, but pass on, like Alexander and 'bonnie Leslie,' 'to spread their conquests farther.'

Frankly I admired this zeal of exploration. I knew it for the same spirit which drew our undaunted forefathers westward across the great water. They saw 'this to be the only thing in the world that was left undone whereby

a notable mind might be made famous and fortunate.' But even as I was ruefully descending to burrow for books in my turn, I felt that 'this quest was not for me.'

And there came a rash thought, growing straightway to a possibility of unchartered freedom. Could this weight of duty be only the fabled Old Man of the Sea himself, type of all unnecessary loads borne for conscience' sake? This was a very likely place to meet him. If he were to be dislodged, it must be at once, before he had become adjusted to my shoulders.

A shake, and he was off! 'Once more I saw the ocean green,' unhaunted by the phantom of enormous activities. Yes, I was neither Æneas, nor Hannibal, nor Gibbon. I knew it and I did not mind. I would not 'do' Italy at all, this Italy so amply competent to 'do' itself. Only for my pleasure would I walk in Rome, only at my fancy take the 'road in Tuscany.' I might miss half the porphyry from Hadrian's villa, might never see the 'best ten paintings,' but at least in this land of flowered pergola, and shimmering olive shade, I should have the liberty of quiet. So perhaps even to me might come a whisper from the voice of immemorial days, or a glimpse of some ancient presence now grown timid.

And in Italy I kept to my privilege, asking from her store only pictures warm for my keeping: of her ripening summer, her ancient shades of ancient greatness, her prodigal holiday of living color as precious as all her graves.

They are but the common scenes familiar to the sight of all who wander, but seldom shall we find traveler so graceless as to turn from a memory of his own Italian summers without the wish of thanks, —

'Benedetto, sia l' giorno e 'l mese e l' anno
E la stagione e 'l tempo, e l' ora e 'l punto
E 'l bel paese e 'l loco.'

CLUBS AMONG THE CUBS

'MOTHER, I don't think it's fair!'

Jack burst into the room and dumped himself on the lounge.

'What is n't fair?' said his mother.

'I got up a club with Ned and Tommy, and they 'lected me president, and then I just went into the house for a minute, and while I was gone they 'lected Tommy president!'

About half the history of the world is typified in this incident, and about three quarters of the history of politics. But the aspect of it that particularly struck me when I heard the story was the extreme youth of the protagonist. Jack was seven years old. It seemed to me that things were beginning early.

As always happens, once my attention was directed to the matter, other little incidents of a similar nature began to present themselves to my notice. Six-year-old Paul was taking me for a walk up the farm-lane.

'That 'th where they 'nithated me,' he lisped, trying to give his momentous words the air of a careless aside.

'They what?' I asked, surveying the gray rock half buried in huckleberry bushes.

'Nithated,' said Paul slowly.

'What's that?' I asked again.

I was really very stupid, but children bear a great deal from grown-ups.

'Why, don't you know?' said Paul patiently. 'You put your hand on it, and hold the other hand up, and then you thay — I muth n't tell you what you thay, becauthe you're not a member; and, anyway' — this was added with a far-away look — 'I gueth I've forgotten what it wath.'

'So you're a member? What is it? A club?'

'A thoethiety, — the D. L. S.'

'What does that mean?'

'That 'th a thecret. It 'th a thecret thoethiety.'

'Oh, I see. And what do you do? Is that a secret too?'

'Oh, we have meetingth — we don't do very much — 'thept when there 'th thomebody to 'nithate.'

'And that happens rather often, I suppose,' I suggested.

'Ye-e-th,' doubtfully. 'They 'nithated me latht week.'

'And who else is in the society?'

'Willie and Kate. They have two other thoethieties, but I'm only in thith one.'

While I was still brooding over this conversation, I picked up a slip of paper in a friend's house, and, without realizing that I was intruding on mysteries, read as follows: —

DEAR LILLIE —

I am going to get up another club Its called the S T S If you come over after school I will tell you what it means You can join it and Billy is in it Then we can conect up with the other clubs, and have an affiliation

Yours truly

JAMES BURTON

I was deeply impressed with this document, especially with the 'affiliation' idea, and I inquired into the ages of the persons involved in the scheme. James is nine years old, Lillie is seven, Billy is eight. Evidently we are in an organizing age, and the new generation is not going to be left behind.

Lately, with the desire of finding out something about these matters from another set of witnesses, I have been sounding various parents on the subject. As soon as I mention the word 'clubs,' I am sure to see some sort of vivid expression flash up in the face of my interlocutor. Sometimes it is amusement, and there follows a funny story about some of the school societies; sometimes it is sarcastic; sometimes it is rather desperate. One mother confesses that she has forbidden her

little daughter to belong to any school club whatever; one father has sent his boy away to boarding-school to escape the problems and dangers of the high-school secret societies. Obviously, I have stumbled upon a live issue, and one that is puzzling wiser heads than mine.

Puzzled I surely am. In 'my day' there were baseball clubs for the boys, and sewing or cooking clubs for the girls, and there an end, with no secret societies at all. Moreover, the baseball clubs really played baseball, and the sewing and cooking clubs really sewed and cooked, or tried to. But that was long ago. In those days, too, the club life of the grown-ups was correspondingly simple: a charitable sewing society for the ladies, where they met to sew and talk; a club for the men, where they smoked and talked politics or science or whatever interested them; and for men and women together, a euchre club, and perhaps a 'literary' club.

But the plot has thickened. We are beset by clubs on all sides, and one of the chief problems of life, if I can trust my observation, seems to be how to keep out of the wrong ones and get into the right ones, while, with regard to the officering of them, the predicament of the martyr Jack may be taken as typical. I have even been assured, by a very high authority indeed, that most clubs are started by people who have a craving to be president of something, and who therefore get up a club to meet this 'long-felt want.' Moreover, it is apparently a widespread desire, this wish to 'connect up' with other clubs and make an 'affiliation.' If, then, the old cocks—and hens—are crowing and cackling after this fashion, what else is to be expected of the young ones?

But I have no intention of drifting into an argument. I am merely observing, and wondering how it is all going to come out. Being, in general,

no friend to repressive measures, I have a feeling that it will do little good to prohibit clubs and secret societies among the children. I should rather favor letting them go on, if they must, but giving them something really to do. Societies that chiefly 'hold meetings,' and 'initiate,' seem to my plain mind to be in need, not so much of repressing, as of being given a job. And meanwhile, I confess that I am sorry for Jack, I admire James, and I am proud that I know Paul and Lillie.

ON SAYING THANK YOU TO EDITORS

PERHAPS because I am the shyest of novices in the cloisters of literature, perhaps because I was taught from a babe to say 'Please!' and 'Thank you,' I am always impelled to speak out a very genuine and very much surprised gratitude to the editors who occasionally accept the frail offspring of my pen. From my side, the relationship of editor and writer seems rude almost to barbarism. To receive a kind letter of critical appreciation,—to receive also, presently, a neat check that means a trip to the city or a wider margin of extra delights for several weeks,—all in a glum silence, is wrong. The only witness, indeed, that the letter and the check ever came to me, is my greedy indorsement of the latter; while the joyful gleam and ambitious leap forward into fresh fields of hope and achievement go unrecorded as an hour of stupid sleep.

It is such a wonderful thing, to me, that my works should ever be accepted by a proud-spirited magazine. Not because what I write is not good enough! Of course, what I write seems, from one point of view, entirely excellent to me. I suppose I should n't write it if it did n't. But I realize that solely in the fact of its being *my own* does the

virtue lie. What banners blow in that line of poetry, for me! What leaves are murmuring druid things! What souls of men long dead are calling mysteries to me over the dark! But it is only I that hear them, for they are mine, my dreams, my little singing words. How can they tell their secrets to an alien ear? It seems impossible that what I write should say in the least degree what I dream; and so I am astonished when the cool and crowded minds that keep the magazines astirring find my verses or my plain speech worthy of print (and the check). Each time that something is accepted, it is as if I had been climbing a great hill, and with a sudden effort and reaching out of friendly hands, had gained the top and looked forth across fair regions. 'Oh my!' I gasp. 'I did it that time: but the next hill—I can never get up that! This was the last: I shall never, never see the view beyond that farther ridge. Yet this is good!' and I sit down for a minute to breathe and contemplate. But before very long the lure of the horizon draws me to my feet, and I must journey away, till, amazingly, I am climbing the next hill, and the next, always without faith, and always with deep, shy joy at the conquest of the summit. Indeed, I do not often conquer. Most literary hills have slippery sides, and there are some all wrought of glass, whose glittering crests only the strong wings of genius can gain.

Such being my attitude toward my work and its success, it seems to me only ordinary good manners to recognize those who help me up the hills. I thank the policeman who steers me across Piccadilly or Broadway, although he has merely convoyed my body in safety through the hurly-burly of a minute. And shall I be dumb

to the escorts of my spirit up the Parnassian heights?

But is it proper? That is what I am most desirous of knowing. Do the editors think a person very boresomely naïve if he or she writes a scrap of a note to say, 'I am glad you liked my verses,'—'Thank you for taking my story,'—'Your criticism of my essay was a great help to me'? Do they grin, as much as to reply, 'My dear verdant young friend, *we* don't want your thanks. We take your stuff because it happens this once to be the sort that makes the magazine sell, and we don't care a hang about you or your prim, earnest little schoolboy and schoolgirl courtesies. Please indorse your check and get a new hat or a new waistcoat: you probably need them; and correct your proof nicely when we send it to you, maybe in two or three years,—and then leave us alone, for we have bigger things to think about than whether you feel obliged to us or not. It is really embarrassing to have you around, all serious and round-eyed and thankful.'

Now if the editors feel like that, far be it from me to abase myself before them. Yet, if they are not quite human and quite kind, they would not write us such long and pleasant words of explanation, admonition, even praise. And being human, might they not bear with a little gratitude? It may come to pass, on a day in the far whirling of the future, that such as I shall grow arrogant and high and cool, and that the editors will fall at our feet and beg us with tears and gold to favor them. A humorous thought! But now—bless Heaven and the glad hazardous adventure of unsated Life—it is not so with me. Very humbly, though very gayly and proudly, I am moved to say, 'I thank you!'

'THE MAN ON THE BRIDGE' AGAIN

A COMMUNICATION

[The paper entitled 'The Man on the Bridge,' dealing with dangers and difficulties in the management of transatlantic liners and published in the May issue of the *Atlantic*, has been made the subject of such unusual controversy that space is given to the following letter from the author of the paper. — THE EDITORS.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC.

SIR: — After reading in twenty-six different papers a variety of denials and criticisms by agents and officers of various steamship lines, called forth by my article in the May *Atlantic*, entitled 'The Man on the Bridge,' I wish to add a few facts and comments pertinent to the discussion.

Let me first attend to the statement of the agents, for they are floundering in the deeper water. To a deep-sea officer who knows his profession, their ignorance seems complete, and there is a reason for it. In ten years' experience with steamship agents, I have never known an agent to be in evidence aboard a liner except at the hours of arrival or departure. Of the normal conditions on board ship when in dock, or of the state of things at sea, he knows nothing at first hand. My article charged that liner officers were overworked. The chorus of agents stated that they were not. Specifically, Mr. Charles P. Sumner, agent for the Cunard Line, stated that the Cunard officers are on duty for four hours, and off for eight hours. He omitted, however, to state the very material fact that such heavenly watches as these are kept on Cunard steamships only when the vessels are well clear of the land, and dangers are at their minimum. The Cunard agent furthermore prudently omitted from his denial any

reference to what I said about the strain officers are subjected to when leaving dock on the morning tide before sailing-day. In my remarks, I kept well within the margin of truth, and stated times and duties which upon investigation would prove to be strictly correct.

I regret that the Cunard agent did not see fit to enter into illuminating detail, and state that on the passenger steamers of his company only six officers are carried, against seven of the White Star Line. The public may know that many of the White Star Atlantic passenger steamers are only half the size and speed of the big Cunard fliers, and yet even these smaller steamers carry one more officer than the Cunard complement. The public, however, does not know that White Star officers do not handle mail and baggage, as is the Cunard practice. These duties are attended to by post-office officials and a baggage-master, thus relieving an officer from something like 20 hours' continuous strain when approaching the land, in addition to his bridge-duties and station-work incidental to arrivals and departures. Why, then, is the additional officer carried on White Star ships? Surely not because he is necessary. Possibly from philanthropy. Furthermore, why is the new president of the Cunard Company now making inquiry into the strain certain officers

are required to stand? Now that he has begun to take the public into his confidence, perhaps the Cunard agent would be good enough to explain all of these matters.

In my article, I stated that officers and masters were sometimes on duty for from 20 to 70 hours at a stretch. I said on duty, and not on the bridge, as some of my critics have ingenuously supposed. I stated clearly that, in addition to bridge-watches, the various unnecessary duties performed by officers at sailing-time made up the total. It was specifically of captains that I said that during fog they may sometimes have to remain on the bridge for over 70 hours. In regard to this statement, let me quote from the *New York World* the words of three captains interviewed by that paper on the subject of my article.

Captain Cannon of the S. S. Minnetonka stated that 'he had never heard of a captain being obliged to remain on the bridge for 30 or 40 hours at a stretch.'

Captain Wettin of the S. S. George Washington stated that 'he had often been 30 and even 40 hours on the bridge at a stretch, but was not unfit for duty.'

Captain Dahl of the Friedrich der Grosse stated that 'he had been even four days on the bridge, and was alert and wide-awake all that time.'

Contrast this first statement with the second. Contrast both with the last. Remember also that liner-masters are generally past middle life. Many of them are well over sixty. Medical opinion on this point would prove valuable, both to the companies and to the public. Suppose we put the question thus:—

'Is a man of about sixty years a proper person to be intrusted with the safety of some 3000 souls, after standing in foggy weather on the bridge in a watch like Captain Dahl's, — *over four*

days, — in damp foggy weather with the whistle at his ear screaming continuously?'

I notice that of the liner officers, captains alone give their views. It is a pity that subordinate officers also were not interviewed. Ask a White Star mate if his two hours on watch and four hours off allow him a healthful and continuous sleep. Ask a Cunard mate if my statements are exaggerated. Question them about leaving dock on a morning tide the day before sailing.

I do not wish to leave these charges relative to overwork without mentioning the subject of vacations. I have yet to see any officer of any English liner who was in a position to state that he ever got two weeks' consecutive leave on full pay. On shore even officeboys get their week-ends off, in addition to two weeks' leave annually; while aboard ship officers, even after being away a full year, are as often as not called down to the dock on Sunday to shift ship. Instead of leave of absence when in home port, not to speak of annually, certain officers have to keep watch on a cold ship in winter, and often for 24 hours are left absolutely without food. While superintendents, stewards, cooks, butchers, and shore-clerks, can come aboard liners when in dock, and partake of hot food, the officers in their quarters receive none. Of course, if they wish to do so, they can place themselves under an obligation to the ship's butcher or cook, but a gentleman of the service prefers to go hungry. I speak from experience.

In my paper, I brought up this topic of vacation particularly with reference to the officers on the *Mauretania*, saying that on certain occasions they only got 24 hours' leave ashore to visit their families after a voyage. Curiously enough, the last time they were in port, they, as well as the officers of the

Lusitania, had better reliefs than have been known since either ship was put into commission. To use an Americanism, has my *muckraking* had anything to do with it? I am very much inclined to think so.

Veer now to log-faking and cutting corners. All the steamship agents interested, with a single honorable exception, agreed that log-book faking is impossible. One agent sagely pointed out that it is an offense punishable by law. Now, there is a brief catechism which I should like to put to these agents:—

'Do you know the difference between the official log and the chief officer's log?'

'Do you know that the chief officer's log-book is never called for by the British Board of Trade except in cases of collision or stranding? Copy-logs are sent in to the companies' marine superintendent after the completion of each voyage, and these are copied from the chief officer's log by a junior officer.'

Agents who have never heard of these familiar facts will be interested to learn the difference between the official log-book and the chief officer's log-book. The official log contains entries relating to births, deaths, accidents, loggings of crew, desertion, draught, times of arrival and departure, etc. *The noon position, whether by observation or dead reckoning, is never entered in the official log-book.*

The chief officer's log will contain many of the above entries, and in addition the course and distance made, course and distance to steer, latitude and longitude at noon by observation and dead reckoning, revolutions of propeller, compass-course steered, wind and weather conditions, etc.

Now, if the chief officer's log stated that his ship was in latitude 42.18 N, longitude 62.52 W, on a certain day,

who is to say that the ship was not in that position, and how could any official arrive at such a conclusion? The course and distance steered from the position of the day before would place the ship exactly where the entry placed her, and no agent will, I imagine, dispute this.

The truth is that log-book faking across the Atlantic is the easiest thing in the world, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, no risk is involved—it only means the stating of a lie, and nothing more, claims on the underwriters seldom being made.

The faking of log-books is by no means confined to the officers of transatlantic liners. The detestable practice of many shipowners now carrying insurance, in order to have their repairs made at the expense of the underwriters, is an occurrence well recognized. Let me quote from a plain-spoken contemporary:—

'There are firms known who, from one year's end to the other, hardly ever pay for the repairs due to the natural deterioration of the ships under their management, nothing being too small or too big to be entered in the log-book as due to some cause or other where-with they can recover from the insurance; and yet a big item for repairs is usually included in each balance-sheet issued to the shareholders, and as they are audited by chartered accountants, it is only reasonable to suppose that there are vouchers to prove same.

'Now, in the majority of these cases the superintendent is an engineer, and he is responsible to the managing owner for all the repairs both to the hull and engines, and has, therefore, both the mate's and engineer's log-books at his command. After a visit down below, where the engineer points out the various repairs that are necessary, he strolls round the deck with a mate, and soon has a list of repairs that would

make a ship-repairer's mouth water. But, alas! only a few are executed. Unfortunately for the superintendent, there are some things that do not come within the scope of "engines badly strained," "bearings running hot," "condenser choked," etc. These, consequently, must be repaired and are paid for with the money received for those that are not done, but come under the comprehensive term of "insurance."

Let me also quote a copy of log entries written out by an engineer-superintendent for a writer in the *Nautical Magazine*, a publication of Glasgow. The entry is written in Hamburg, and is designed to cover the facts for a fake stranding on a passage round to the Bristol Channel:—

'(Date and time) — Weather foggy; engines eased to half-speed and soundings taken.

' . . . m. — Weather still foggy; stopping at frequent intervals to take soundings.

'At . . . m. — Ship took the ground heavily. At once put engines "Full astern" and kept them going astern until . . . when worked them "Full ahead," and then "Full astern," working also continuously from port to starboard, and kept doing this and pumping out water-ballast until vessel floated at . . . m.

'While ashore something struck the propeller heavily. After floating and getting ship on her course, sounded all round and found water in all bilges on both port and starboard sides, fore and aft. Pumped this out. On passage to . . . found all tanks leaking badly into bilges. Steering engine working badly, being apparently strained.'

Simply fill in the blanks, mail to the underwriters' agent, and there you are!

Returning, however, to the immediate question of transatlantic passages, I have remarked that there was

one agent who very frankly admitted that cutting corners was commonly practiced. The following is quoted verbatim from the *Evening Post*, New York, April 29:—

'The head of another large transatlantic line, who did not wish his name to be used, remarked that it was true that some of the ocean liners took short cuts. He said that the charge had been made before, and that it had been proved in one case where a steamship company was obliged to retract the record it had given out. He also declared that it was quite possible for captains to go out of their courses without being detected, and that in so doing, they gained considerable time. They also endangered the lives of those on board.'

Just as the captains were not agreed on the question of overwork, so the agents disagreed as to short cuts. It would be well for their purpose to scan old log-books and find out for themselves how often positions by observation are entered when vessels are approaching the 'corner.' It is remarkable how much dull and cloudy weather is perpetually hanging round this corner, and how many dead-reckoning positions are entered just there, and how daily runs always seem to be a little bigger in that vicinity.

Of course the reader must remember that there is the Gulf Stream setting one north, and the engineers want colder water for their vacuum too, so a short cut helps in more ways than mileage alone.

There are two ships in the Cunard service whose passage records are interesting in this connection. They are sister ships, and between their speeds there is not $\frac{3}{4}$ of a knot difference, but one habitually arrives from 20 to 24 and sometimes 30 hours ahead of the other. Now the ship which makes the quicker passage may carry more hard

coal, and she may strike better weather, but surely this disparity could not be maintained, voyage after voyage, purely through accidental causes. Tides may help one and hinder the other; stokers and engineers of one may be skilled and on the other raw, but in time these advantages would surely be equalized. The faster ship frequently docks on Wednesday afternoon, and the slower one sometimes as late as Friday morning.

Now, if it were possible, instead of following the southern track west-bound, Fastnet to Sandy Hook, to follow the northern without fear of detection, thus saving 109 miles, the great divergence between the ships would cease. One meets only freighters in the northern direction at the time vessels are supposed to be on the southern track, and even they are few. If freighters chance to know of the tracks, they know nothing of when they are to be followed and by which vessels. Will not the saving of 165 miles by following the northern and westward laid track instead of the southern and eastern — Boston to Fastnet — have a little to do with the great difference in the average speeds of the two vessels?

There is absolutely nothing to keep any vessel from following the northern track mentioned, whether steering east or west. Admitting that the early vessel has $\frac{3}{4}$ of a knot faster speed than the late vessel, her average speed will net her 133.4 miles on an eight days' passage at 14 knots per hour. This, plus 165 miles gained by shortened corners, equals 298.4 miles, which at the rate of 14 knots means 21.3 hours steaming time. Furthermore, it is possible to slice an hour's run off the northern corner, and adding it to 21.3, we have a gain of 22.3 hours, steering east, which almost amounts to a day's run. It is possible, indeed, to go still farther north by passing Sable Island to

the southward and keeping out of signal range when nearing Cape Race. If we footed up all these items, they would I fear, account for the 'milk in the cocoanut' if applied to the two vessels spoken of.

It is only fair to add that to follow the Cape Race course is dangerous on account of the greater number of icebergs met with, as well as on account of the dreaded Virgin Rocks. Suppose, however, a ship left the great circle track at a point in latitude 46.07 N, and in longitude 36.58 W, and picked up the rhumb-line track at a point in latitude 41.00 N, and longitude 63.28 W. How much distance would she save? 47 miles. Again, suppose she departed from the track a little more to the eastward, in latitude 46.38 N, and longitude 35.27 W, and steered a straight course to position latitude 40.49 W, longitude 66.20 W, on the rhumb-line course. The saving would be 56 miles, the official distance between the points being 1440 miles, and the distance actually traveled 1384. This saving would make quite a little difference in the average speeds of two vessels, one of which followed the track religiously, while the other made one of her own. The 56-mile cut is not considered a big one by daring captains.

Now, my critics point out that if a vessel were seen off the track, she would be reported as early as possible. I ask who is going to report the vessel which left the track in latitude 46.38 N, and longitude 35.27 W? Captains of liners? What are they doing there? Looking for the track? No, in this instance there would be no reporting. It is only when a man nibbles at cutting corners on the homeward-bound southern and northern routes, and edges close to the outward tracks, that he is seen and reported, maybe, by a captain who does keep to the track. There are many men I know of, who steer every mile of

the official distance: but these men, if they carry mails, usually have complaints made against them, at least on the British side, by the post-office officials. Their times of arrival are compared with those of a ship nearly matched in speed, etc. Then, again, builders do not care to see a man in charge of a fast ship which lags behind one built in a rival yard. A man who cuts corners and runs full speed in fog, is a man who advertises both his line and the yard which made his ship. There is no suspicion of graft here, but simply of satisfaction, official and personal, if the man in command is making smart passages, and of dissatisfaction if he is not.

In my paper I charged that masters and officers of liners were underpaid. Will any of the critics who denied my charge mention a single instance of any transatlantic liner captain receiving a salary of \$5000 a year? Transatlantic liners are nearly three times larger than the liners of fifteen years ago, and they carry twice the amount of mail and twice the number of passengers, and yet the salaries of masters, instead of increasing, have decreased proportionately. Possibly the commodores in the best German and English liners may occasionally reach \$4000. The great majority of masters range between \$2000 and \$3000 — this according to seniority. Most masters on liners carrying over 3000 souls do not reach even \$2000 a year. The pay of the chief officers of the biggest liners afloat never exceeds and seldom reaches \$1400 per annum. The seventh officer receives for his expensive training and his diplomas, the princely sum of \$35 a month, while his initial expense on

costly uniforms will be about \$150. This deduction leaves him a balance of \$270 for his first year's services.

It is not a fair reply to these charges, that the laws of supply and demand regulate salaries. Those who engage in a career on the sea, start in their profession as mere boys, and the artificial barriers which separate the seaman from the landsman effectually prevent the great majority of seamen from getting preferment ashore. A wage that would keep body and soul together and afford a little margin for the decencies of life would seem to be good policy, but it is one which is not embraced by any line afloat.

One important point in my article seems to have been neglected by all my critics. The matter of habitual speed in foggy weather met with no denial. Perhaps the Republic incident is too recent. Perhaps also the charge proves itself, for ships come and go with clock-like regularity, fog or no fog.

I have tried to answer my critics with candor, but I have not felt at liberty to mention names. The reasons why are obvious. I know my facts, and I believe they cannot be impugned. In closing, I should like to state once more that my charges are not directed against any particular company, ship, or master. I should like again to emphasize the fact that many masters carry out the letter of the law and of the company's regulations, but these men do not always get the credit which is their due. The supposed 'crack' skipper has better fortune!

Respectfully yours,

CHARLES TERRY DELANEY.